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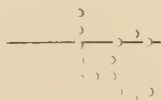
AMONG OURSELVES:
TO A MOTHER'S MEMORY

Being a Life Story of Principally
Seven Generations

Especially of the Morris-Trueblood Branch, including not only
Descendants of Benoni and Rebecca (Trueblood) Morris,
but their Relatives and Connections; to all of whom,
with other Family and Personal Friends,
it is Affectionately Inscribed.

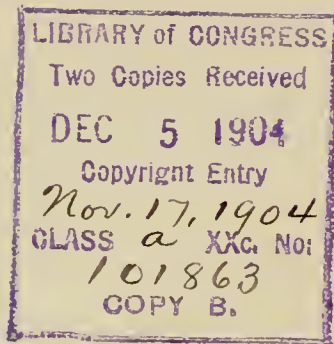
By
SARAH P. MORRISON

VOL. III
Catherine and Her Household



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VOL. III

Catherine and Her Household

CATHERINE AND HER HOUSEHOLD

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CHAPTER I.

HUMBLE PIE — MERCENARY MARRIAGES — FROM
EMERSON — GOLDEN WEDDINGS.

HUMBLE PIE.

Reader, hast thou never eaten it? For it is a part of our allotted daily food, medicinal and necessary in this our mundane state.

Come! Have a fellow-feeling with me. It has no puff-paste; quite the contrary. Indeed, its effect is decidedly flattening—to the feelings, but salutary. It is best to eat it as it is, without mixture or disguise—unseasoned. It is the same, concocted by friend or enemy, though the latter are particularly generous with it. Of its ingredients, while it has quite a vinegarish taste and very little sugar, there is not an atom of spirits about it. It has a very thick under-crust which is not really crusty, though it makes some people so, *i. e.*, in an anticipatory manner. Its upper-crust is but a film, if any. It is rather fill-ing—satisfying, so to speak. A little is soon too much, but “it is good for you.” It has very often formed the chief of Sarah’s diet. That is probably the reason she would generally eschew pie. But the effect

is the thing sought for. What will not people do for a result? What will they not swallow to allay heart-burn, for instance, especially when occasioned by their own foolishness?

An under-sized, lugubrious maid, slavish in aspect, yet of threatening eye and of domineering will, utterly devoid of style and indifferent in attire, brings my piece—and I think other people are similarly served. She holds it out at arm's length, with a dogged air as if to say, she knows her task an unwelcome one, and that she does not enjoy her part of it. But here she stands; and more to get rid of her than anything else, I take it, generally, and at first hand. For if I do not soon do so, she sets the plate *down on the ground* (figuratively speaking), and *I* am the one to take it up. This, obviously, requires stooping. Sometimes I complain of the size of it—too much for me. At this she stiffens; puts on a derisive—not smile—but expression, and waits, sinking gradually into her habitual posture of—“*I-can-wait-as-long-as-you-can.*” But if I dally, or nibble, or stop, or flatly refuse, she frowns—her frowns are terrible; lightnings dart from her eyes. If at last she withdraws, backwards, transfixing me with her glance, and *brings the same piece back again next time.* But if I begin to eat it at once, as if I like it, get it down reasonably, without delay, she seems to change. She does change. Her countenance lights up; her eye softens; her mouth relaxes; her brow smooths; her air grows compassionate as she leans towards me and takes the empty plate. And, but that she hastens to be gone, as she turns I have

often thought she seems to shed a mask. But somehow here, at this stage, I am so occupied with my own feeling of release from the stricture in which I have been held, I have never got a full view of her averted, smiling face. For her step is changed; her demeanor throughout; her very dress, apparently, and its fit, certainly; and I fall on musing, and think why did I not rather hasten to eat my humble pie?

The maid's name is Conscience.

Sarah is sorry — her Father's usage of this expression was for grave offences only, but is it not a grave offence to be merry at another's expense — a brother's? And she did not intend to have people's names printed in full where there would naturally be sensitiveness.

And her first intended audience, you know, was just a family affair — *Among Ourselves*. Not that anyone has particularly minded, that she knows of, though some letters printed without "By your leave!" Some things were so to the point, so witty, or so good, she could hardly resist — for the good of the greatest number, you know. Some freedoms may be taken with relatives and friendly friends; is it not so? If she had asked, she might have been refused. If they had known they were going into print, the naturalness would have been lost.

And what was to be expected of one writing for, begging, imploring information? But should everything else fail thus far, she has a final reason which has proved irresistible to her own mind, and she is happy in believing, will with others.

But still —

“What has happened?”

Some in a near circle seem not to dare be “as funny as they can.” One who can scarcely open his mouth without wit — more than one — writes when he must — as if he had taken a vow never to start a smile again in Sarah’s — the tell-tale’s presence; awful word to children, who must have thought when so reproached, of gossip as trailing after them.

In a still nearer circle another has reason to repudiate the whole concern.

Another — “It is ‘Sarah!’ ‘Sarah!’ ‘Sarah!’” Yes, she knows too often, but is not that better than “I,” “I,” “I?”

“A — looked into it and shut the book.”

“B — ditto.”

“C — put the books away and said *her* children should never read them.”

“D — worse and more!” And pretty nearly the rest of the alphabet — silence absolute!

Another — “I do not think, Sarah, such things are nice.” Genealogy!

And — “I have read the whole book (Vol. I) and there is *nothing* in it.” (!)

And — “*That* had no business there.” (Vol. II.)

And — “What made you do it?”

And — “Sarah! How could you?”

Another — “Where is your modesty? I am too modest to be paraded in that fashion.”

“You have no business,” so they mean, “to expose the family in that manner.”

“We are afraid to write to you, Sarah, etc., etc.”

“And what you have written!”

And—“The way you have strung it out!”

And—“WHY don’t you say what you have to say, and be done with it?”

But they go on furnishing me with more things to put in!

Or a short receipt instead:

WISDOM IN RHYME.

[*Christian Advocate.*]

If you your lips
Would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care :
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

If you your ears
Would save from jeers,
These things keep meekly hid :
Myself and I
And mine and my,
And how I do or did.

(Poor Sarah!)

Here Sarah takes herself to task and eats a big piece of humble pie.

She asked—Did I express myself too strongly there?

“Yes (kindly), we think thee did.”

(And more kindly still), “That was probably an error, for Joseph John Gurney (or John Joseph—Sarah, not

a birth-right member, *cannot* remember everything), said of him (E. B.), he was of a lovely spirit; and, leaving America, used the expression ‘might he be preserved!’”

Sarah hopes to be forgiven for not thinking of the other side.

And then the jumbled-up condition of matter on account of beginning with nothing scarcely, and in-(c?—) s—! (It *is* spelled with an s—) *ting!* (O!—starting to look at the dictionary—then remembering how it looked the last time she looked)—ER, (yes), er-ting! (inserting), as information came in. (“Polly, put the ket-tle on, and we’ll all have tea!”) And finally the mistakes from getting the lines crossed of the four-in-hand of descent at every new start; not knowing this one’s father-in-law from his grandfather, or that one’s paternal grandfather from his maternal grandfather, or another’s maternal father-in-law from his paternal grand-*uncle!*

Friends, misery loves company. This is Sarah’s *poor spelling* at family history. But improve on it, for who would do it if not she? Her angel begins to smile. She has done what she could. And whether those who should, write or refrain, or order or let alone, or help or hinder, there are some more things she is bound to get down—determined to preserve.

Darling brothers and sisters, and many cousins and others of kith and kin, and personal friends, you have not failed. Let us forego a little sensitiveness on our part, that the younger generations may know of us when we are gone. We may none of us become famous—none of us have, and it is rather late for some of us now;

but among *them* there may come to be some or one of note, and some little items among a great deal that may generally be regarded as rubbish may be eagerly sought for. But to take the matter as may more reasonably be expected, will not these things set down, tend to bind the family and friends in a closer association, and broaden sympathy for ideals that have also cost us the heart-throb and the tear? Because I believe, so I persevere. So I present the book, *i. e.*, the series to you, my limited public, and to keep at it until the work is done or I die! And I will have an "Artist's"—no, alas! but "Author's proof," when you all come round, with *no* mistakes—perhaps. When will that be? When there is no more humble pie to eat?

A narrower circle now engages Sarah's attention. From the Pioneer volume, No. 1, Out of North Carolina; The Early Settlers' volume, No. 2, Catherine and Her Surroundings; she comes to No. 3, *Catherine's Household*, and the consideration especially of those born into it with herself and their mates. Therefore somewhat of a Children's Book, or better perhaps, Studies in Child-Life: The times and persons and things with which she had at least some, and with many, intimate personal knowledge. She is then, preparing to be a witness, giving her voluntary testimony of a somewhat distant past, for the sake of some living who may appreciate—and *this is the raison d'être for Among Ourselves*—as well as to further fulfill her duty to those forever gone. Being the oldest representative of her immediate family, and with very few now living of the connection on either

side of her near contemporaries, while those older are nearly all gone, she takes up the Rose-Colored Pencil once more, with, it may be less ardor than at the first, but with the same love for the characters depicted, and if with chastened feelings at the remembrance of the many interested in her undertaking, who have departed since she began; and herself vividly mindful of the shortening of her own days, she commits this volume, especially, to her beloved brothers and sisters and their children, in the hope that, though it is a lifting of the veil of the old home's domesticity, they will pardon for the sake of younger eyes who else could not so well know that past, which she thinks worthy to become more of a realization, in some degree, of an imperishable part of their inalienable and substantial inheritance.

And as she well knows, from the past, some discouragement awaits her, and some trials, on her account, her friends, she thought to conclude this homily with a piece — of humble pie of her own manufacture — Disappointment.

But has decided not to do so just now, as she cannot find it — at that moment she could not; but to give instead an earlier piece or two, which may serve as an introduction, in part, to the *succeeding, *i. e.*, following, chapter.

NOTE.—1st. The printer will, please, not make “pie” of my *preserves*.

2d. Do not pun, children. It is not “good form.”

*Not meaning by any means — SUCCESSFUL!

I would have said in good taste, but the other is your new word. A pie made over is obviously nothing but a "turn-over."

"Done to a turn," is right. Therefore, over-doing is undoing.

(Some verse from a well-wisher:)

Not such fun, Sa-ray,
You'll find your little pun,
Since I've surely heard you say
Every foot-note's x-tray.
Next, the *D—vil's to pay !

So, I'm done.

Else, undone; unless there's someone to say: "*Now* you have gone and done it!"

(April: The month of smiles and tears.)

All Sarah meant was to scare off the sanctimonious. Yet, as we know a flippant carelessness in the use of words leads to their senseless repetition, to harmful language, and even by imperceptible degrees with some, to profanity; and remembering that for every idle word we shall give account in the day of judgment, we will guard all approaches to such expressions, lest we be found *not* guiltless.

*Printer's, of course. Also, see a reference in this book farther on.

(Book II had advanced the History to Catherine's Engagement.)

MERCENARY MARRIAGES.

(A Fragment.)

"The gifts of nature are better than those of fortune," was an ancient adage; but there is many a calculating father, many an ambitious mother, who don't believe it. Honesty goes for nothing; ability for nothing. Nothing, endowments of body or mind; nobility of character. "Is he well off?" is the question. And I have heard of ladies being sought in marriage because they had *money*. Have heard of a young man giving up one he truly loved, and who was in every way suited to him, for one who had no charm for him but "money." A girl may be more excusable; but nature is powerful. Intuitions are not to be gainsaid; and woe for that girl who suffers herself to be tempted with visions of ease, display.

May I (I wrote) be excused for a few words of warning upon this most important subject? If a girl shows symptoms of dislike to her lover; if her love does not go out to him; cut off your hand before you irrevocably take hers into it forever. She may make a good housekeeper, a devoted mother, an estimable woman, but your own heart will become chilled from lack of warmth in hers. She will have been bought. It may be by pure gold—your love. It may be by base brass—your money, but in exchange you have not a wife. You will have what a great many men get, and all a great many think they need—a concubine housekeeper bearing the name.

It may be possible to live without love, but is it possible to live with an object of one's dislike? The pressure still sometimes brought to bear upon one resisting mercenary considerations, is something tremendous. Father and mother, brothers and sisters, relatives, friends, society, in some way or another, delicate or outrageous, evince the odium one incurs not getting married. (Times have changed somewhat since this was written.) That somehow she is inexcusably at fault.

It may be *her* prince she has never seen; or, that *he* does not fancy her; or, that someone or circumstances have interfered—but she must—ought to take *somebody*.

FROM EMERSON.

Give all to love :
Obey thy heart ;
Friends, kindred, days,
Estate, good fame,
Plans, credit and the Muse—
Nothing refuse.

Leave all for love ;
Yet, hear me, yet,
One word more thy heart behooved,
One pulse more of firm endeavor—
Keep thee to-day, to-morrow, forever,
Free as an Arab
Of thy beloved.

Cling with life to the maid :
But when the surprise,
First vague shadow of surmise

Flits across her bosom young,
 Of a joy apart from thee,
 Free be she, fancy free ;
 Nor thou detain her vesture's hem,
 Nor the palest rose she flung
 From her summer's diadem.

Though thou loved her as thyself,
 As a self of purer clay ;
 Though her parting dims the day,
 Stealing grace from all alive ;
 Heartily know
 When half-gods go
 The gods arrive.

—Springfield *Republican*, May 29, 1903.

Who can come up to this?

Written in Bloomington some time between '53 and '56. (To Maria.)

Dear Sister—This I wrote soon after leaving you. I did not like to ask for it, and it only returned to me Saturday. You may have some pleasure in reading it, if but because I was thinking of you. Keep it for me. (This written in pencil on it.)

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

Near the conclusion of the simple accustomed service in the little church, the Pastor descended from the pulpit, and in appropriate and feeling terms congratu-

lated an aged pair before him, upon having reached the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding day.

After the benediction, never more heart-felt, other friends followed the cordial example; and though there were perhaps some to whom they were before unknown, with such an introduction there was no one so much a stranger as not to intermingle in their joy. Or is joy too strong a term for the chastened pleasure with which the truly united welcome their Golden Wedding?

To wish *joy upon such an occasion would seem out of place. Joy is bounding, exultant. "Long life" is absurd, and all ordinary, common-place congratulations unsuited. The ordinary mind had best say nothing. If silence is golden, it will surely match here. Or when pressing the trembling hand, extended it may be from a staff, one may find fitting utterance in some sweet oriental salutation, or supporting promise from Holy Writ.

Perhaps to more than one, thoughts similar to the following were suggested as they passed from those celebrating their Golden Wedding.

Fifty years with one beloved! A thought to make the youthful lover hasten, the not youthful sigh. For whatever may be possible to long thwarted hope in this life, a Golden Wedding may not be. What would one not give for the assurance of fifty years with one beloved? *Almost* the hope of eternity? One might almost be content to be nothing after so much. To sell the future

*This expression was becoming somewhat antiquated, but was still used by old people.

vague, shadowy, for the blessed assurance of fifty years of definite, blissful duration.

Ah, but to part at last; that is the sting of Time! Soon or late: But how, and when, and where? To leave or to be left?

Was the Apostle thinking of some such thing when, speaking as a man, he said, it was best not to marry? To grow accustomed to love's ministrations; to depend, to be depended upon; in very love to grow blind to human failing; to feel that one is perfect in a loved one's eyes; to be always finding out something more excellent; to be found more charming day by day.

And then, Death—tearing the heart out—giving desolation for fullness of joy—a lonely, lonely pillow—an empty house—thin air for Creusa.

This is the way it seems. O, widowed heart, is this the way it is? Thou also to whom there can never come a Golden Wedding. When that day shall come on which thou shalt say, "It might have been," will it be in bitterness, or through gentle tears, adding—

I hold it true, whate'er befall, etc.,
Than never to have loved at all.

Thou canst now say that?

So soon is thy bridal ring, indeed, "Cross and crown." Cross for unavailing love and loneliness here, and crown for a memory precious and the life beyond brought near.

Then will be a marriage supper there, at which many bereft here shall sit down and re-united celebrate, not a Golden, but an eternal Wedding.

(Copied without change.)

We went to the Golden Wedding ;
The air was crystal clear ;
As we rode through the golden sunshine,

* Since deceased. Extended notices in the *American Friend*.

CHAPTER II.

THE BEGINNING OF A NEW HOUSEHOLD—THE MARRIAGE — RECORDS — SENTIMENT AND SURMISE — TEMPERAMENTS AND DOXYS — CASTLE-BUILDING.

THE BEGINNING OF A NEW *HOUSEHOLD.

(Another Fragment.)

A very happy providence, it seems to me, watches over the young wedded pair who, instead of a needless tour, or trip, or honeymoon spent abroad, or a comfortable corner set apart for them under either paternal roof, or going to boarding, determine and carry out the plan of having a home of their own at once. It is the most of a return to the Garden of Eden of anything upon this earth. And if it can be done alone, with no prying eyes or mischievous tongue to disturb, how like Adam and Eve it is! Such a home I saw lately. A jewel of a place. The jewel of all, she whose hands had prepared most of what I saw, and whose personality was such as to draw about her very many exquisite things. Love is all that is needed to keep all beautiful, I thought. Human love and divine to weld together now even more

* Minnie's.

firmly these long-united hearts; to help, to appreciate, to uphold. What calls to forbearance; to self-control and denial; to delicacy, to faithfulness, to duty; to be at the best everywhere, all the time. And yet to be truth's self, and so, doubly true to each other and to God. Is there such human sufficiency? Thank God, who instituted the home and made the heart, there is, there has been, there will be, while the world lasts.

And so, when in parting, I kissed the bright young bride, so sufficient, so contained, I said to myself, I must add what I have in my heart, and answered her little look of perplexity as I stepped back a moment and closed the door a little, "You know, darling, they labor in vain who build the house, except the Lord build it."

"Yes," she said, brightly smiling, and so answering all she knew was in my heart: Adding, "I know; it is all right." As to say, "I know your love; you have not offended. You mean a gentle warning, and to faithfulness." So, I came away, leaving her to a tenderer voice than mine. May she, may they, rather than the easy manner of going with society in all respects, choose a little less of unnecessary expenditure of means and time, and setting up their home in God's fear, acknowledge Him in all their ways.

THE MARRIAGE.

We have been a long time coming to it, but here it is at last! Sarah received during her Salem visit this requested copy of Marriage Record, obligingly sent, as

more convenient, through the mail, by Mrs. Amelia H. Mead, daughter of her cousin, Marietta M. Harvey, who was married in Salem at the same time with Catherine's daughter, Annie, but who has recently deceased: One going into her new house in Indianapolis, as the other was taking her farewell of earth, preparatory to her eternal home. "What are these that are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?" "These are they who came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. 7: 14. As Sarah saw her in the Meetings, and especially the last day of the Quarterly Meeting at Blue River, and the last person with whom she conversed, she was struck with two things: Her physical frailness, and the resemblance to her own mother (Catherine). She has loved much; she has endured much; she has done much, and I believe the "insomuch" has been fulfilled in her, and that she has entered into rest and peace—O, how grateful!—and the joy of her Lord. When someone expressed surprise at her being able to come to the Meeting, she said, Amelia was ill, and Jeff unable, and she was determined the family should be represented.

.

"If not called for in 10 days, return to

SAMUEL A. ROBERTS,

Clerk,

Washington County,

Salem, Ind."

This upon the envelope in script-type, as well as the enclosed sheet. Also, a very pretty print of the elegant new stone thirty-five or fifty thousand dollar Court House, which occupies the center of the Public Square. Amelia also accompanied Sarah to the Court House and Clerk's Office, where Mr. Roberts afforded her the privilege of looking at the priceless original. He brought from an inner Record Room the carefully guarded, well worn, well preserved, leather-backed, rather small book—somewhat larger than a medium-sized tablet, and a little over an inch thick—and kept an eye, if not a hand, upon it as we looked. Sarah believes she did not presume to hold it while the leaves were turned. This is the copy from the one Amelia made:

“Taken from Marriage Record B of the Washington County Circuit Court Records (June 26, 1899), at Salem, Ind., page 16, July 30.

| | | |
|----------|--------------------|---------|
| No. 924. | William H. Carter, | of age, |
| | to | |
| | Fanny Morrison, | of age. |

According to the law of the ref'd Pres. church, Wm. H. Carter and Frances Morrison were joined in wedlock, July 30th, 1829, is certified July 31st, 1829, by R. Lusk.

Page 20. Oct. 6th, 1829. No. 956.

| | |
|-------------------|---------|
| John I. Morrison, | of age, |
| to | |
| *Maria Plummer, | of age. |

Returned December 18, 1829.

*Her death referred to in Vols. I and II.

I certify that on the 6th day of October, 1829, I joined together as husband and wife, John I. Morrison and Maria Plummer, pursuant to a license issued from the clerk's office of the Washington Circuit Court.

B. C. CRESSY.

Page 67. September 11th, No. 3.

| | |
|-------------------|---------|
| John I. Morrison, | of age, |
| to | |
| Catherine Morris, | of age. |

Returned September 19, 1832.

I hereby certify that on the 11th of September, 1832, I united John I. Morrison to Catherine Morris as husband and wife.

E. PATRICK."

(Answer to Question)—"My memory is at fault in regard to the cause of Rev. Cressy's death, but I think it occurred after the cholera epidemic. I have delightful memories of him as the children's friend. In those days we had to study the catechism, and on Saturdays, P. M., repair to the parsonage and repeat it to him. On those occasions he almost invariably gave to each child a little book or an illuminated *card, to the delight of the recipient." May 18, 1899.

From DR. A. W. KING.

Sarah has heard her Father speak of Mr. Cressy in terms of highest praise and affection. His death, in the prime of life, and rather sudden, I think, was deeply lamented, and regarded as an irreparable loss. Sarah

* Rare things those, then.

inclines to think it must have occurred earlier, else he would have performed the ceremony, or perhaps a Justice of Peace was less objectionable to Rebecca than a believer in predestination — however mild. Patrick, Cousin Joseph said, was also a “local” Methodist preacher. Mr. Lusk, who had performed the ceremony for Fanny, was, in all probability, not living, and had been succeeded by Cressy.

A pleasant, tender feeling agitated Sarah’s breast, both upon receiving this (Amelia’s copy), and looking at the Record. How momentous those few words! What an effect they have — to us — on the stream of time.

Yes, Patrick married them. It was “out of meeting” — at home. It was within a shorter time than Catherine intended; than her mother could bring herself to a willing consent to. But John I. had had a desolate hearth for a year and a half, and before, a sorrowful marriage with his invalid wife, *whom he had plighted on her couch; the lovely lady who had been Catherine’s Sabbath School teacher. “I am a lonely man, only mother and I.” How can Catherine resist? The father’s death, too, in August, must have been an irresistible plea. But what a change! A blooming bride! Robert Morris writes his first letter: “I recollect when your Father and Mother were married — in the parlor at the old homestead. Although a very small, young kid, I could discern something of unusual interest going on.”

* Vol. II, p. 74. Letter, 11 mo. 14, 1830.

(Answer to Question, Dr. King, May 18, '99.)—"I remember little of your father's courtship and marriage. It was remarked, in a pleasant way, that he trained up a girl to suit him, and then married her. If I remember, correctly, she had been his pupil in the Seminary. It proved to be a very suitable and happy match."

How was she dressed? In white, of course, unless some Quaker color for immediate traveling. Brides always were then, were they not? Anything else would have been regarded as out of the way, if not ominous, as black always was. (S. thinks, *i. e.*, for mourning, and Friends considered mourning heathenish, *i. e.*, the costume, and eschewed all trappings of woe). She may have changed her dress after the wedding dinner, for they walked to their, her future home, Catherine told S., that afternoon, white not being worn then as much as now. David G. Campbell, father of Prof. John L., met them as by chance in an unfrequented street, and dear, David-hearted man, fairly danced, Catherine said, congratulating them. Judge Parke had probably been before him. Catherine told also of Barton, the Judge's well-beloved son. She said he almost worshiped his teacher. After the rather warm day they were out at the steps of their own back yard; he following them with his eye—he would not advance unbidden—"Call him," said Catherine, and the new-made husband said, pleasantly, "Barton," when he came flying to them—perhaps hardly grown then. It was all very pleasant, but the dear boy died the next year, of cholera. Aunt

Joanna, speaking of him since, said, he was probably the finest young man there.

Catherine mentioned also to Sarah her first loaf of bread in her own home. How she watched it and feared it might not be right. It turned out a fine success. *Her* mother never made any failures in cooking. Though not a devotee to the culinary art, she applied herself to that when in hand, as to everything, and taught her daughters well.

“The Master” had, doubtless, told his young wife she need not think of school. He needed her in his heart, his home; but if that were carried out, which was in the minds of some of their mutual friends, her talents would find a field for their exercise.

No one was happier than Catherine’s father. He had *no* forebodings. Her mother was not one to lament anything openly, or to mourn the inevitable. When a thing was done, she made the best of it; and she was conscious that, in this case, the appearance of an effort “to make the best of” her rare son-in-law, would have been, or appeared, ridiculous. She had to like him, she could not help it. Of what she saw ahead for Catherine, she was a prudent woman and had a discreet tongue. Catherine’s marrying out of Meeting was quietly dealt with. She was “sorry,” she said to the committee, for, of course, they visited her, she *had* to marry him out of Meeting, but they would not let her marry him *in*; so it passed off. How could they help it? He taught their children.

In her Salem visit, Sarah did not gather as much respecting her mother’s early days and early married life

as she thought she should have done. Cousin William Trueblood said "she was neat, nice, plain (dressed), a *good* girl." At another time, "Thy mother was like a sister to me, I always loved her;" this with an air of sweet remembrance, also the other; and again, as of vivid impression, "A pretty girl." Dainty old man! nearly ninety; it was well worth going down to see him stepping about his farm, overseeing everything, though very deaf. He played rather a joke on Sarah so eagerly taking down everything; that paper somehow disappeared. Sarah knew he was not speaking in earnest, but wished it as a phase of his character.

It was Cousin Joseph Trueblood, I think, who said, Patrick, who married them, met Micah Newby, and, pronouncing his name in full, as the custom with Friends, said, "Did thee know John I. and Catherine Morris were married?" So, it was probably kept a close secret until over. Cousin Joseph also said that at one time "she stayed at our house and went to school." His father, Uncle Nathan, built a school house out of logs; 8 by 10; white paper for glass; kept horses underneath (!) The school house where Lucius* lives. It was *round*. The ceiling high enough for a man to get in. A horse-mill was just opposite. This was most probably before the other children were old enough, or it was sufficiently cleared for them to go to the Grammar School in Salem. It might not have been in being. She was safe there with her dear cousin, the gentle Elizabeth, so near her

*Now deceased.

own age, and the gallant older brother, William, to guard Aunt Patience's little flock, and they were quite near the dear house. It must have been a relief to Rebecca, to know Catherine safe in their gentle care, while things were getting righted in her own later pioneer home. But that time had long passed even then, at Catherine's marriage. Her school days were over. She was now married and in her husband's home. The house was a little brick, a cottage, on the corner, with a little yard in front extending out to quite a wide one at the side and leading to a garden at the back. It was roomy, however, and very cosy. And Catherine doubtless received as royal a welcome as members of the Reformed Presbyterian Church (Covenanters)—and that is saying all that need be—knew how to make the beauteous new daughter and sister, who had come from her own church to them, a welcome, stately, they could not help that—the Scotch backbone—but gracious, cordial, delicate, genuine. The news had flown. In town, sentiment was divided, “so very odd,” some must have said. “Who knew they had been corresponding, and so soon?” The bird was ensnared. Had it been planned, and in the father's mind a possibility, for how long? The mother; *her* mother, *she*, to a certainty, did *not* plan it. Poor, young man! *She* would lead him a life, if he only knew it! She would never suit him in the world. But in spite of sour grapes, if there were any, and gossips and ill predictions of chronic croakers for the fate of the handsome, young widower, who had before married into one of the first families of Salem, and might have done so again; but,

instead, had thrown himself away upon a *country* girl — for all her going to Philadelphia to school — a *Quaker*, with a common farmer for her father, for all her airs and beauty — well, *that* was but skin deep.

“She was fonder of outdoors a good deal than inside, and of a horse than housekeeping, *they’d* be bound.” In spite of prognostications which may well be surmised, whether they were ever made or not, they (not the croakers!) were very happy, and the young bride and the old country mother speedily became attached, and ever continued fond of each other. The Old Country mother was a wise woman, and perhaps beyond everything except decency, was reasonably pleased to have her son wed a healthy young woman. Then, she was country-bred herself, and liked Catherine’s wholesome ways of early rising, disregard of trivialities, of any need of sparing herself; and her cleanliness, her youthfulness, her spirits and lack of morbidness. Some of these things ceased to be distinguishing traits when she became overborne with cares; she had to let some things go — take care of themselves — or she would have lost, in a measure, her individuality. But the spring of superabundant life was so woven into the very woof of her being, she never could be long overcome, or, except at rare occasions, borne down; and the old-timey mother knew this was the very thing for her John, and for the children it might please the good Lord to give them. She could see keenly the lacks in her “Baby,” as she always continued to call him. When he had little ones of his own, and this bright sunbeam he had brought into their dark-

ened home—he would lose, in part, at least, that moodiness and sensitiveness he never got from her, she was sure, nor from her “Robert,” that she ever knew of. Circumstances had moulded him more than she knew. Too early and too rough contact with a hard world, had both quickened and arrested growth. This was an element of character from some cause too ingrained to cease ever to be. The weakness of too fine an edge for a coarse, work-a-day world. But Catherine was perhaps the least injured by it of any. How will she get along with Presbyterianism or stiff Covenanter element in John I.’s family of Salem connections? But she is so blooming, they cannot withstand her; so happily dispositioned, nothing can long daunt her, even if they have had other thoughts for him or others. She may be shy at first, but they intend to do their duty by her, and, indeed, John’s choice is *their* choice. Whatever *John* chooses is right. The Irish mother receives her into a warmer heart than her own mother’s, even. The sisters in Salem, both married, are satisfied, if *John* is—if she makes *John* happy. They think she will, of course, go with John in religious conviction, or practice, which with some is more. But they do not know the Farmer’s daughter. They do not know Westtown training. John does not know these things. Her convictions are ingrained, too, deeper, more immovable than his. It seems strange, when she is “so light and airy,” that she should be so fixed in her beliefs, but it is even so. John’s are matters of tradition, handed down from grand, grim John Knox, and rigid Calvin, and Crom-

well's Round-heads, which it would be a deadly sin for him not to believe and attend to. Hers are workings of the Spirit in the plastic heart, and she has been early conformed to that image of the Divine. There must have been disappointment on both sides when in their united lives they came to dividings of the ways. But it was either agreed to beforehand that she was not to be hampered in her belief, or she claimed her spiritual freedom, for she went to her own meeting when she could, and regularly. Her father's carriage came by twice a week. Must they not always stop and speak to Catherine, whose bright face was on the watch for them? But she went with her husband at night, and upon extra occasions. Friends, "be thanked," said Presbyterianism, had no night meetings. Not to communion, though. She communed in spirit with those who believed as she did. This alone, and not being outwardly baptized, *i. e.*, sprinkled, must have given serious cause for coldness, if not offence, condoned, however, for the time—for his sake. It is doubtful whether she gave utterance to these thoughts, or thoughts upon the equality of woman, at that early period, but she had them by inheritance, and in church teaching, doctrine and example, which must at some time become a root of bitterness to those who, among many other things, had the pledge of obedience in their marriage vows!

I find this note, which may be inserted here:

My mother is said to have been a very beautiful girl—a bonny Kate, indeed. Numerous are the authorities respecting her beauteous bloom; and all of us have been

fond of being told in varying phraseology that of all her daughters she was the fairest. Never, Cousin Lizzie said, has she seen cheeks whose roses compared to our mother's, or a fairer embodiment of life and health and vigor than she presented to the delighted eye. Perfect health, a delicate nose, blue eyes, a fine carriage, elastic step, well-developed form—a little above medium height—rosy cheeks, fair complexion, soft, brown hair, forehead and features making a Grecian profile. The one of all descriptions which always held our listening ears was of the famous ride to Richmond, a distance of fifty miles from her native place, on horse-back, when, accompanied by her proud father and most charmingly equipped, she stole the hearts of the youths in the cavalcade, and at the Yearly Meeting whither they were tending, turned the heads of as many more. But, from all I can learn, she was too full of youthful spirits (life I have it) to become a vain flirt. If she was, as some aver, charmingly coquetish, a whisking away from dangers which beset beauty and a subsequent early marriage to the man of her choice saved her from what might have proved a heartless career—(hardly, with her environments). But I have yet to learn, to be informed, that any one held her to task or felt himself wronged (injured, I was about to write), by the lucky man who bore off the Pride of the Village.

If he had left her a little longer (I have—guided—and then that word marked out) by her mother's apron strings (!), I have heard *her* say it had been (would have) more to his comfort and the pride of housekeeping. The

mother-in-law's (*i. e.*, *her* mother's) only disagreement with now (Ah, they were all living when this was written), a favorite son, and one who has always delighted to honor her—was upon this subject, the only thing (which) withheld her reluctant consent was at length yielded, and a gay-spirited, unsophisticated girl of nineteen became the wife of a grave and close student nearly eight years her senior. If their cake was sometimes dough (!) they have saved none of it—(and) they did not render it further unpalatable by some looks.

[As some will not have read Vol. II, I have ventured upon this, though it embraces a little repetition, but not exactly in the same terms.]

To return again to the conditions of the earlier time. There was much more of religious intolerance in those days than now, when denominational differences are becoming less strongly emphasized as all draw nearer, in outward ways, at least, to the Divine Pattern. The Presbyterians became rent into New and Old School, and neither had intercourse with shouting, class-leading, sanctification Methodists. The Baptists were hard-shelled and insisted upon *their* ism; and the Friends considered all the rest—and so called them, behind their backs—"the world." While those outside the pale of any church were consigned, with common consent, to — (the —), tho spoken so of with bated breath, or without speech. The Presbyterians were, perhaps, or considered themselves, the leading cult of Salem, and Quakers to them, as others, were *queer* as well as unsound in doctrine. Still their peaceable inter-

course with all with whom they had to do, their sobriety, their unquestioned honesty, and their non-interference with what did not concern them; their unvarying integrity and good judgment; their excellent and generous farm products, and their always ready cash, made them desirable as neighbors, and Benoni Morris had not the reserve, characterized "stiffness" by the townspeople. Perhaps the feeling was much less pronounced among men; it certainly was among business men than among ministers in general and women. Ministers were guardians of "the cloth." The unchanging dress of the Quakers was a line of demarcation ever patent, ever peculiar. When a Philadelphia Friend happened rarely to make a visit, then they saw broadcloth and silk worthy to be looked at; but in general Friends about Salem brought with them the less dressing prevalent among them at the South, and both men and women appeared much more plainly clad and in cheaper material than would have served their circumstances if they had belonged to other denominations. Also, they were largely farmers, and wore into town, in their wagons and about their business, what was most convenient. They did not put on their best to show themselves, but to go to meeting, especially on "First Days," and for special occasions, principally among themselves. Substantial men knew Benoni's worth—in character is meant, but also in pocket. There were a few families of Friends in Salem, notably the Newbys, and Booths, and Coffins, and others, besides the hosts of Truebloods near by, influential citizens who had with other towns-

people large moneyed interests, and whose manners and ways of living were equal to any. Also families at Canton and between, among whom were the Albertsons, Truebloods, Moores, Nixons, Whites, Coffins and others, and the school brought together children, students, young men and young women, where those of Quaker parentage easily vied with any, and were perhaps in those early days in the majority.

Still the Presbyterians, if not thinking themselves better—they could hardly do that then—thought themselves higher. Singing was a great power in other churches, of which Friends had strangely deprived themselves. Though Judge Parke and his family, their relatives, Mrs. Sturges and hers, and Sarah Barton, their sister, and Lawyer Farnam, were close friends of the Morrisises, as well as others named, Catherine must have felt the chill of disapproval from such as thought from their assured position, “I am holier than thou.” Luckily she perhaps did not mind it—not then. She was securely placed, too, always had been, for that matter; but now in their camp. Ah! that was the rub—with them and not of them. It was implied censure. On the subject of Peace, too, there was a radical difference. They *said*, Thy kingdom come, and thought they meant it. But as no war loomed in sight, this sharp issue remained in abeyance for years.

But a great plan began to mature in the minds of the young pair. They were full, not only of hope, but of business, building, indeed, a castle in the air, but which was soon to take substantial form. And a wee

blessing had begun to be that first year; so absorbing—there could be less thought of difference as they realized the more of nearness. That they were, indeed, one, and cruel would be that power that could not, indeed, sunder, but might mar what God had united.

CHAPTER III.

(IN TWO PARTS.)

PART FIRST.

INTRODUCTION—THE CHOLERA OF '33—DESCRIPTIVE
LETTERS OF DR. KING AND HANNAH PARKER—
DORCAS PITT'S DREAM.

In the earlier days of which this history especially treats, *Quarantine*, seldom thought of, was a dread, vague term, somewhat as leprosy or excommunication; very terrible where and when either existed, but dimly understood by those happily remote in time and place. The *Yellow Fever* "down South" might call for the pitiless measure of cutting off stricken human beings from communication with their kind, and drawing a cordon 'round infected districts, for the protection of others, or when infected ship from plague-smitten coasts came back to civilized shores; but *we* were happily exempt—we *thought*.

Sarah wishes she had taken a copy of one special letter Robert sent her during the Knightstown Visitation of Smallpox in 1902. But from motives of prudence, all letters and papers were destroyed as soon as read, though, of course, they had been thoroughly fumigated

in the mail. Robert had had the disease in Washington, where he went a mere boy in one of the Departments; so he was fitted to be very useful and did some hard nursing. Later, in speaking of the disease at Knightstown, he said it was characterized by some very peculiar features. It came suddenly; left suddenly; and though a winter disease, came in warm weather. Sarah said, inwardly—"A visitation."

Dr. Carson, of the Presbyterian Church there, wrote some letters for the local papers, in which he spoke of it as my early Presbyterian training would have led me unquestionably to do. I understood afterwards he was criticised by some for his utterances, but the people were generally panic-stricken at the time, and humble enough.

But to Robert's testimony:

He went first to nurse in a chamber with air most foul. The case was fatal; I can not go into it all—nor did he; their getting the corpse somewhat prepared and into a coffin. But when they came to fumigate themselves, their clothes were taken out of the window on a pitchfork and burned. After bathing and dressing, in another room of course, they got the coffin into a wagon. In lifting it out, no one would help, though there was a crowd of men (and boys, I suppose,) watching, and they called for help. One of the handles broke; this caused it to fall. Robert's hand was severely wounded by the broken piece as he stumbled and fell. Still no one would help them get the coffin into the grave, though he shouted to the men. I do not remember how the grave was dug. He wrote—so they

got it in somehow. Is not this dreadful? I have understood since that the grave was too short.

When I referred to the pay for attendance, Robert said pointedly, "It was no"—I forget the word—"to wait on a smallpox patient." He also was criticised, but I have no doubt took all necessary precautions. The letter said, I think, he had burned three suits of clothes.

But Knightstown recovered itself. The physicians became heroes. The town organized—quarantined itself and fought the loathsome plague out. Got a hospital. Doctors H. and S. nobly gave themselves for service there. Dr. B. fumigated the town; think what a work that was! One lady saying he saved Knightstown. In the long season of total stagnation of business and social life, the community endured, grew brotherly, had special church services as soon as they could, and at a mass business meeting of selling lots for a new plant, closed with the Doxology!

This account brings to my mind that almost as long ago as some of us can remember reading papers, Austin H. Brown (was it not?), editor of the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, had the smallpox and published in that paper his treatment of himself. It was, perhaps, not very prevalent there at that earlier time of more sparsely scattered settlement. He rubbed himself down—I suppose when in the confluent state—with a crash towel. Sarah had never seen him, nor has she, that she knows of, but she remembers she had some curiosity as to the effect of the heroic measure. Whether he rubbed the marks

out, and whether his face presented a general ruddiness in consequence. But the article had a triumphant tone, she thinks, of success—he would scarcely have published it otherwise.

THE CHOLERA.

Now see how people acted in Salem during the epidemic of Cholera long ago.

While the happy young pair at Salem were having their dream of love—not the less a reality for that—the portentous shadow, long threatening, began to overspread their horizon. The Cholera had been raging in the East the preceding year (see Vol. II), and, having made its dreadful march, appeared in Salem early in the summer of '33.

Grass grew in the pavements, flies disappeared, everything was dank and damp; many, many, succumbed to terror, business came to a standstill. Death grew familiar. Who next? was the thought. The appalling mortal darts struck here and there. Fruits hung luscious on the branches and rotted untouched.

And still in the midst of terror, and terrible seizures and death agonies, there were devoted physicians, faithful women, and an undaunted band of citizens who worked to save, and who all together fought for the life of every victim.

They did not grow callous, negligent, selfish, or demoralized.

Dr. King writes—with a lame hand, too—"I gladly

give you such items in regard to the Cholera epidemic in Salem in 1833 as, after two generations of its people have passed away, I can recall. Naturally, one's memory after so long a lapse of time would be somewhat cloudy.

"I think the first case occurred in June. During that month there were nearly fifty deaths. The people were panic-stricken. A large percentage of the citizens left town; got temporary accommodations with surrounding farmers. Towards the close of the month the epidemic subsided. For several days previous to the 4th of July there had been but few cases and no deaths. Many of the refugees had returned to their homes and a general feeling of relief prevailed. However, on the night of July 3d, the disease returned with two-fold virulence; within thirty-six hours almost a score fell victims to the grim destroyer. Before night of the 5th the town was almost depopulated. The terror-stricken people fled in all directions, seeking refuge wherever they could obtain shelter. The kind-hearted families in the country around deserved great praise for cheerfully giving asylum to the homeless wanderers.

"No fatal case of cholera occurred after the 4th of July, though many of those who left town, as well as those who remained, had mild attacks of the disease. I do not remember just how many deaths occurred in all, but certainly not less than ten per cent. of the entire population. I now recollect but a few of the names, viz.: Bartlett Scott, Barton Parke, Mrs. Hite, Daniel O'Mall, James Henderson, Samuel King (my

father), and John H. Farnham. The last named was a prominent lawyer, of a scientific turn of mind. When the epidemic made its appearance he resolved to investigate, as far as possible, the nature of the disease. To this end he visited every case of cholera possible, noticing carefully the symptoms, progress and termination of the disease. It was an almost hourly sight to see him and his brother-in-law, Dr. Charles Hay (the latter with his 'pill-bags' on his arm), threading the streets together, calling at almost every house on the way—for in almost every house was a victim. Mr. Farnham often nursed cholera patients in order to become more conversant with the disease. But, at last, in spite of his heroic fight against the fell destroyer, he had to succumb. He died a martyr to philanthropy. Three physicians, Drs. Charles Hay, Burr Bradley and Robert Newland, were untiring in their efforts to relieve the suffering of their patients and administer comfort to the dying. Brave men were they.

"It was thought, and later observations have strengthened the opinion, that very many persons died as much from fright as from the disease proper. It is known that strong, mental emotions exert a powerful influence over this class of diseases.

"Those were the darkest days that ever came to Salem; very few now living who were observers of the harrowing scenes enacted during that dread month can ever revert to it but with horror.

"A memorable phenomenon, occurring but a few months after the subsidence of the Cholera, was the

great meteoric shower of the 13th of November, 1833. This, in the minds of the more ignorant and superstitious, was intimately associated with the late pestilence, and caused consternation in their ranks.”—From letter, Redlands, Cal., March 10, '99.

Second Answer to Questions.—“I do not remember whether your father had cholera or not. It is very probable that he did, for a large percentage of the people of Salem suffered in a greater or less degree from the scourge.”—W. A. King, May 18, '99.

Yes, Sarah thinks her mother told her he had, and, in connection, mentioned this incident: Fresh, ripe fruit, it seems, was not by that time considered dangerous by farmers' people, and they were probably by this time at Catherine's father's; John I.'s mother perhaps at Fanny's, next to Dr. Bradley's. Catherine offered her husband a beautiful ripe apple. He held it in his hand a moment, and then threw it as far as he could. This was one of the hard things. He had the Cholera, for all that; they had a hard time saving him, but four strong men rubbed him for hours. His case was a relapse; he had had a slight, previous attack. Sarah has heard eleven were buried on that 4th of July.

“‘HOME’ (RAYSVILLE), 7-14-1899.

“*My Dear Friend*—Delay in writing these papers from memory, which are now thine, to do just as thee wishes with them in any way if they will add any help to thee. All the incidents are from Father and Mother's conversations, and in hearing them relate to others, ex-

cept what I remembered at the time myself. Some things I have remembered, especially the sorrow on every one's face that came into our house.

"In the year 1833 the cholera came to this prosperous and peaceful town (Salem), bringing mourning to nearly every household. Business houses were closed, except David Weir's Cabinet Shop, where he worked continually making coffins for the dead, until all material suitable was used, when they used boxes instead, only the sound of the hammer in the cabinet shop, the treading of horses' feet as they were used in paying the last rites to the dead, taking them away for burial. Micah Newby (her father) kept his store open, and day by day measured off winding sheets until every bolt of white muslin and black goods were used, and afterwards calicoes and other goods suitable were all gone, he closed his store, and had thought it was best to take his wife and little children to a home offered them in the country, when Dorcas Pitts, a neighbor, living a short distance out of town, came to him and told him a dream she had the night previous.

"She was awakened from sleep where she had seen angels flying from heaven down to his home to administer to the wants of his family, and again appearing and ascending again. And while she watched them and waited, they were continually ascending and descending until she awoke. But the scene was so real to her, she went to his home in the morning and related all she had dreamed. It impressed him so much at this sad time, that he at once decided he would remain and give all the

assistance he could until the pestilence was past, and no harm came to his dwelling. Matthew Coffin (her mother was a Coffin) and many noble young men banded together and went from house to house wherever the sick and dying were without help, and ministered to all in every way to relieve that could be done. In a few homes small children would be left, and the parents both lying in death. Isaac Chase and others could be seen every morning, with umbrellas to shade them from the hot July sun, and call out at each door, 'Are all well?' and if help was needed, he or others would send helpers. Many noble women, too, made every sacrifice they could to alleviate suffering wherever there were sick or dying. Those were sad days in Salem, and the grass grew green in the streets."

She also speaks of the Prophecy of Priscilla Cadwalader which, she says, she did not write, as she thought S. could get the small memorial of her life, which gives it fully. S. will again endeavor to do so, but it has not been found thus far.

No room for more now; but—

At last, Sarah has received a most interesting memorial volume, compiled by T. Elwood Zell, of Philadelphia, and a re-print, by our enterprising cousins, the Overmans, of Salem. It has much most worthy of transcription. The preface by "J. I." concludes with, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation, unto every one that believeth."

PART SECOND.

THE PRETTY BABY—LETTER OF ROBT. MORRIS—
THE YOUNG FATHER AND MOTHER—TEMPER-
ANCE—IN HARVEST FIELD—OUR LEGACY—THE
SPRING-HOUSE—THE WOODEN WEDDING.

Susan Trueblood*—Uncle Jimmy's daughter—gave Sarah an interesting item respecting her mother. She took—before Sarah was born—to the babe (Kate), "Catherine" named for her—a dress and cap—pretty bobinet and lace; the dress, pink, with little yellow and brown spots!

It was, later, and perhaps from association in town, that made Catherine afterwards conclude nothing but white was good enough for a baby. Farmers' wives used it for extra occasions.

SARAH.—*The First Baby* is a great event, but there were so many to be interested in this one. First, the happy young father, his cup full now at last. Sarah remembers her mother lightly telling her long after, he said, "Dr.! Dr.! Don't hurt it!" She said she could hardly keep from laughing, he was so anxious. Such was her temperament, and his. And *her* Father and Mother: here was the second generation, of theirs, begun. They could cast a mental eye at their coming

*Since deceased.

so long before, and now Catherine had an infant, and the children were suddenly come into the dignity of Uncles and Aunts. Mary, about 7! And there was the other family, with hosts of cousins, some of them married and with children of their own, but in Salem, Fanny's two little girls to welcome her; not one of the whole connection saying aloud, "If it had only been a boy." "Time enough for that," might have thought the wise Old Country mother, with her old timey notions.

And there were Judge and Mrs. Parke, god-parents, if the Quakers could have admitted so profane a title, but self-appointed and cordially received as such in reality. Catherine said the Judge came to see the little one before she was an hour old, and Mrs. Parke sent beforehand, or brought, beautifully embroidered dresses and *caps*.

"As to the relations existing between the Morrisises and the Parkes I know nothing particular, except they were, to the best of my recollection, very cordial. Weren't you named in part for the Parkes?"—Dr. King, May 18, '99.

Yes, she was named for their dear daughter.

Sarah knew she was born at Grandpa's, "but in what room?" she once asked her Grandma. And Grandma said, "Mine, of course." She had given her dear daughter not only a welcome home for that hour, but her own inner shrined place, as if to say, "I offer all, and I shall not securely rest until *thou* dost rest."

Uncle Robert wrote, in his second letter, I believe: "I distinctly remember my attention being called to see the baby when you were born. And have a vivid rec-

ollection how John I. laughing until the great tears"—(the tension of nerves he had experienced after the wondrous event)—"came trickling from under those heavy eye-brows from that prominent, projecting forehead, the source of such wonderful knowledge, when I innocently said, 'The next will be a boy.' And I well remember as we were driven past that little brick building on High street, where your parents first went to keeping house, as we were then on our way to Westtown, that sisters cried because you were asleep in the cradle and couldn't say good-bye." These were Sophia and Joanna, and Sarah must have been very much of an indulged baby not to be waked upon such an occasion, for she was then nearly two years old.

The following letter is also from Cousin—by heart-adoption—*Hannah M. Newby Parker, of whom Father was in the habit of saying, that if there was an angel on earth she was one. That almost every one had some fault, but he could never discover one in her. "Without guile, so modest"—and stop speaking, as if language could no farther go.

"KNIGHTSTOWN, 2d Mo. 13, 1899.

* * "And often call to memory, when a little girl attending school, I heard there was a little Baby at thy Father and Mother's home, and longed to have a look at the 'little one,' and after a few weeks I was told I could see the little girl, and was met with a pleasant smile from thy dear mother and invited into the quiet

* Since deceased.

room, where thee was lying on the bed in snowy garments so lovely. Thy mother told me to sit in the little chair, and I might hold thee in my arms if I would be very careful and keep my arms around thee. Thee, then, with bright black (hazel) eyes, looked so sweetly in my face, I loved thee, and in the years that have come and gone in the past I have never forgotten our first meeting, and I am sure, as we have met and parted, it has always been in our hearts together, the spirit of the prayer—God be with us till we meet again.”

Is not this worth being born?

THE PRETTY BABY.—However this might have been, it is, as E. Hicks says about the charms of his Father’s place, “all gone now!” Those eyes that looked in infantile confidence at every pleasant face, are faded and worn, having wept too much in the past, and pored over books too late in life. Strange, indeed, would look the long lock of golden hair, Catherine cut at eighteen months and long preserved, placed near the now gray poll. These hands—but why linger over world-rough usage?

Coleridge has sung the song,—

Naught cared this body for wind and weather,
When youth and I lived in’t together.

And Jean Ingelow’s “Seven times one.”

But there was another side. Grandma once told Sarah her neck wasn’t much bigger than a thread, and that she had said to Catherine, “Catherine, this child is starving.” Catherine nursed her children, but she had

had serious trouble in this respect with Sarah. She would not let the physician, but made her husband lance her suffering breast with his pen-knife! Think of her confidence in him; that must have helped him to nerve himself to do it; he who could never endure to look upon pain, his only surgery proved successful, but the poor baby pined. Catherine would say of herself afterwards when such things were referred to: "O, I did not know—I did not know anything." A hearty young girl who had never been ill a day in her life, she neither knew how to care for herself or her offspring. Sarah early developed the malady of constitutional sea-sickness in riding, could never swing or rock, and may have suffered in that way before able to tell what ailed her. For cradles were used and handed down as heir-looms from generation to generation, so strong were they.

Though it will be again referred to, the new father may then have begun the practice of assisting feeding the little one with a spoon—milk properly prepared; so much better, one thinks, who, with little succeeding ones, has seen it successfully done, than the detestable bottle, at least, sweet memory thinks so. Catherine said when Sarah was a mere infant she would sometimes look at her as if she would look her through, until sometimes she was actually half afraid of her. "Mother's hair—mother's eyes," Mrs. Browning has this thought in "Isobel's Child."

Of very early years, Sarah remembers very little. Catherine said, when she was about two, they would stand her upon a table and she would declaim, or preach, perhaps she said, in gravest style, making gestures to

suit the gist and importance of the theme. Do people ever tire a little brain so?

Once she could not find her. She looked everywhere about the house and then darted into the yard, and finally coming round to the front, Sarah sat on the step as composed and quiet as if it was her daily practice. This was at the little brick house. She herself remembers how pleasant it was at Grandpa's, to sit in the yard on the parlor doorstep, where there was not the usual passing to and fro, and watch the birds, and see the flowers and trees, and sky, and enjoy the velvet grass and pleasant air and quiet—the sweet doing nothing of the being's expansion—*dolce far niente*.

Hannah Parker writes of the same in a larger way: "It is with pleasure that I recall many of the early days of Salem, the home of my childhood and where I spent the first years of my life. A half century has passed away since I left Salem, but the faces are familiar yet that were my schoolmates, and the beautiful surroundings of hills and dense groves and the Bridges across Blue River as it flowed on the east and west of Salem, are not forgotten; where we—(she and her mates)—often met when school hours were over, and walked through the dense woods on the east of Town to gather wild flowers and Ferns that grew luxuriant from among the roots of trees, and where the delicate violet, with its tiny petals of blue and white, grew in every shady spot, making the groves fragrant wherever they bloomed. Yet, in these grand old woods there was one Plague-spot that was so far concealed that we could only see it

partly from behind the trees, and knew it was a Distillery, or 'Still House' as then called; and day after day emptying its poison refuse into the River where it flowed by, polluting its waters, but more terrible in polluting the souls and bodies of men and boys who there took their first drink. The man that owned this distillery and received the profits from it, had five sons; three of them died from the effects of alcohol. One was killed by trying to enter a Drug Store when intoxicated, when the clerk threw a weight that struck his temple, causing his death after weeks of suffering. Another was killed in a frame saloon by being stabbed with a knife, and a third son lived the life of an Inebriate."

This may be as suitable a place as any to give Robert's (Uncle) reply to the question of how Grandpa dealt with the liquor question in that day. He writes: "O, yes, you also spoke of how Father managed to get rid of intoxicants during harvest time. Why, he just shut down on its use, which very much disconcerted the hands. So they proposed that they would buy it themselves. But he told them, no, it was not the cost that he cared for; but that he had made up his mind that no spirits should be brought into the field, and that those that couldn't work without it had better quit before they commenced. They had a consultation over the matter, finally concluded to go to work. From that on the trouble was ended. One harvest after that I well remember. Some of these same fellows (the —— boys) secured something to drink at noon that made them quite lively the afternoon. Even after we got done, the grain

all cut in the field—(one of them) said, ‘Come on, boys,’ and started as though he was going to cradle down more, which tickled Father very much. I heard Father tell about that years after, much to his amusement.”—Feb. 22, ’99.

For Benoni to consider a subject, especially one in which a moral question was involved, was to make up his mind respecting it; and for him to know the right and wrong of a thing was to resolve, and to resolve, to act. All these steps he took in this case as we have seen. Still, as a final precaution before assuming such a responsibility, he committed the matter to a friend—Uncle Nathan, I *think*—he was naturally more timid, but not behind him when matters came to the point, later, in a case of his own.

His confidant earnestly endeavored to dissuade him from so unprecedented and hazardous an undertaking; told him it would ruin him, that his wheat would rot in the fields. To which he retorted, “Let it rot, then!” Aunt Joanna gave this incident. He, however, revealed his decision with the greater care and skill. Only one man refused to come upon the terms. It not only proved a complete, triumphant success in the field, but the thing was assured, and he never had any trouble from that source afterwards, and brought up four boys who had no drink appetite.

They made quantities of cider which all drank freely. They reserved it for vinegar when it began to become “hard.”

The vineyard had been discontinued before Sarah’s

remembrance ; though it was still called so from habit, when there were but the dead stumps of the vines — they may have been killed by a severe winter; and with boys growing up the wise parents made no re-planting. Fresh fruit was not then used to the extent nearly it is now.

“In one of the old papers of 1832 is a minute of a temperance meeting in Salem, with your father as its Secretary. Gratifying, is n’t it?”—(Extract from a letter of Dr. King’s.)

Mother (Catherine) was an ardent Temperance advocate, as of all reforms. Besides manifesting in every possible way, by prayer, speech, contribution (she would often say, “tell me what to give to, I do not give half enough”), by entertainment and attendance. She wrote a fine little thing upon the occasion of giving Mrs. Judge Finch a brass tea-pot with alcohol lamp beneath for their golden wedding. Maria, who always knew what was best, selected it for her, and Mrs. Finch, her mother-in-law, said, no one could tell the good its manifold uses had been to them. Sarah fears the verse is lost. She can only recall a few lines. It began —

All is not gold that glitters,

.

Beneath there lurks a demon,

.

and concluded with the earnest appeal,

Oh, do not license such!

Strange, writing so perfectly, she did not do more. Did not do at all, for this came as a complete surprise.

At the beautiful Parker home—Joanna's, it was—
*she now lives with her loved daughter, Mrs. Sophia
Nixon, in Knightstown—her son, Benoni M., and his
wife celebrated their wooden wedding in '96, Sarah con-
tributed some impromptu verse, from which she takes—

Benoni, one like this†, Grand-Sire
Prized more than punch-bowl, case, and higher
Than wine-glass, flagon, jar, decanter;
For those he banished fearless banter,
And took into the harvest field,
Along with extra lunch and pay,
The purest draught that earth can yield,
And served in part this very way.

I've seen those buckets, wood and tin,
Whose brimming coolness dancing in
Such had its play from side to side;
And from its mouth, so open wide,
And all its sleekness, dripping wet,
That water cold I see as yet,
And taste in thought its limpid store,
And see—shall I again once more
A-down the Hill rock-basined Spring?
Again reach down the handled thing?

Not carelessly as then I'd drink,
But clasping all its plainness think
With loving heart on home-spun ways,
And drinking to sweet Lucy Hayes

* Since deceased. See Obituary, Vol. II.

† Sarah's present.

Saying in act, as Pindar's Song,
While she at White House four years long,
“*Water is best.*” The palm tree's foot
Reaches the fountains at its root
And lifts its plume into the sky:
So be our lives fed, you and I !

For he who left Car'lina's State
To keep from ill his children free,
Bequeathed, lest slavery as great,
Water is best, in legacy.

(Those wishing to read the whole, see the rest, placed
for convenience at end of this chapter.)

“The Spring-House,” built by Robert, photograph
taken by Mrs. Laura Morris, his daughter.

WOODEN WEDDING.

MR. AND MRS. BENONI M. PARKER OBSERVE THEIR FIFTH
WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. Benoni M. Parker celebrated their
wooden wedding last Thursday evening. More than
eighty invitations were generally responded to. It was
a lovely night, and many elegant and varied presents,
appropriate to the occasion, preceded or accompanied the
guests to the beautiful Parker home. Chrysanthemums
with roses and smilax adorned the rooms. Beautiful
cake, white and black, lemonade and ice cream were
served handsomely, and all had a merry, happy time.

The souvenirs were dainty wooden spoons tied with tiny white ribbon. The following verses, written for the occasion, may interest some:

To Mr. and Mrs. Benoni M. Parker, 1891-1896:

No "Wooden" Wedding this I see
In thought and cheer and company;
But wit and fun in wise excess
Shall flow, till presents great and less
Than this I send, shall seem to be
A sort of mirthful pageantry
Waiting upon the year, 'till now
Grotesque procession makes a bow,
And one for all may haply say,
"The Wood responds with tribute gay
And hails your Wooden Wedding Day."

Not as to guilty Macbeth came
The leafy horror to Dunsinane,
But as one tree from leaf to heart
Has seemed to say to each, "Take part!
If bark is rough, no matter, see
My roots make 'sassafrasy tea';
My twigs, the out-door rustic chair;
My withes, the willow's turning bear;
My sturdy trunk, *your* trunks, et cetera,
Though thunder-riven, true Electra."
For gas you ever start with gleam
From friction match, and scarcely dream
How the high boughs with tempest blast
Played, now so delicate at last.
Thoreau in "Maine Woods" first the thought
Of White Pine giants factory brought.

But cups and bowls and bric-a-brac,
And this and that of artist knack,
Show past the days of wooden platter
And some such things of “kindling” matter.
However you these things shall use,
You’ll hardly wear the peasant’s shoes ;
For gas* and tongue*, each grateful boon
Show born not with a “wooden” spoon.
But I must on, ere this, not terse,
Be *vice a(-h!) ver-sa(-h!)* “wooden” verse!

But what is this lop-sided thing
That comes with ambling sort of fling?
That cannot step, nor walk, nor run?
That seems just made for poking fun?
Is it creation’s travesty,
And as of vital frame ’t would be?
The monkey mocks at nobler man,
This seems to squint at reason’s plan,
And so mis-shapen to be made
As infidel had carved the Jade !

(Lines omitted here may be found on page 60.)

So please accept and use, if fit,
And should in time misfortune hit
And crack or mar or break at last,
Until it seems a ghost aghast ;
Though never more to be restored,
Let it not be too much deplored,
Mind Jonah — angry for a GOURD!

*B., head of a natural gas company, had not only a head for business as his grandfather, whom he resembles, but his wit also. So, too, Sophie.

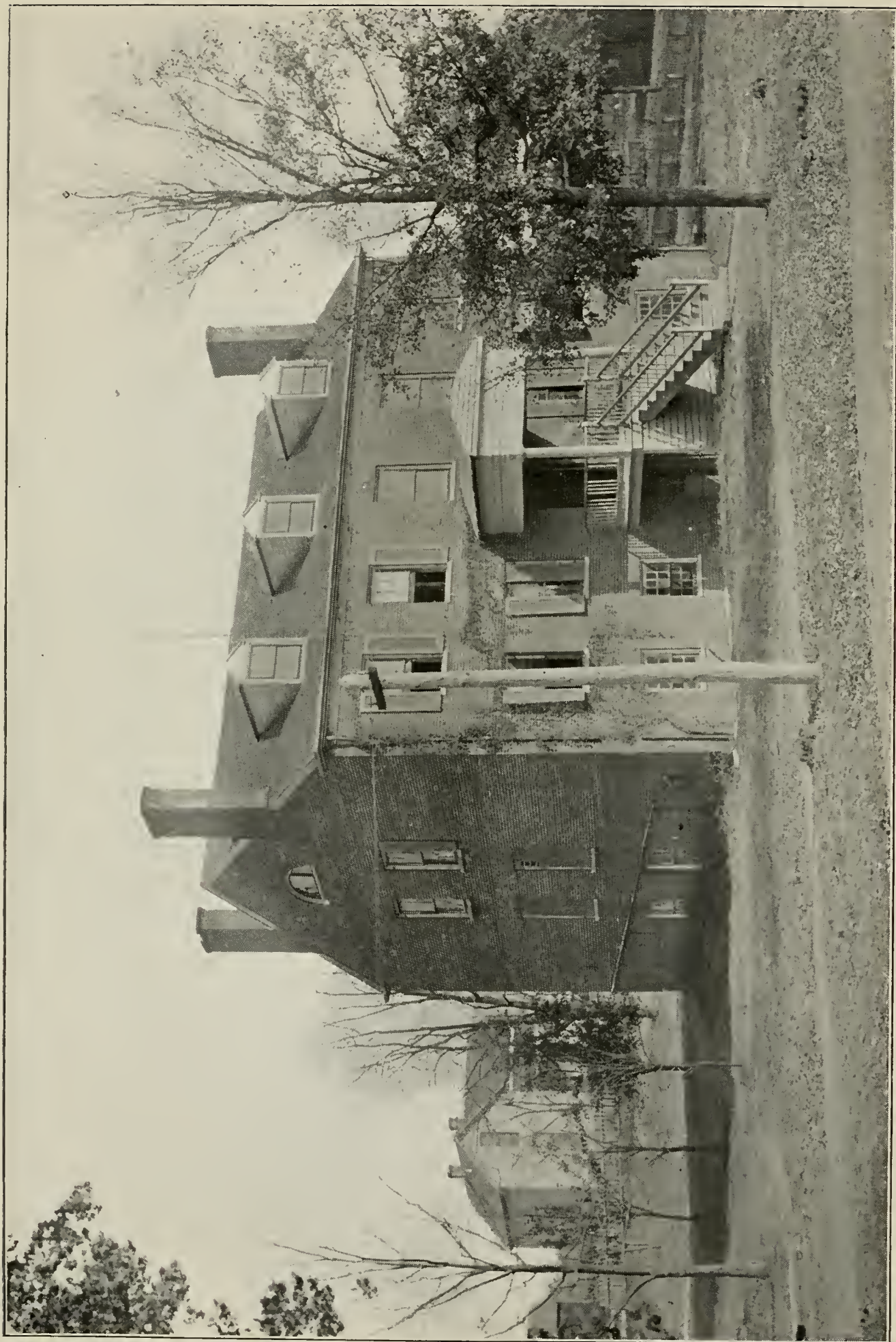
CHAPTER IV.

THE INSTITUTE — THE BOY — “ONLY A GIRL” — THE
BOY’S GRANDMOTHER — MARIA — MOTHER.

Besides caring for the little Sarah, the little home and school — Catherine did not teach in the Seminary — the fond parents had, as has been intimated, a great project upon their hands — THE INSTITUTE. You remember, Uncle Robert’s letter spoke of its having been “recently remodeled and improved.”*. Annie, who had just built her new house, Colonial style — in fashion again — said “Ah!”

The Institute was afterwards named “The Eikosi,” by Prof. Wm. May, son of Prof. James G., who had been one of Father’s pupil-assistants; so called on account of his beginning class of *twenty*. Some of the newer generation did not know of its former name and existence, and said, with quiet certainty, “he,” meaning, I believe, Prof. Wm., “built it!” The Institute, a large, four-storied brick, was built with dormer windows and half basement. The ground was cut away in front, south, and on the east, for a brick pavement. The ascent to the entrance proper, by a flight of steps with

* Vol. I, Out of North Carolina, p. 160.



"THE INSTITUTE," SALEM, IND.

Erected 1877

(Furnished by Annie)

railings, led to the second story, where a white covered portico (somewhat larger and more imposing than the present one), with fluted Corinthian pillars and seats, running across on either side, faced the great oak front door with its ponderous knocker. A shorter flight of steps, a little at one side, led to the basement door just below.

Second story—Four large, square rooms opened on either side the hall.

Third story—Above, the same space for rooms was halved, making double the number, of course, half as wide, except the northeast one over the back parlor retaining the same size. This, the Mother (John's) had for her apartment, until increasing bustle attending a large school with young-lady boarders, and a young growing family caused her to seek a more quiet retreat at Fanny's. All these rooms opened into two square spaces, front and back, over the hall and leading to the stairways both above and below; the former terminating in the fourth story, where *one* space, still ample, had on each side, east and west, two very large rooms. Of the dormer windows there was one in each room, and one between in the open space, making the row of three in front, *i. e.*, facing the south. There were large windows besides in each of these rooms—as in all—and suitable ones at the stairways. And I cannot remember how many closets, large, deep, and dark farther in, formed by the sloping of the roof; smaller doors than of the rooms closed them from the general upper hall. While the windows were large in every room, it must be re-

membered the panes were comparatively small. There were green Venetian blinds in at least the parlors—I remember—I doubt if any others can. Turning them, I often indulged the fancy of the slats being rounds of a ladder extending upward into the air.

We said “basement,” “first story,” “second,” and “third.”

It was a run, indeed, from the top to the bottom. We children chased each other in mad frolic up and down at the risk of our necks, and our much-enduring Father’s not very long patience and over-sensitive nerves, and *sometimes*, later, when there were more of us, slid down the *banister in tom-boy style—when there was no one in sight, as far as we could see—never walking except when greatly fatigued, or brought to grief in some way, or on Sundays—“the Sabbath,” we would have said.

But my description is nearly done: There were also two inside stairways leading to the basement; these were not connected with the other flights, but back of them, smaller in width and somewhat obscure. The kitchen was ample. The dining room, opposite on the west, was a very large rectangular room. Joining the former on the north was a room containing a regular Dutch oven built of brick. The pavement, which was wide, extended to this room’s door, *i. e.*, past the kitchen’s. This room was also used for laundry purposes when necessary, and for any larger domestic operations than ordinary. There were good cellars opposite, and closets under each stairway. At the back and west there was

* Walter Scott; tho’ Webster, “baluster.”

no pavement—the north outside steps down from the hall leading to the sward, which reached to the sunken stone foundation.

An east upper porch was later built over the brick way below, with a door leading out to it from the north-east second story room. But this was when the lower story was given up for living purposes; and this room and the one joining it on the south, were found more convenient and better suited for the family kitchen and dining rooms. There were folding doors between, as also with the parlors. The deep lot was flanked on the north by Russells' possessions, a modest two-story frame at the corner of their lot, while the two gardens on the west were divided by a cross fence. The Institute lot also joined the little Brick domain; John I. perhaps owning at one time the square, and selling off the smaller portions as he built the larger. It was a very great undertaking, considering he had no means. We have his old book of accounts. The summing up, as follows, from "the Little Account Book."

Work on the House.

| | |
|-----------------------------|----------|
| 1835, To Clark & Allen, Dr. | \$494.50 |
| By their bill for | |
| erecting house and | |
| brick for paving | 989.00 |
| Balance due them | 494.50 |
| To be discharged in tuition | 200.00 |
| | <hr/> |
| | 2)294.50 |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$147.25 |

The balance to be
divided equally between
them, for which I
give my notes to each
of them for the following yrs.:

| | |
|-----------------------------|----------|
| Same payable Nov. 1, 1836 — | 50.00 |
| do do 1837 — | 50.00 |
| do do 1838 — | 47.25 |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$147.25 |

Blessed Father and Mother! What responsibility did you not shoulder for the cause of female education in Indiana.

The Institute was nearly ready for occupancy — not quite — when —! There was one who was not wont in those days to wait for recognition. “The next” was a “boy,” sure enough. “And such a boy!” The proud father’s cup overflowed. The exultant old Mother’s joy knew no bounds. She took him at once, as Naomi the offspring of Ruth, to her bosom. “God be thanked!” no need of restraint any longer. All the Old Country’s notions of “primogeniture,” of “thè heir,” of “a man-child born,” came out in force. She gave him the name of her two Roberts, neither living now, *i. e.*, then, and declared she loved him better than all her own children put together. He was “Grandma Morrison’s darling.” “The oldest son.”

Sarah (“Princess” to at least this time) was instantly set aside — whatever grace of favor she may have had

previously—as of no further account whatever in this world, except to such, as with her mother, believed a girl as good as a boy; but who thought so *then*, except Catherine's family, who had always cared for her, and, of course, the Quaker contingent?

Nothing, scarcely, stands out distinctly in my very early memory—no special incidents. I therefore conclude that nothing very striking occurred at a very early period to impress my mind; and that at least *my* early memories are rather of persons and places than events. I cannot go back to a period when I did not know, besides Grandpa's, Aunt Betsey's and Aunt Fanny's, and the inmates of each household; and also the situations, surroundings and appointments of each; also Uncle Nathan's, farther off; "The Meeting," and Salem, and people composing it, and its vicinity and people 'round about.

Sarah says, in a former writing: I have dwelt too long upon general features of that early period, and given too little particular history. But without assistance I could not arrange incidents chronologically; and those who could have aided me are now gone, or too remote to assist me. There is a scene at home, however, deeply impressed upon my mind, which must have occurred very early. But I have not the reasons for it; and give it simply as a matter of memory in the first place; and, secondly, as an example, to show how feeling is impressed when the occasion has been entirely obliterated. I was in the large room up stairs, then used as my Mother's.—Sarah has a dim remembrance of two or

three large (they seemed to her) women-servants talking together there early one morning.—She goes on: For some reason they must have been annoying me; for all I can recall was that their teasing, if not taunting expression, was changed to one of surprise and defeat, as on some account she became so angry—not being *born* a Quaker—they were subdued into silence before the mite she must have been, and finally retired, leaving her flushed but victor of the field. I expressed some sudden determination—I think it was something inconsequent, in the manner of children. They turn the subject they are not able to cope with, and by a flank movement, born of the flash of the moment, spring a surprise upon the enemy. Mine was by a determination—a defiance, to show I had no fear of them. I see them cowed and myself as conqueror, but what the contention, or battle, rather, I have no idea. I believe my declaration was, “I am going to have an egg!” This meant an invasion into their regions. One could be roasted in the ashes, as at Grandpa’s. Mother’s room had a fire-place in it. This declaration, to get the egg, necessitated a raid into their realm. They got themselves out of mine and away. I had no further contest of that kind.

I suppose, almost remember, I exulted by myself for a little while and then went and got the egg, but who roasted it I do not know. There is a blank after. I imagine—or remember—carrying it carefully in my fist not to close upon it too hard, and so on up the stairs two flights from the basement. When did Sarah, child of a Quaker mother and peace-loving father, have a fight

again? This could not have occurred before the advent of my brother, for that was in the little brick. It was before my sister after, for I perfectly remember the rapture I experienced upon *that* memorable occasion. It must have been when I had become somewhat accustomed to the ways of the new house, or I would not have ventured down to the kitchen, and this could not have been much before I was two and a half. But perhaps not much later, and when in perhaps the boastful spirit of new possession, I was disposed to be self-assertive. The room, in all probability, was to be given soon over to Grandma Morrison and her boy, who perhaps took possession when things had got into running order—the maids probably having finished their allotted work there, and boastful, too. The incident may have been something about “nose out of joint,” an expression which Sarah probably took literally, for she became early sensitive respecting that prominent member, having inherited her father’s rather Roman, not her mother’s beautiful Grecian feature. Her real sorrows perhaps here began, as many a child’s upon the advent of another. Her mother, with Quaker life-notions, did believe a girl was as good as a boy. But she became undeniably fonder of the boy, whose disposition, easy and gentle, seemed to chime with her own. His birth, almost costing her her life, caused her to break at once and for all with the family—and connected physician. Women are wont to suffer and bear and be silent; not she. Whatever might have been necessary, he never attended her again. She only spoke of this to Sarah, long, long after, mani-

festing a certain smoldering resentment, only shown by her a very few times. Sarah said: "It might have been to save your life, Mother." She seemed to acquiesce, and I have thought if she had only relieved herself earlier of the burden she had borne so long.

As a child he, the Boy, seemed bold to Sarah. He had nothing to daunt him. She was much surprised when, very much later, his mother said he was naturally timid. But she concluded, it must be so, and also that the knowledge of the fact made her tenderer of him. His attachment to her was perhaps the strongest he had ever known. He almost fainted when coming hastily to see her the last time, though they had some pleasant intercourse even then—she having received a final stroke.

This item appeared in a Knightstown paper recently. Sarah can imagine how the circumstances, giving rise to it, must have affected his risibles, just as at the time referred to, when he and his mother, each in characteristic manner, revealed their mutual understanding of each other, though she had lost the power of speech:

NEWSY NEWSLETS.

"IN A QUANDARY.—Robert I. Morrison, the well-known civil engineer of this city, made a survey in Hancock county last week, and to-day he was summoned as a witness in a land case. At the same time he is cited to appear in the Henry Circuit Court as a witness in the case of ——— vs. Knightstown. It will be interesting to note just how Mr. Morrison will manage to answer both summonses and appear in both counties at the same time."

“I only knew your brother Robert as a small boy; when he was a little fellow he came to our house on an errand, when your mother was quite ill. My mother inquired as to her condition. Robert replied, ‘She is better or worse, I don’t know which,’ greatly amusing my mother.”—W. A. King’s letter.

He was not much behind the doctors, sometimes, was he?

Circumstances have such an influence in molding the usually pliable disposition of children, their real bent is not always easily seen. The old country mother, with her imperious will, doubtless impressed upon him that to be manly he must not cry or be afraid. That those things were “like girls,” “Sarah, for instance,” who was a “cry-baby,” and afraid of her own shadow. And perhaps here began that early difference I began to feel—that he was cared for and I neglected; not jealousy, for I did not wish him to be less cared for, but I wished my share, too; or rather could not help making the comparison. I really never knew him to cry, that I remember, except from ear-ache as he grew older, which he had considerably; or manifest a sense of danger, or fear of anything. Like mother in these respects, as well as some others mentioned, though so different, too, in others. “Such a pretty little fellow.” “Such an extraordinary child in every way,” were common remarks. Robert, “Bob I.” as he was called, was a *smart* baby; did everything off-hand, even walking at ten months, Sarah had been nearly eighteen; they had been too anxious about her. When his grandmother thought it was time, for

she was *his* grandmother exclusively — this she loved to tell — she stood him against the wall, held out her tortoise shell *snuff-box* — Oh, they were used then by the gentry, I suppose; of the Old Country, I mean — and said to him, “Come;” he ran to her, and walked after that just as if that was what he had been used to. He was the admiration of all, and just in proportion as he was brought forward, Sarah retreated into the shade.

While the grandmother was with us, Robert went to her room at will, and did about as he pleased when he got there; the only privileged person who did not need to stand in awe of Grandma Morrison. But I never knew of him needing correction or getting it. Indeed, both she and Father seemed able to enforce obedience without effort. She had a strong face, firm mouth, and an eye of command. When she lifted her finger in admonition — and Father had the same gesture — every one, unless Robert, took heed, or needed to. According to her old country ideas he, “the Boy,” was the person of most consequence about the house.

The father talked with the Boy, and had him about with him among the “scholars,” as they said then, Grandma Morrison’s *start*. He was everyone’s favorite “His head! his head!” Sarah got tired hearing of his head. She knew he had “the big head,” as it was called. How could he escape an inflated sense of his own importance? Sarah was “only a girl;” he “the son.” But she does not remember any unpleasant words between them, and only one expression from him, thus.

Once she and “Bob I.” were going to the Post Office;

it was nearly dark, and there must have been something shabby or out of the way about her appearance—not at all uncommon, more's the pity—or she had been censured for something, for he said: “Walk behind me, Sallie, and then nobody will know you are my sister;” and “Sallie” dropped behind, while the little admirer of all admirers strutted on before, perhaps in the glory of a new suit, if not the first. But hot scorn filled Sallie's poor heart. (But when she was called “Sallie” was later, so this must have occurred considerably after.) This is a bad streak in the rose-colored pencil—it is gone now! If “Sallie” had not been beyond her clothes often, she would have been a poor creature, indeed; and even censure sometimes, for sometimes she felt it had been undeserved, or too much. And as for clothing, children were not dressed then as they are now; and Catherine had many cares besides those of her own little flock. But she must have tried to interest and make self-helpful, to some degree, her poor little daughter. Sarah remembers the little paint-box, and seeing her mother draw and paint upon occasion, flowers chiefly, and many precious little things she showed her from time to time. She taught her to sew earlier than she can well remember; for a cradle quilt was long extant, the work of her fingers, no small cradle, either. She remembers the little squares of colored calico and white, and the over and over stitch—what do we say!—O, “over-casting,” “whipping,” they used to say, I do not know why; but very dimly doing any of it, if at all. Catherine basted the pieces together by twos, and started

the sewing; a laborious process, you know, but running stitch was not then used, I think, but "back stitch," skipping one when desirable, *i. e.*, every other one. The little quilt was done when Sarah was about four. Of course she did not do the larger piecing together.

The Grandmother finally went to Fanny's to live; Fanny's quiet, orderly household and fine housekeeping being better for her. She would herself perhaps have said it was becoming "too throng" at John's. She was really very old, and with her wonted sagacity preferred to retire with flying colors, before yielding to old age.

Once, Mother told Sarah, Grandmother Morrison suddenly stooped down—they were sitting side by side, and took hold of her foot, Father was in the room. "That's a fine shoe!" she said. "Is that the kind of shoe John Morrison's wife ought to wear?" No more was needed. It was perhaps early in their married life and Mother had not got used to asking for her needs.

My Mother and she admired each other, in their diverse and independent ways. She liked Mother's cleanly ways about her babies, and honored her for her acquirements and abilities in uncommon ways; but I dare say each in her heart thought the other's religion somewhat "heathenish." But in their better practice—each knowing the other sincere—they were each ladies, and though with marked individualities and unconquered wills—happily they were not alike—I think never jarred.

Robert's head and forehead were like his Grandma's. With his open brow, large eyes, and remarkably brilliant complexion, he must have been a beautiful child. His

manners were forward, for he was so much indulged, and yet he did not obtrude himself nor impose upon people. He did not need to. Oh! what would not Sarah have given for the ease and the favor and the attendance that waited unasked upon him.

As they grew older especially, Sarah would think, "I could take that in better; Father would do better to tell that to me. Can Bob I. really understand that?" But, too proud—was it pride?—to let a suspicion of her thought be known, she retired more and more within herself. She became full of fears; afraid of her Father; afraid at night; shy of strangers, awkward, silent. Her fears were many and intense. What would have become of her if it had not been for Aunty's and her Grandpa's, she does not like to think. But they could not be with her or have her all the time. She suffered from loneliness, lack of sympathy and companionship as no one knew.

The Old Mother having preempted the Boy, probably with her strong will and prejudices, had determined that whatever came he should not be a "Quaker;" that would do for others—"a *girl*."

On the other hand, Catherine, both personally and her connection, felt that Sarah had had the Quaker start and that it should be maintained. That if the *oldest* had that influence predominating and continuous, it would not be without effect; in which her own people and church, "Meeting," concurring, she lived happily and anticipating hopeful things. While John I. may have thought, and *his* people, besides his mother, "get 'the Boy' right, and all will be well." All this is simply

conjecture; there was certainly no wire-pulling, no underhandedness, no talk; every one of them was above such things, and it was not the custom among them, or the fashion of their times, at least, among their respective associates; but the supposition is advanced as more or less prominent in thought, to account for the continuous interest taken in Sarah by Catherine's family, and the absence of Robert among them, both leading to considerable separation of the children, especially in those early years, and at different times subsequently. Nor was Robert at the "Meeting," as Sarah, who early claimed a place in the carriage (Grandpa's) each week as it came by. And Robert was such a pet at home, and there was always so much going on there, he might have found it pleasanter to stay more than Sarah, who, not of so easy a disposition, was inclined to seek, and later go in quest of what she did not so readily find.

The Institute flourished, the Seminary likewise, Robert most of all; everything but Sarah.

It would have been better, and of life-long benefit to both the children, Sarah believes, if their association had been more together—companions, not simply casual, but constant from earliest years.

Robert would not have considered himself or been considered a man too soon, and Sarah escaped the ills of loneliness, breeding fears and sorrows, and souring a disposition naturally inclined to be good. This period probably continued more or less poignant until the removal to Bloomington. Her memories of it are, for the most part, though dim and shadowy, of things fearsome.

With so many about, I was comparatively companionless; Mother busy—seeing Father seldom, except at meals—Robert, when in the house, generally with his Grandmother. Very little children must feel very much more than we are inclined to think.

But when Sarah was about five years old—and it may be her first distinct remembrance—she was over at her Grandpa's at night, and from her couch looked out upon the stars. Some deep feeling, or dream, had made her weep, and her dear young Aunt comforted her, leading from the starry way to heaven, and the loving Father over all. The next day Joanna, for it was she, took some very delicate food for Catherine—*frumety*—a preparation of new wheat boiled in new milk; Sarah knew her mother was very fond of it. And when they got there and went up stairs into the large room which had been Grandma Morrison's, there was her Mother—but she could not be ill with that look?—in her bed. They turned down the covering, and there was a *new* baby—a little SISTER! It is my first memory of bliss. The enraptured Sarah at once sat plump upon the floor, and reaching out—"Please, let me have her!"—the new babe—"darling little Sister!"—was placed in her arms, and her pale Mother smiled upon her *two* little girls. But I can never tell my emotions as I held her there, my precious own "Little Sister!" The flow of affection Sarah then felt, she can seem to feel yet in its new and wondrous power, as it made her heart to swell as she had never experienced before. I yielded myself to the delicious thought of now having a companion, or at least

something to care for especially, for she would *love* me.

As for resemblance, Sarah's complexion was rather indifferent, Robert's beautiful; Sarah's eyes and hair brown; the latter very thick, and with a decidedly reddish tinge. Robert had darker eyes, hair nearly black, short, very soft and easily managed. But this little new one was fair, with light hair and *blue* eyes! (Sarah had never seen even a *doll* with blue eyes.)

She scarcely remembers dolls at this period. Her heart was full. Full? It overflowed. Cousin Elizabeth's boys at Uncle Nathan's had no little sister; nor had Mary Ann and Ell at Aunt Fanny's. And her eyes were blue. True, Ell's were blue, also; but she was not *her* sister. The only trouble was she would not grow fast enough for Sarah, who would have had her a companion at once. But then she would not be a baby any more. No! Sarah would have her just as she was.

The name Maria was not upon the tombstone placed by my Father in his bereavement for the first sharer of his name, who had been Catherine's Sabbath-school teacher; but the inscription, plain yet, and his highest tribute of regard, "A Christian;" but there was an association Mother desired to cherish, and so the little one was named. Maria was a sweet, good child from the start. The mother had a relapse from some cause, and perhaps this is the first Sarah *remembers* of seeing her Father with a wee baby on his arm, or knees, feeding it with a spoon; the baby drinking the milk eagerly and giving placid glances around the while. He would say, at intervals—"Mother, this baby's abused! It's most

starved! This child is abused, Mother! It's just starving!"—in playful manner. Then he would trot gently on his knee with a "Tolly-tinky-to-time, tolly-tinky-to!" song, presumably of his own manufacture, and in rather rich, musical tones. Another little one would entreat for a ride; sometimes he would have one on his knee, another on his foot. When the baby was taken away, the song and rider and horse became subduedly hilarious, for though Catherine laughed, too, they must not make too much noise. The song, that is, the words can be reproduced by any of us, and were often by himself in continued service; and in sly fun afterwards by his children in retrospect; and he may have sung thus occasionally to his grandchildren; but it would need all the old conditions, himself in them, to furnish the exquisite humor of the sweet, domestic scene, and all the smiles exchanged. He and Catherine were, all their lives, fond of little children and beloved by them.

My Mother, who as a girl had scarcely had an ache or pain, often said the hardest lesson she ever had to learn, was that there was the slightest necessity of her taking care of her health; and not until her constitution was impaired by many shocks, did she learn that she was vulnerable. But as far back as I can remember, she seemed delicate, though her strength seemed to rise to occasion. My early childhood was clouded by two or three long and dangerous illnesses which she suffered, I think, from relapses in convalescences; when my father sat apart, his hand shading his brow and eyes; when physicians came and consulted, coming and going

softly; when there was always somebody strange in the house, and people watching in the sick room, whither we children seldom went. Sometimes in those mournful days we would be taken over to Grandpa's or to an aunt's, and almost forgot we had a mother, or that she was ill. Other times we would go out riding with her, or watch for her to come back. She often had to be carried out when she was too weak to be dressed or to stand. Still she was always cheerful, and, carried out wrapped in blankets, always felt better, and could walk back—after being helped out of the carriage and up the steps—to her room. I do not remember of any of us being reproved for any noise on her account; she was not nervous, in that way, at least; our Father was always, though I think he tried not to be; and his “Stop that noise!” often in serio-comic vein, was obeyed by us according to the urgency of it, we learning easily enough to distinguish when he was really in earnest, and when he only meant an abatement, or at least no increase. Dear Mother! her sicknesses were from want of care, because she “felt” well enough, and I fear, because she did not require sufficient waiting upon, from us or others. Although I do not remember it, she wore caps, as was the custom when one married. She told Sarah her Father liked it, because it made her seem older; but she discarded them before long; she was not one to be bound. And I was the only baby who wore them. She would not have her children bound, either—after she got more sense, she said. Her's were pretty, I know, yet simple; but of them we have no description.

Some of these things must have happened later, but still when Sarah was very young. Her mother was in the habit of having nice little things, as has been said, of which she took particular care; among them a pretty little bottle of lemon or citric acid. This she occasionally permitted Sarah to taste with the tip of her tongue. Once Sarah came upon the bottle. To taste was natural, but she kept on tasting and finally spilt some. Then she feared her mother would notice the diminution, so she hid it. Then the agony of what to do with it. Night came on. Sarah went to bed, but not to sleep. At last, both conscience-smitten and terror-stricken, she called to her mother. Catherine had missed the little phial, but no one had confessed to having seen it. When her dear Mother came bending over her, Sarah began weeping, and unable to stand it any longer, burst out with — “Mother, I took your bottle!” The mother told her she had noticed the drops spilled, and feared; but dealt very gently and sweetly with her repentant little daughter, and this experience — bitter sweet — was the beginning of a closer confidence between them. Sarah remembers how she wept hearing of the dear Saviour who died our sin-Bearer. The picture deeply moved her at the time.

TO MINNIE.

WITH A LITTLE FADED WREATH OF LARKSPUR.

I tiny wreaths one summer day
In idlesse made, the larkspur linking.

Round-ringed at Mother's feet they lay;
"Pretty!" said she. And I—"Choose," thinking
To please her more—"the very best!"
But she—"The best not now, my quest.
This one," said she, and smiled at me.

She touched her choice—not perfect round,
With fingers apt—I close beside her.
"Things even often tiresome found;"
And "perfect" seemed to chide her.
I leaned the nearer, for she seemed
To speak myself, as if she dreamed,
Or I, as she sweet smiled on me.

"Yes," said she, soft, and lightly laughed;
"If 'proper' every human creature,
Children as grown folks, each a graft
Of some propriety in feature,
We might as well be made of wood,
Such puppets all! How would
We look?" said she, and smiled with me.

She rose to lay away her wreath
Within some volume, useless, olden.—
Her body lies the sod beneath,
Her spirit's gone to City golden.—
I see her touch her little wreath
And smooth it in the volume olden,
While something deeper, underneath
Her lightness sprang to surface, golden:
"A token this of sweetest thing
Memory, my child, to us can bring:
We," kissing me, "in sympathy."

CHAPTER V.

INSTITUTE LIFE : AUNTY'S — DIGRESSIONS — DELINQUENCIES — GOVERNMENT—THE LITTLE MARIA—SARAH'S SECOND—MRS. L. AND PIANOS—CATHERINE AND THE MASTER—HOUSE-CLEANING—A RELIC.

Although the Little Sister occupied a great deal of Sarah's attention and time, and had opened such a fount of blessing in her starved being, little arms grow quickly tired, and she would often escape to Aunty Russell's as a retreat from herself, from amusing Baby—whom she loved so! and noise and people, just to sit still, or turn over the two picture-books—the Almanac and Pilgrim's Progress—often staying to eat, or having a little cake or something, as Aunty did her baking or prepared for her noon-day meal; Aunty's goodness, though not demonstrative, was soothing; I cannot say that Uncle's jokes, as we called his Irish wit, were; we could not appreciate them. To slip up there, which was not forbidden, was a frequent occurrence. There were steps up and down between their yard and ours. It was nothing for the children to go there. John, the stepson, and his father were out at work in the gardens, or superintend-

ing various operations about the Institute, where there was always more or less of alteration or repairing to do and keeping things in order. And Aunty made children comfortable; she generally had, if not an apple or little cake, a piece of candy, or occasionally a lump of maple sugar or a bit of licorice, or Sarah stayed to eat. She does not remember that Robert did so, but to her the little table had its peculiar charm. She could scarcely understand one word of Uncle Russell's long "blessing," and the repetition of one after the meal, Covenanters usage, and the chapter read, always a full chapter straight in course, Uncle always did it, Aunty always listened, and the long prayer in worship, mornings and evenings. They sang, too, a psalm—Sarah knew the singing was not good particularly; and they spoke irreverently of Watts' Psalms and Hymns—later used by the Presbyterians—at least, Uncle did, and Aunty *looked*, causing Sarah to wonder how he dared, though she never expressed herself. Sometimes, rarely, Aunt Fanny would be there an afternoon with one of her little girls. Her caps were prettier than Aunty's more serviceable ones, but Aunty "did her's up" very nicely. Grandma Morrison had full ruffled ones, very different from Grandma's, and short, full-gathered gowns. Mrs. Parke and Mrs. Sturges, her sister, both wore ruffled caps. Aunt Fanny's were very neat, very becoming, but, of course, not Quaker. Mrs. S. was not unlike Grandma Morrison in dress and appearance, and Mrs. P. not unlike Aunty, though of more commanding countenance. Both Father's sisters were fine looking

women; Betsey, large figure, a noble face. She told Sarah once of a remark her Father made in reference to her bearing—I think she must have been rather a favorite with him—it was something to the effect of “Elizabeth Morrison walking into church,” almost identical with Whittier’s “Anna Favour.” Fanny was tall, more lady-like in appearance, dressed with greater care, very pleasant in expression; yet Sarah never felt acquainted with her, or as if she really knew her. She was absorbed in her own two little girls.

To her Grandma Parke’s, on the way down town, Sarah went freely from her earliest recollection. But the grand old Judge had died long before her remembrance; Barton, of the Cholera, before she was born, and Sarah, for whom she was named—Mrs. Chas. Hite, of Louisville, all long before this time.

Mrs. Parke had some standard ornaments and playthings of her daughter’s Sarah was permitted to enjoy in review each time; one, a stuffed doll-pin cushion, S. regarded as the acme of beauty and art. And Mrs. Parke always had her take tea with her; a formal affair, though extremely simple. Sarah would have been afraid; but Mrs. Parke was always the same; encouraged her to roam through her suite of rooms—always in perfect order, and she always manifested her pleasure when Sarah came.

Sarah remembers once, when she was very young, going with her Father and Mother and spending an evening with Mrs. Sturges. They had probably made a call at Mrs. Parke’s on the way, as they lived within a square or so of each other. Mrs. S. had with her their sister,

Sarah Barton, who, as we've seen (Vol. II), was unmarried, but never called "an old maid," an opprobrious term then, but was considered a superior woman as the others. Sarah enjoyed their animated conversation, interspersed with Mrs. Sturges' vigorous expressions and Miss Barton's gentler utterances. Miss Barton was tall and spare, a contrast to both her sisters in that respect.

Mrs. Sturges was a widow, with two little boys. When our memorable call was made, she had probably, Mother-Goose fashion, "whipped them both soundly and put them to bed;" for whipping was their daily portion, or hourly rather; that is, with "Zeb," unfortunate little fellow, he seemed to invite chastisement by his many blunders; as, for instance, sent to school about five or six, he returned and said, "I don't know what you sent me to school for, for I don't know the Master or a letter in the book!" His grim mother perhaps told this, also, that for every whipping he got at school, he got another at home. Minard probably profited by his brother's drubbings, and did not get so many; his mother couldn't be whipping *two* all the time! Minard developed a prodigious memory; became Professor at Hanover. Zebulon finally one of Father's assistants, but always something of the boy in him, but by no means "old boy!" He married Sarah's loved Sabbath-school teacher, Lizzie Bradley, and had a school of his own at Charlestown, Indiana, and finally a government appointment at Washington. He had become very deaf, but was sociable as ever, and showed some of us, Maria and me, I believe, over one of the Buildings where he was

familiar. It was at a time of a National W. C. T. U., to which we were delegates.

A return to Sarah's delinquencies—a few of them: She also remembers visiting with her parents, one of the young lady teachers in the family, when her curiosity got her into momentary trouble. As she was examining something of interest, it slipped and made a noise, attracting the attention of the conversers; when, "What are you doing, Sarah?" brought me to a sense of my delinquency; otherwise I might have been tempted further. I drew my fingers away from the attractive little box; I remembered the little phial; and though my experience had not gone so far this time, and my feelings, consequently, were not so poignant as upon the former occasion, I had a very vivid sense of self-condemnation for meddling, and of consternation at what it might have led to; and that I could not trust myself, and unless I was very careful and mended, I was not fit to be trusted, and besides would be sure to get into some dreadful trouble. But after a while this same—whatever it was, led her up to the fourth story, at that time occupied by a widow who had two children in school. Sarah did not mean any harm only to see, but children get into harm by seeing. The rooms were very large and quite pleasant and commanded fine views. As she crept along up, intending simply to look a little and creep back again; the lady catching a glimpse of her as she ascended the stairs, flew at me with such vigor with her handkerchief as a weapon, as if I was an intruding insect, I was terrified and flew down without taking breath until safe

below, never to venture near her belongings again. Sarah was clearly a disagreeable child, idle and obeying impulse.

Our house was mainly devoted to other people's daughters; principally, "Big girls," as we said, came to the Institute and filled it; my Father having charge, you remember, of the County Seminary also, in the adjoining lot—a street between. I do not remember much about those "big girls," only that they and the young lady teachers, whom I could not always distinguish, were grand creatures to my childish vision: Minervas, Dianas, Junos, quite beyond my sphere; one of them named Penelope Dow. The euphony of the name caused me to note it, though I also remember I did not know if I really liked, or her, though she had some attraction, too. It had an outlandish sound, *i. e.*, the "Penelope." I dare say we were restricted to certain parts of the house on account of the young people, though I do not remember any consciousness of it, nor chaffing. We must have understood very early, and been trained in that respect pretty successfully.

Not such another as Sarah was our little Maria, a dear little child, giving no trouble to any one scarcely. Father was fond of his little ones, and Maria growing nicely, learning to talk and walk, and doing everything in a steady, normal way nature called for, developed a talent for neatness and order and caring for things, including persons, and had withal her own little graces. I think, very likely, with her shining little face and clean hands, and smooth hair well off her forehead—Sarah's covered her's nearly, in her eyes often, to her Father's

disgust—and clean apron* which she much affected, the Father very likely called her “the flower of the flock,” an expression of his; and on her part she had a pretty way of running and kissing her pappy on his knee, before he had time to sit down, when he came from other duties to my mother’s room, by that time the general family sitting room. She perhaps got a little spoiled; for once he took her in hand when she set her will against his. This M. does not remember. If ever he took her in hand, with the least little twig of a switch in the world—I’ve seen him hunt for the smallest half-dead one he could find on the ground—and just touched her dress with it—it would have killed Sarah, all the same—she would say, “Quit that! quit that!” which Sarah thought irresistably funny. He would perhaps say, “Will you mind, then?” And as he did not know but she was *ready* to cry, he took silence for consent, and saying, “Well, mind that you mind!” left her to be sober for a while. Boys in school, poor fellows, had to get their own switches—barbarous custom, but the fashion of the times. Once, as a punishment for talking, perhaps, “Zeb,” as he was then called, set Maria on the projecting hearth of the cast-iron stove—in summer, of course—and she said, “Quit that! quit that!” again. It must have been rather an expression of hers, if for any reason anyone took hold of her, no matter how gently, if, as she thought, rather unwarrantably. Generally correct, she was a little disposed to resist force, caring more for her

*John’s little Alice was like her in these respects.

own dignity than another's, no matter how tall. She considered a command to sit on the unattractive stove-hearth an indignity, and had to be made to. The show of resistance seemed to satisfy her, for she did not cry as Sarah would have without resistance; but Sarah did not incur such penalties, being more amenable to authority. It was the lack or absence of it that made her transgress.

Some remembered names: There was a Mrs. Ingrem and Ingrem boys, "scholars;" Denwiddie, a "scholar;" a Mrs. Kegwin, with her son; Crittenden, a "scholar;" the latter, I think, from Louisville, and probably all these from Kentucky; the Borden boys, later, from Providence, now "Borden;" Newton Booth, tho' I believe I never knew him by sight, then, and the Campbells, etc.; Sarah always associated "The Campbells are coming" with them; Wash DePauw before these last, etc. Some of the ladies may have had a share in furthering the interests of the Institute, for the sake of its advantages to their children. There are several other names—from abroad—but in such remote recesses of memory they need some familiar sound or subtile association to call them forth. Doubtless some will say—"Surely, you remember—and—and—and?" Sarah would probably instantly reply—"Of course I do!" but she needs just that reminder.

She seems to recall something of Crittenden's appearance, gallant. She also remembers something of Mrs. Ingram, and of Mrs. Kegwin and her boy. Mrs. K. had the large second floor room awhile, and Sarah vis-

ited her occasionally when alone, whether surreptitiously she cannot tell now, but her entertainment was always quietly courteous. She perhaps only knew the son, also quiet, by sight, as all the youth. Ben Stewart, though older than any of these, seemed a kind of privileged person. He was at Aunty's, awhile at least. He would lie on the floor, both there and at our house, a great long fellow, and catch at us as we ran around him. But he was worthy the confidence bestowed. This was when we were very little, Maria and I, and I think sometimes our cousins, Mary Ann and Ell. If he caught us, and, of course, we went as near as we dared, he rubbed our faces a little with his whiskers; but we shrieked so, he let us go quickly. We did not care about, avoided familiarities generally. I do not know why I have the impression, but I think he was either crossed in love, or studying to be a minister! Isn't that funny?

But for pets, Sarah went wild over little chickens. Family tradition has it she squeezed them to death—or almost. She wished a parrot bought she saw once. How she would have liked to stroke its glossy green back; but they bit your fingers off if you let them! and *swore*, some of them; wasn't that awful? To tame birds! She remembers carrying very little chicks in her apron sleeve to school, one in each sleeve. Once one of her young Uncles, Robert, I think, brought in at Grandpa's from the wheat harvest field some partridges just hatched, and some eggs still warm from the same nest, in his hat, more than a dozen in all, perhaps two, with his handkerchief inside containing them. He had observed the

place, and stealing near and reaching forward without sound, had slapped his hat upon the nest, and adroitly conveyed them into the handkerchief. Grandma cared for them, they were all hatched out next morning, and he had them to carry back to set free near the nesting-place, so tender-hearted was she. Sarah may not have the hatching quite right, but all the rest is. She had eaten partridge eggs. They were considered very delectable, we expected one or two such treats in harvest times; but never had she seen anything equal to these wonderful little creatures. She would have kept them; but grandma said, "Thee couldn't tame them." She had seen droves—covies is it not?—of them running, darting about or flying together as if they were all joined by wires, and the mother-bird could start them all at once. She felt a kind of kinship with the wild yet timid creatures, and all wild, timid creatures. How happy we would be, she thought, if it wasn't for great, horrid devouring things, such as snakes, and Indians with their "Tommy-hawks," and hawks, and cannibals, and owls with their big eyes, and guns, and cruel men and boys. It was dreadful how animals ate each other. And bad, wicked people were no better; were worse, for they knew better. She did not know them—much; but there *were* such. Well, God was angry with them every day. To fly she thought of all delights supreme. O! to be—not a bird, exactly, but an *angel* with wings, and fly back and forth! To live in heaven—how free! how safe! and go flying about doing errands! But to be good enough to get there—that made her deeply sigh.

If *she* had been building the tower of Babel she would have kept on whether she understood or not, and got to heaven without trying so hard. She would have said to God, "O! I wanted to get in here a little, where it is so bright and pleasant, and easy to be good, and everything clean and nothing to do!" But she would have to have all the family with her, and—how big it would be to have all she wanted in!

Maria did not like—or care for—pets of the animal kind, and would say, "Scat!" when one was trying to reassure a half-frightened kitten. She averred that a cat at the Institute *sat upon* the handle of the sugar-closet door! The explanation probably is some one had hung a coat or hat upon it, as it was a large, rounding door-latch. But Maria declared cats possessed, and eschewed their acquaintance thereafter. She early said—"I have a sense of dignity which may not be trampled upon with impunity." S. enjoyed playing with an importance she thought assumed rather early; but it was natural, too. She, M., was accused of using large words, sometimes improperly, for instance, "thunder-bottle" for thunder-bolt, not so far out of the way when you come to think of it; but this she strenuously denied. She may not have been quite sure of the word, slurring it a little in uncertainty, and spoken it indistinctly; and Sarah, who found a source of amusement in poking fun at her, and had a lively imagination, not heard quite, and in a spirit of mischief made it worse than it was; for neither of them would consciously have told an untruth. The matter, and similar, tended to some differences, and

should have been taken in hand, as all partial alienations have their beginnings, but the parents could scarcely have known the extent of Sarah's teasing and mischief-making propensity. For she and Maria—the dear little Sister!—how could it have happened?—*once came to blows!*

The Father happened upon the scene; perhaps he had heard Maria scream. This Sarah probably stigmatized as “mean;” but what could the little one do, overpowered? It was her only recourse. He was a man of most careful speech; but incensed beyond measure, he spoke to Sarah roughly, for Maria had said, Sarah had *scratched* her! but this Sarah earnestly denied, and thinks was a mistake, or altogether unintentional, though the altercation had been sharp, and you may be sure, was never repeated. It was an unheard of thing for her Father to speak rough. It went the deeper and lacerated the sorer. Sarah turned upon him a glance of her mournful eyes from which the fire of passion had suddenly died. Even then she thought—“the dear little Sister!” He turned and went away. It dwelt long in her memory. She did not try to look at him afterwards—her feelings had been so trampled upon. He seemed to realize he was not fit to deal with a little girl, and left their government to Catherine.

Sarah finds this scrap: The poor little children shut out from love—I feel for you. It is not necessary. It ought not to be, but it often is! Is it not worth while, O parents, for you to consider *what* is occupying that

shut-in soul? What is being written upon that virgin page? What loves and counselors that little pilgrim to eternity has sought and is guided by, and to at least try to sound that capacity for pain as well as pleasure? My poor body was often unkept and my soul got early into the mire.

The Father had scarcely a by-word. Such a thing as an oath or profane or vulgar expression Sarah is sure was never uttered by any of the boys at Grandpa's, or allowed by any of the boys of the Seminary. Such were simply *not* heard; were monstrous to think of. Grandpa was a wag, Uncle Russell a wit, Auntie full of humorous expressions, and her Mother merry, but the Father had scarcely a sense of fun, though he had the dry Scotch humor, of which Maria became the special inheritress. And he and Grandma perhaps sympathized in thinking Grandpa was too "gay"—for want of another word. *They* chimed admirably. To a grave temperament as his, or austere as hers, a continual flow of spirits may be somewhat trying. But Catherine's light-heartedness was sunshine, he basked in its cheer.

My mother had not the gift of government—not all mothers have. She punished sometimes, but not with the best judgment. She suffered insubordination, and her little kingdom was in revolt in some quarter often, I know in mine, and more so than she knew, though not much pains was taken to conceal. But she was not a disciplinarian, and in one respect it was well for their children she was not—such as the Father or some par-

ents. They would have been disciplined to death, or pruned until they had no individuality left—at least to come to the surface. Sarah, who was good for nothing else, could take care of the baby, and a good deal of irritation in the course of years arose therefrom. No one but her mother punished her. She remembers one time of sitting on a rather high ottoman at her mother's command and receiving some stripes across the shoulders, which she endured stoically, as feeling not to blame to that degree, and that her mother did not know how to make her feel sorry. This is very dreadful. She had no thought of resisting. She would have said, she was "above it." But a deeper reason which she would scarcely have been willing to bring forward, may have been she knew there was another power, to whom her mother in case of necessity might appeal; a power with whom she avoided conflict. But my Father was of different make; "one glance of his eye," was a common expression to indicate his power over his pupils. He never punished me, in the specific sense of that term, that I remember. Once when Mother had called me repeatedly to get up in the morning and I had not obeyed, Sarah was aroused by hearing her Father start coming up stairs to her room. I flew into another. He must have heard me. He did not come on. But I avoided any sharp contact with him.

The only things she was punished for, she supposes, though she does not remember such specific cases as the one given, possibly a time or two for sharp disagreement with the children and failing to do some allotted task,

but chiefly for insolence. Yes, this was so. Catherine bore a great deal she should not have, and therefore things came to a crisis when Sarah was too outrageous to be borne with any longer. But she was only subdued for a while, and, upon provocation, broke out again. This is very mournful. Her Mother "took a great deal from her," as the saying was, being occupied and rather indifferent to a show of respect, and hoping, doubtless, Sarah would overcome her temper. But the temper grew, too. Catherine was far too indulgent. It would have been better for the child to have had up and down prohibition of all saucy words, looks and actions, for all future time. That much could have been effected if C. had seen the obligation required on her part. As for quarreling, the Father's plan was suppression. The sound of it was not to reach his ears. Very sad, all this. He occasionally said his brothers and sisters never disagreed. They were, doubtless, never permitted to begin. Catherine knew Sarah, with her many faults, was naturally a conscientious child, and that may have caused her to spare her, knowing she suffered remorse. But for that reason, too, the fault should have been prevented. And though sometimes, it is true, her mother would call and she not answer, but not often, for I had a morbid conscience and did not like to suffer its accusings afterwards. This and other things of its kind are not told for the sake of telling. O, no! but that you, mostly her far younger kindred, may avoid the occasions even in the lesser degrees to which you may be tempted, that you may not experience remorse.

Poor little girl, her bark was upon the wide sea with no very direct guidance. Still, was it not wonderful with all this that her affections were strong, her real loyalty to parents and brother and sister deep?

Once Sarah had gone with her Father to the Baptist church. There was a very dreadful hail-storm during the service, but the rain was about over and the sun shining when they returned. The sight which confronted them as they came over the brow of the little hill which partially hid the Institute from view, was every front window-pane broken! This was an immense disaster. Every front room was drenched, and with shivered, splintered glass scattered all over the carpets. Her Father had stopped to speak to some one. Viewing the dismal scene with dismay, Sarah, in a half-whisper, said, "What will Father think?" as if he would almost take the Almighty to task. Her Mother, who had smiled over the wreck, and met her with a composure she could not communicate, laughed a little at this, and repeated it to some member of the family standing near. "Sarah wonders what her Father will think?" and Sarah, abashed, drew away, thinking "Mother is not afraid of him." Her Father, she knew, had a deep reverence for Divine dealings, even when an afflicting Providence. She was not thinking of his being tempted to any unseemly expression respecting God—that was impossible—but to despair.

To speak now about the working of the Institute, and matters connected therewith:

Mrs. L.'s piano was the first in Salem, if Sarah remembers correctly. The lady had much native talent and was a successful teacher—was petite and dressy. Her caps *were* caps, combinations of dainty laces and ribbons. As is sometimes the case with art, perhaps music especially, it was thought, I have the impression, with reason, though nothing definite, she had any amount of temper back of her gifts. Sarah remembers her lively airs on piano, and otherwise, and some airs decidedly not *piano*. She gave lessons for awhile, if she and her instrument did not for some time take up their abode in the Institute; perhaps she only, during teaching hours; for she had a husband, but there was no occasion for *him* there, she was sufficient, and he was a quiet man, attending to his business, and abiding in the pretty little home ready to receive its mistress in whatever spirits she might return. Sarah heard of her “tantrums,” whatever that was. But did not her Father quote, “Anger is short madness,” and was *she* in danger of—tantrums?—some kind of fits, she thought, and was decidedly afraid of one coming on—Mrs. L.! as she heard they did at almost any time, though she could not help being fascinated by her graces and her little piano. It was much like Mrs. Washington's spinnet, still preserved at Mt. Vernon.

Catherine's piano was probably the second brought to town; though not called *hers*, that would never have done! a beautiful little upright, with plum-colored silk folded artistically above in front. Think of the common drumming upon it! but that was what it was for—for “practice.” But think of what “Friends” thought—

think (?) about music! Sarah perhaps heard less on that account; but remembers her Mother playing little airs with considerable skill. She thinks both her father and mother were good friends of Mrs. L. and that she appreciated them individually, but made trouble among others, young lady teachers and pupils who did not sympathize with "her ways" and could not be expected to be so forbearing. Catherine, at some time before Sarah's remembrance, had some little girl classes of which she was very fond and successful in managing. During Sarah's Salem visit, a lady, Mrs. T., living near Cousin Wm. Trueblood's, told her her mother was her first teacher. For herself, this lady said, she *would* talk, and had to be kept in for it; but Catherine, after the penalty, would play some little tunes for her, and dismiss the pleased, devoted child, happily, with a kiss.

Of the management of the Institute, Sarah can recall but little.

There was quite an array of domestic help, white and colored, but how it was officered and carried on Sarah was too young to know. Probably certain departments were assisted by students who were paying their own way, and mothers, as referred to. There were men really older than "John I." who were pupils—Barnabas Hobbs was one of the early pupils—some of whom assisted with some classes in the Seminary. (He has told me of giving me candy, when a baby, to induce me to go to him.) But in the Institute fine and competent Eastern young lady teachers were engaged. This was beyond anything ever thought of before, *there*. One

name was Miss Harriet Kiddar, Sarah remembers, and thinks she can also recall her appearance; tall, dignified, with dark hair and eyes, and not unpleasing countenance.

Catherine, besides her little classes to which she was devoted, was in great requisition for pens, both making and mending, though "the Master" did not put all upon her. Sarah long remembers seeing great bunches of them collected every day, or twice a day, and the beautiful copies, exquisite, set in the piles of copy-books, by both her father and mother. Catherine's Westtown training came into play in many ways; but in most of the branches in which she was especially skilled, principally before much of Sarah's remembrance. But other duties soon filled her apt hands; other cares her ready mind and heart and hands. That she, a woman, knew about calculating eclipses, if she had not done it, and could explain intelligently about the tides, and knew all about the phases of the moon, and almanacs, and could demonstrate the motions of the Solar system by the Orrery, was wonderful in that day. And such pens! what knack was it that made them so beyond all others? And her knowledge of flowers and their *names* more wonderful still!

The Master himself never tired, never failed, and the popularity and fame and success of the Institute were unbounded. The two schools acted as stimuli—shall I say?—to each other. Differences of opinion could be happily adjusted. The same person was interested in furthering the welfare of both. It required tremendous energy, perfect health, thorough knowledge and consummate skill, with native powers of adaptability and expe-

rience; all of which the Master had, except in the domestic department, which was presumably given over to some one who was supposed to know. I think, as a general Superintendent has not been mentioned, that I remember, that as need arose, each one over a certain field, so to say, of operations, was held accountable to the Chief alone for giving satisfaction in it, the Chief-tess being at times the power behind the throne; but that he did not descend to particulars, had not time or inclination to nose into minutiae, but bestowing large trust, required fidelity and skill. It was doubtless abused in some cases. He did not become rich at the business; but he accomplished a vast amount of before untried good, reaching a wide circuit, to continue long after his labors have ceased. His name is still held in affectionate and grateful remembrance, not only by the recipients, but their children.

Louisville, or "down the River," as a trip there was called, was the base of supplies. There the merchants generally got their goods. New Orleans molasses and sugar especially were brought from thence in large quantities for the Institute, hogsheads of them. Sarah was very fond of this sugar. Her mother had "a sweet tooth," though rather in ingredients. Perhaps a sympathy in this respect led to the fact S. could have all she wished, getting it often herself from the barrel in the hall closet down stairs—nothing was ever locked. In this connection this incident: Drayton Christy, colored, was cook. Sarah somehow thought she had a bright idea, and said to him, Drayton, I know something about

you. He was rather a favorite with all, steady and honest. Drayton was naturally anxious to know what it was. Sarah would not tell for some time, but finally the promise of the biggest lump of sugar in his receptacle—a barrel, or keg I believe, at home (he lived in a little house on the northwest corner of the square)—prevailed; but Sarah must have the prize in hand, and going over with him and receiving it, a lump of Orleans sugar bigger than her fists, she shouted, “Drayton, you’re *married!*” and fled! She had no idea what married was, but thought it something in the way of a good joke. Drayton was no doubt relieved.

The loaf sugar, as the white was called, came in immense cylinders over a foot long, tapering off into cones at the top, being flat at the base so that they would stand in a row like immense candles. A hatchet was sometimes in requisition for breaking up the other, the Orleans, when it became dry and hard, but was always needed for the loaf sugar, it was so fine and hard, and had to be thus prepared for lumps suitable for the sugar-bowl! It was used only for tea and rare occasions, for extra cake, and for preserving. Canning not then known among us, fruit required quantities of sugar to preserve it. It was a great art, and Catherine an adept, and beautiful and toothsome the results. Quinces, cherries, peaches, plums, were the principal fruits so used, and currants also, principally for jelly. Farmers’ people made apple-butter and “home-made sugar,” *i. e.*, maple; and molasses—we say “syrup.”

Everything was bought at wholesale, kits of mackerel,

and by the dozens or gross, as candles, for it was long before the days of coal-oil even, and there were candles of different degrees, tallow for common uses, and Catherine even had once candle- or tallow-dipping, as it was called, Sarah now forgets which. The candles, simply wicks at first, double, were hung in long rows and *dipped* at intervals in the melted grease until they had accumulated or *grown* to sufficient size. But molds were better, and more generally used, turning out very nice looking candles. Sarah "helped" child-fashion at these operations. Later, spermaceti candles she thought beyond anything, though they dripped so. She remembers her father explaining the name—the sperm-whale; and probably at the same time her mother, that the whale's tongue was as big as a feather bed.

Then in winter they would have from Grandpa's quarters of beef, and porkers nicely cleaned, head, feet and all, three or four of them at a time, for Catherine to begin operations upon; and with two or three stout helpers, and her husband looking in once in a while with kindly eyes, ready to give a heavy lift, or ply an ax, or if Drayton or Uncle Russell were not at hand; and children eager for little turns, the work sped. This is anticipating, but a child's memory has not much respect for chronology. The event is the important matter.

Besides others, we early had a faithful helper, Jane, a young girl from the country, who was considered one of the family, of whom more will be said; one of those rare characters whom God permits to live for the good of others. Their reward comes to them meagerly while

they live in doing what they can, but after they die, in what a rewarding God has laid up for them, and the tardy, but therefore richer gratitude of those who received from them, thoughtlessly, for the most part, at the time, in order to perhaps feel afterwards unworthy to unloose their shoes.

Catherine had the artist nature ; it, or the other inheritance of the South—easy-going ways—led her alone of all her own family to indifference to *time*, especially respecting promptness and regular meals, and hours for rising and retiring. Of course the Institute went by clock, or it could not have been successful; but that quality was not in her, neither inherited by the daughter* who succeeded to her gift. But she did not, as many another might have done—nor did that daughter—neglect her children for the sake of *Art*. But the annual onus of house-cleaning was one of the great tasks for which Catherine had a mind, and superintended with General-like ability. Nothing like it ever happened in any Quaker family, that Sarah ever knew of—they were always clean. But it seemed necessity—"needcessity," Auntie said—in a large establishment like the Institute. A time, during which it seemed to the childish, and possibly mature masculine eye, every conceivable thing was turned upside down, inside out, and the household gods turned literally out of doors to perch uneasily upon whatever forlorn, disrupted thing that happened to be sticking up somewhere in the capacious back or side yard, or

*Annie, but who has conquered the natural tendency.

hanging upon garden fence or clothes-line, or ignominiously heaped in incongruity upon the unfriendly earth. For it was, invariably, chilly; every window was open to its widest extent, or sash taken out altogether; every door was open; and whizzing through the truly vacant house, distracted maids and men and children—for they were lost if they did not fly—and swash of water on floors, windows and every particle of paint from top to bottom, made the late noble Institute look like a dismantled dwelling in a flood. A suggestion to comfort was an insult. Nobody dared eat sitting, or anything but a crust; or drink, except water furtively snatched, or the older ones coffee grounds in community of misery from the same bowl; *i. e.*, the family; as for help, except Jane, they did not apparently eat at all, or in unheard of hours, and nethermost, or other dark resort. (Here Sarah was broken off.)

She resumes and returns to her task, and by instinct to the house-cleaning. For after everything, after having been cleaned, rubbed, shaken and repaired with untold—No! untellable—tribulation of body mind and object; and with added bruises and scratches and bumps to each of the human sufferers in the melee, was placed back again; men and children at such times being simply cowed, nor “opened their heads,” as Auntie would say, until stove-putting-up brought the masculine brawn and brain again to a heavy sense of natural supremacy.

Order had been evolved, cleanliness reigned, and comfort—with wing outspread for necessary flight again

if need be, tip-toed about as a kind of ridiculous domesticated fowl feeling in danger of decapitation at any unforeseen moment — finally, after much unnecessary alarm and feints of going forever, settled down to brood in quietude — for another year.

(On wide letter paper, this slip.)

Mr. & Mrs. Morrison.

I am authorized to inform you that, at a meeting of the Electic Society of this place, held on Friday evening, 25th inst., you were unanimously elected honorary members of said Society. I have the honor of presenting to you the respects of the Society.

MARTHA E. THOMPSON, Sect.

Salem, Jan. 29th, 1839.

(A relic)

which escaped — house-cleaning!

And this may be the little girl whom Catherine played for.

CHAPTER VI.

TO BLOOMINGTON—DEBRIS AND DAY-DREAMS—ANNA
—AUNT NANCY'S—AUNT JO'S LETTER.

When old enough to develop an exploring turn, Sarah became particularly interested in the debris cast from time to time into one or two of the nearest little dark closets abounding in the fourth story. It consisted of gilt stars and bands, and blue and red and white tissue paper, all uncommon then, and all of which had helped to make up the paraphernalia used by the fine ladies and gentlemen acting, and for assisting in the impromptu scenery in the public "Exhibitions" of their respective Societies. These grand creatures and all of it were quite beyond my sphere. I knew nothing of it. I do not remember of ever hearing any person speaking about the performances; nor did I ever ask anyone a question respecting my finds in the little closets. I think, besides what I received from reading books, I must have got some of my ideas from those ponderous Volumes, Hume's History of England, which were in the Book-case in the front parlor. They had fine steel engravings of the Kings and Queens of England and perhaps others of the nobility; but I could at that time only read a little with

difficulty, and understanding less. Perhaps from these to the contents of the little closets was a natural transition, and at considerable intervals of time. If the coast was clear, I would slip up stairs, and quite tremblingly peer in, and seizing a gilt star, or crown, or something of the kind—imagine the rapture of wearing it upon the stage, and being for the time a Queen or Princess, or “My Lady this” or “that,” or “Countess,” or “Duchess.” Sarah had many a day-dream contemplating. Each closet had a little door opening into the general open space or hall, so it was light for a little distance within—the sloping sides gradually receding into a shadowy darkness which she never dared to penetrate. Such was the histrionic world, dim and shadowy, thus opened first to her view; such dark life before her. When I was desperately in need of something more stirring, I would suddenly remember I had not looked into those places for a long time; there might be something new, and I hied thither. Once Mother came when, having tired myself with thinking, and otherwise weary perhaps, I had lain down upon a couch and fallen asleep in one of the then nearly vacant rooms. She awakened me gently, saying, I lay so stretched out and still, she did know but I was *dead*. We went down stairs, hand in hand, and I do not know that I went again. The little closets had ceased to be an attraction; I had found nothing new, and if I was found dead I wanted to be where people were.

Robert was with his father out of doors a good deal. Surveying was taught and practised. The Post Office

was to go to, and errands to do of all kinds. He suffered cruelly from ear-ache—his only malady. Perhaps he played in the cold or wet too long. It did not however affect his hearing, except perhaps temporarily. Then there was snow-balling and skating, amusements boys there could indulge in, though they had to walk some distance for the latter. He was too little to do much at these himself, but watching the big boys. And he may have had his little tasks of getting in small wood and picking up chips, etc., boys' work, *never* tending baby. He being a *boy*, it was never required of him; and why should he, when Sarah was getting to be quite a big girl, and fit for nothing else?

As the home life was in the Institute, and the Institute invaded the home life, it has seemed impossible to separate them. Little more can be done at this period, than to gather as well as may be, what remains to be told. The mass of material suggested is naturally confusing, as memory is vivid at this point. But Sarah does not recall Anna's birth and the early circumstances of her infancy. Babies had become more common by that time! they had one at Aunt Sophia's, too. She had married Dr. Albertson. But what baby was equal to our baby? Anna was the prettiest, sweetest little Dear in the world. Like Robert somewhat, with black hair and eyes and round little body, and a most lovable disposition. Even among young ladies at school, there were always some devoted to her, and others, until culminating in a devoted husband, who is lover still.

Mother long preserved among her little treasures a

little red morocco box, opening by an extension of the leather as a strap, and with silvered lining, having a tiny conventional flower upon it. It was divided into various compartments, and Catherine made it a little treasure-trove of locks of her children's hair cut at various stages of infancy. These were kept in little square folded papers, neatly marked on the outside with name and date. They were thus long preserved—mine a long, fine lock of a golden hue, "cut at eighteen months;" some cut younger were mere little tufts of color, very dark, brown, or light; Anna's added at probably six or eight weeks. "Annie," we say now. She was named for her two grandmothers, "Ann Rebecca."

The parents did not begin a new term of the Institute after Anna's arrival during the long vacation. Great debates there had been, but so it was decided. They had quite a family now, four children, and really had had little home life; and a change seemed imperative, so great had been their continuous sacrifices and labors.

Catherine's teaching days, her little classes, her pen-making and copy-setting, and occasional instruction in branches dear to her, were about over; she had now a little flock about her knees dearer still. The advantages afforded by the Institute had been for other people's children. Sarah and Robert had been too young, and were still, to be benefited by those things except by reflex influences. Some of the best years of the parents' lives had been devoted to others; their own little family had been necessarily a good deal neglected; they must be looked after a little more carefully in the future. The

Seminary now can do much of the work of the Institute, and for ornamental branches and boarding, those things can now be supplied by individual effort, and they propose to ease themselves a little, especially to free the mother from double cares.

Yes, they contemplate a removal to Bloomington; Dr. Andrew Wylie, President of the University, has visited the Institute and offered a Professorship to the Chief, the acceptance of which (to the Chair of Ancient Languages—Latin and Greek), besides greatly changing our condition in many respects, involved many changes not otherwise possible. My Father had always, it may be said, been a literary man, in the sense of being a student and scholar. From the time when in early childhood great Ministers of their church, Covenanter—I have heard him mention the names of Drs. Black and Strong—were entertained in royal style at his father's house, as indeed ambassadors of heaven, their great learning connected with the odor of sanctity accompanying them, made the deepest possible impression upon his childish mind. Some of the older brothers and sisters were married. Himself, the youngest of the twelve, saw those still remaining at home, living laborious lives, plying their various vocations, with some education, it is true, but not with such advantages as those possessed by these messengers of God, or his mother, who in the old country had studied in her girlhood under tutors. So that with the occasional inspiration of the visits of these angelic Doctors, Grandma showing off "her Baby," as she called him, and saying, "Mr. Black, and do ye not

think he has a fine fore-head?" "Ah, well, a fine fore-head, Mrs. Morrison; he'll make his mark yet!" *He*, the little boy, paying for his Latin grammar by selling his pig—I believe a dollar was the medium of exchange—from that went on, until having had an excellent teacher or two of his own, he began teaching others in his early teens. I think it was at the end of his first term, or year, he told me, he was in debt for his school benches and desks—if they had the latter at that time—and that he was then seventeen. Dr. Wylie he also mentioned (another one). Of Dr. Strong's preaching, he said, he had seen, upon two occasions, the congregation so impressed, that they unconsciously *rose from their seats converging in a still and breathless excitement toward him*. The anecdotes of himself generally came from Aunt Russell, and were corroborated by others of the family. But he told on himself; as the taking of the goose's egg—which he thought "*might be ours,*" and his father's stern reply,—"*Since you did not know whether the egg was ours or Thompson's,* you should have let the egg lay"—the consequent whipping—"the only one my father ever gave me," adding, "it was enough." His mother thought so, for she told mother she threatened to cry "Murder!" Father said he had honesty taught through his hide.

There is a good deal in the Memorial in point, but we shan't get on to Bloomington at this rate.

The Seminary, they said, would still go on, and the Institute rented, could be returned to at any time. A comparatively easy place, few hours and little responsi-

bility were inducements not to be slighted, especially with additional pay and honors. It would be to leave relatives and Catherine's Meeting; but the journey could be taken in ordinary weather in two days; the distance, sixty or sixty-six miles. Catherine could return for a visit every year, if she desired. Her father would like nothing better than to come and fetch her. They must think of their children. Great were the preparations for them for the great event, *i. e.*, to Sarah's mind then, in the way of clothing. She does not remember what her mother had new for the occasion, particularly. Her husband was in the habit of bringing her something very nice when he went for supplies to Louisville. A white crape shawl was one of the costly things she had; and beautiful dresses, besides silks—one gray, Sarah remembers, made over much later for her—changeable silk and linen, green and reddish in color, which she did not like very well, thinking it “too gay;” another, a rich chocolate-brown, of fine wool and linen, with a little glossy figure raised upon it; both so durable they were worn years and years after; one by Sarah when she was at College years after her brother, and thought “too fine” then. But Catherine's tastes were Quakerly. Her beautiful, fair complexion suited the gray, so generally worn by Friends, and she was both tasteful in preparing and neat in wearing; a fine figure, too, showing everything to advantage. But she was very particular not to go beyond her ideas acquired at Westtown, especially of an elegant simplicity modified by her own good taste. She never wore flowers, or feathers, or bows, or flounces,

or much ornament of any kind, or high colors. She had a gold watch and chain and neat brooch, and a shell-comb, but all these were useful as well as ornamental. She eschewed rings for the fingers, and laughed at earrings. Her husband liked rich dressing in ladies himself, and for himself was usually attired in irreproachable broadcloth, stock much as ladies now wear, only (if the fashion does not go out while I am writing—which it has—*no* collar, and no bonnet or hat!)—heavy silk, black as night, overlaying some stiff material; and heavy silk handkerchiefs, folded in something of the same way, were called “chokers;” and a “stove-pipe hat,” as the tall beaver and silk were called; high boots, always well blacked and shining, some kind of black trousers, dazzling shirt front, collar and cuffs, completed his attire. A finer figure than his could not be found; commanding, dignified, easy, his walk and posture either standing or sitting were equally admirable. His brother Robert was his ideal of manly qualities, not himself, who was perhaps not so robust. I have heard him say Robert could lift a barrel, of cider perhaps, and drink from the bung-hole. This I did not appreciate at the time, but what a display of wonderful strength! and I have the impression Father said, “easily.” What Father said did not need corroboration, but this fact, as others, was by other members of the family. Father was self-possessed from dignity, not vanity, or a sense of his own importance or appearance. Honors brought out his good qualities, but made him the more humble. He was truly one of the meekest and humblest of men.

But the going to Bloomington: Perhaps the best remembered dresses the two little girls ever had were the ones "for Bloomington." "Two apiece"—unheard of extravagance; but they wore them as to the manor born; and each a new pelisse! The dresses were alike for each. Children were dressed alike then more than now, rather regardless of differences in complexion. Sarah's had a little more trimming about the waist, as she was the older, eight, or nearly! Maria going on three!

Sarah thinks memory has confused two periods probably, and that the pelisse and trimming belonged to a later time; for one suit, bluish and gray figured wool, principally, with the pelisse to match, Mrs. McFerson thought so nice, she sent for one of them to make Mary Parke's by, thereby increasing Sarah's sense of consequence; she felt herself almost a young lady setting the fashion! Mary Parke was named for Mrs. Parke. The incident probably occurred when all the little girls were at least two or three years older. Sarah remembers Mary P.'s was black cloth of some kind, and that she thought it a pity for so little a girl, but she probably did not know the difference, and Mrs. P. may have given the material, fine cloth or merino, and they were worn as cloaks when long. Mary P. and Anna were born the same night, quite an event in a town of that size (Salem). Mrs. Foster said, "foster sister," but she was the "Foster" (John W.). They were "big little girls" then, running about. But see how faithful memory is to details. The trimming was of the same goods, little bias folds crossing the front at a roundish point, making

a kind of stomacher, I suppose. This suit was worn for service. Cousin Liz. made all of them. The other was a lovely challis—silk and fine wool—with a very delicate gray ground, and a little flowery vine of pink and rose running over it, perhaps with a little sprig of blue, too, at intervals. It was lovely, indeed, but, singularly, Sarah has no recollection whatever of wearing it, or either, for that matter, except getting frequent rents in the challis. It was too delicate for play. In B. dress was a matter of course, and *they* were but little girls—Professor's daughters, it is true—but kept, as was the custom, very much in the background.

Referring to the long-sleeved, high-necked, blue-checked domestic-gingham aprons then, perhaps both before and after Bloomington, Maria said if she only had a clean one, that had no holes in the elbow, to wear to Sabbath School—it was held in the basement, which was a little dark—she was content. Sometimes they had a white one for Sundays, that was bliss, and I suppose “the height of the fashion.”

Sarah thinks she would remember if her Grandpa had conveyed them. She may confuse the first journey with some others, for she has a note to that effect. We returned for a visit, I think, perhaps once a year. She has in mind one conveyance, a sort of spring-seated, covered wagon, in which her mother, baby and herself rode upon a feather bed, where they could sit or recline at will, but who drove she does not remember, or who were in company, except her father. Perhaps this was really an old carriage with the seats removed, and used in one of the

wagons if there was more than one, or a bed may have been laid upon the seats and between. The furniture was probably slower in going, of course, and had either preceded them, to be there against the time of their arrival, or to come when they were ready to arrange it. But she remembers the enjoyment she had resting while riding, and the sweets of the woodland journey and the delightful air, especially. The forests were very beautiful, and it was very delightful to drive through the shallow streams and see their pebbly beds; but the dreadful Muskatatack, with its treacherous fords, though we in the ferry-boat, I think, and the dusty public roads were trials, some of the times, if not all, renewing some of the tremors and vexations Sarah thought left behind.

There was a wonderful thing to happen; they were to stop over night on the way at Aunt Nancy Brown's, in Brownstown*, and so they did.

Aunt Nancy was like Grandma Morrison, short and thick, a "dumpy" woman, it was said. But she was more of a talker, and the embodiment of motherliness. It was a royal welcome they gave us; tired, hungry, and needing brushing and washing. Uncle Brown was tall, and a good deal of a gentleman in appearance, Sarah thought, and so was his son John, also a stepson; and then Margaret, Aunt Nancy's own, a pretty girl to whom Sarah took at once, and other children, Ben and Jennie,

*A mistake; Benj. says "Leesville, near Sparks' Ferry." Father may have said "Brownstown" in sport, and Sarah not understood; though she thinks it might have sprung up then, for there is a Brownstown. Where, Ignorance?

but Sarah thought she could never look at and love more than one, ardently. And still Aunt Nancy would make a large place in her heart, she was *so* good. The supper they got us! Corn-pone, delicious fried ham and eggs, and potatoes and lima beans, and then the other things, pies and preserves and pickles, all their very own, everything! O, Sarah would live in the heart of the woods forever, with Aunt Nancy and Margaret in a log Cabin—house it was, and see the cooking always going on, before our very eyes, on the big hearth in skillets and pots. Could anything cooked any other way equal that corn-pone? How delicious it was, declare ye, who have eaten corn-pone, fried chicken, and the *et ceteras* of primitive cooking, baked in a skillet with coals under and on the top of the lid! This for breakfast. Then the maple sugar; to think of such unheard-of riches as a half-barrel of it! Mother took a tall stand of loaf-sugar, always white as snow, and some beautiful New Orleans molasses; but what were these to maple sugar? though I did not like much of it very well. It looked beautiful, however, and it was a *great* thing to have it when you did want it. And then all of them nearly, sleeping just back in one room; some in the loft as they called it. How sociable and comfortable! no danger with people all thick about all loving and any one ready to die for us all! Sarah, who had suffered torments imagining Indians in trees; she had seen them—no! only thought she had—moving about with their tomahawks, brandishing them! But at Aunt Nancy's! No

big windows to see out, and sleeping on the floor on feather beds.

To step from the log cabin, for such it really was though very large, to the ground the next morning was a new experience. Birds about; woods about; the heart of the woods; *no* roads; nothing but sweet nature. Water running; *no* dust; no glare; no noise; but sounds all delightful, and quiet. But in the morning the journey was resumed, and Sarah did not ask to be left behind, even with Aunt Nancy and Margaret. She would have liked to take M. with her; only, it would have left them too lonesome there. And so with speeding to the parting guests, dear kindred affection speaking from Aunt Nancy's home-spun and the prospective Professor's broadcloth, with many embraces we part, to arrive finally at about the same time at Bloomington the next day; and stay at the Orchard House—the only “Tavern”—until in a few days our own rented house was ready for us. Mrs. Wilson said they opened their house as a “Public,” not with first intention to make money, but from pure *benévolence*, so great was the need.

This chapter may best conclude with a letter early received in B.

AUNT JO'S LETTER.

(Copy.)

“MT. PLEASANT (OHIO), 11 mo. 18th, 1840.

“*My Dear Brothers and Sis. C.*—Receiving yours or rather C.'s letter yesterday evening and knowing in a

measure how you feel in a strange place and among strangers and away from the sweet company of Father and Mother and brothers and sisters I greet you with the tenderest emotions of pleasure. I had not heard before yesterday evening a word about our dear Robert's going with you, not having a letter from home for about three weeks. I had one however from brother Edmund* yesterday evening at the same time I got thine. He spoke of his going. Sister, thou said thou wast both sorry and glad, so am I. I think those you have left behind will experience some lonesome hours for awhile till they get used to it. You know we can become accustomed to almost anything, and Robert too is so much company. I feel for Sis Mary having now *no sister* with her, nor *even brother* of her own or near her age with her. How changed since a year and six months then all the family met at times round the hearth of our childhood, now so much and so widely separated I sometimes think 'tis impossible for us ever again to all be present together at our much loved home. But we possibly may. We cannot see into the future but the present alone is ours. I think Salem would appear very lonesome to me now. I have been so accustomed to having you there to visit when I had occasion to go there, and not only then, but whenever I wanted to see my dear brother and sister.

“My dear Catherine thou did not tell me what little Sis's† name is. I think it old enough to have one, isn't

*This was Sophia's husband, Dr. Albertson.

†Anna.

it? Sophia's is named Marietta; they said they talked of having it Ellen, but others liked the former name the best.

“Sister, thou mentioned that the last letter thou read from me was one I wrote in vacation. I have written several since and thought one to thee; but I remember it was last session*. I like the school much better this session than last, not that it has altered much, but there are more scholars, and in the summer it was so warm and more unpleasant than at present; it is cold enough to make us feel *kind of smart*. We like to stand by the stove very well these times, too. I do not feel near so lonesome as I expected I should after Martha (?) left. I have another sojourner here who pretty well supplies her place. She is now sitting by my side writing to *her sister*. We have a very fine company of girls here now 40 in number. The Superintendent thinks there never was a pleasanter company here. The *brethren* have rather a larger school than we have, though as to their *goodness* I can't say much, as it is seldom I hear anything from them. Two of them came in our school-room the other day to put in a pane of glass, which had accidentally been broken, but they kept their conversation to themselves I can assure you, until they started, and they then said, ‘the girl that broke the window must sweep up the floor.’ That was *bright wasn't it?* To-morrow will be Quarterly about a quarter of a mile from here, the one we generally attend. All the girls who live near

* Old style “s” was used.

here, will be at liberty to go home this evening or tomorrow, and some of the rest of us are expecting a visit too. I expect to go to the neighborhood of Concord, to stay two or three days, and as I cannot finish this before then I will leave it and give thee a description of it.

“25th—Well, I have had my visit and come back again to my studies. Seventh day we as usual collected and marched two and two to the meeting house. We after meeting started home again, got nearly half way here when Teacher stopped us, Mary B. Stroud and myself, and told us Parvin Wright, who was to take us to Concord wanted to see us, so we went or started back, got about half way and saw nothing of him and were on the point of going back, but Teacher Deborah told us she told him she would send us back, so we went, and just as we had got to the fence, and were going to get over the style, the whole company of school-boys met us. We had of course to wait till they all passed us. We felt not a little cheap either being by ourselves; however, we went on, got back to the meeting-house and found Parvin Wright waiting for us. We got —— the —— and nothing remarkable happening He —— of our way. We stayed at Parvin’s that night and next day went to meeting out there. Benjamin Hoyle from Barnesville, in this State, had considerable to say. William Hobbs also. It looked quite natural to see him sitting at the head of the meeting. I believe he expects to be at home next 1st month at Quarterly Meeting there. But to return to our visit, we stayed at the above mentioned place till next day, engaged in read-

ing talking &c. &c. About ten o'clock next day (second day) we went to Charles Wright's about a mile from there and spent the afternoon very pleasantly, after we had tea returned again to Parvin's. But I forgot to mention thy dear friend, Isabella Jones and Joseph, were also at Ps first day afternoon. She inquired particularly concerning thee, my sister. I delivered thy message to her and she wished me to send her love to thee in return, and to tell thee she would be pleased with a letter from thee any time. When thee writes, please direct to Martinsville, Belmont Co., Oh—. We came up to Monthly Meeting yesterday third day. It was too muddy for the girls to walk. Monthly Meeting is held about a mile from here. After meeting we returned here again, and I do not expect they will allow us to go again this session, but it will soon be over, and we can go then as much as we please. Yes, in rather better than four months I expect I shall leave these haunts of science and abodes of pleasure for a home no less pleasant. I want to get home again, but then my school days will be over, the happiest days of life. I do not say that my education will be finished for I hope such will not be the case while life lasts." (The following crossed.) "Every person tells me that I am getting so fat, most every time I see our Superintendents they say something about it, so you may know I am well and hearty. I believe I have not had a sick day since I have been here. Everything seems to be in my favor as regards the school. Robert, what art thou studying? and please write and tell me all about thyself and school

matters. — It appears from thy letter sister, you rise early. We rise regularly at five, as soon as the bell is heard to ring, we all obey and are up, washed and ready for the ringing of the small bell at half-past five, for us to collect to study. We are released awhile before breakfast, which we have at 7 o'clock; dinner at 12, and supper at 5, and retire to bed at 9. We have had three new scholars this week. We have lectures twice a week, third day and sixth day nights; the former on Philosophy, the latter Chemistry. C. thou did not write much about the children in thy last. nothing except they were going to school. Do they learn fast? I expect Sarah can read pretty well by this time, can she not? Give each of them a kiss for me, and tell them to be *good children*. I want to see them very much. — My letter is getting so old I am ashamed to send it, but I have just had to write when I got a little leisure time, so you will please excuse me. I have been sitting all this session before one of the windows in front of the house but they have just been changing them, and I cant now as I could before see the *big gate*, which I should like to do. It is watched by those who can see it, carefully. I should like sometimes to see some of you coming; but I must stop writing. please write soon a *long letter* Catherine, thy last was not long — farewell your sister,

J. MORRIS."

"I cannot account for our folks not writing to me. It has been, I think, a month since I had a letter from them. The letters must certainly have miscarried, for

I cannot think they can have neglected me so. I should be uneasy had I not heard last week through Edmund that they were well. I look a little for brother Jephthah and cousin Joseph up this winter, as the latter wrote to me a week or two ago and said he had some hope of seeing me, while in my present home, and I heard that Jephthah expected to come while he was at Richmond. I think they might for I don't believe they have much to do. My dear sister Catherine, thou said thou and Robert would write again soon. I hope you will not neglect me as the others seem to do and John I. too. I have not had a line from him yet. I know he has a great deal to do, but I think he might find a little time to write a little to his sister; and if Robert does not like to write in a hurry, I hope he will not always be hurried so that he cannot find time to pen a few lines to me. Now you are by yourselves you will not have the excuse that there are so many of you that one waits for another. Do not, but write often, will you not? I've commenced the study of the Geography of the Heaven's and am nearly through. The boys commenced about the same time, and have been determined to be through first, but a few weeks ago we were some distance before them. I know not how it is now, but think we will be done first. It has been snowing all the afternoon, so there is some probability of some sleighing but they tell us—must do us—the latter end of the session—

Your sister, J. MORRIS."

She was pretty brave. She tries to encourage herself, but with expressions of affection, her lonesomeness or rather home-sickness will betray her. And still affectionate she finally puts on that childish dignity which a sense of injustice brings to the surface. She feels for her *little* sister left alone. She wishes to know particulars of the children. Catherine “did not write much about them in her last;” she wants to see them very much. She has delayed her letter, hoping she should have something recent to communicate. “Please write soon a *long* letter, Catherine, thy last was not long.” She “cannot account for them at home not writing” to her, —“a *month*.” Ah! more impatience now when mails are more frequent. In Catherine’s time at school how different! “The letters must certainly have miscarried, for I cannot think they can have neglected me so.” Yes, it is out—at last, if there is not some other reason. She “would be uneasy, but Edmund wrote last week”—that does not satisfy—from home! And Robert and all of them will they neglect, too? She “hopes not.” “Not a line from John I. yet.” She “thinks he might”—here complaint, as she feels she has a right to make—“find a little time to write a little to his sister.” So he has said, and she holds him to it. Will the great man now forego that tender tie? And Robert also away from home—with them —“Too hurried”—whose fault? she seems to say. She “hopes” better than that he cannot find time “to pen a few lines to me.” This is more than womanish; it is womanly. And then “they are now by themselves”—no one upon whom to shift re-

sponsibility, as when near the dear home. And finally nothing but entreaty. “Do not — but write often (promise!)—will you not?” She has said all she can, and sends her letter off with a little more news.

CHAPTER VII.

LIFE IN BLOOMINGTON—THE BOARDING-HOUSE—
SCHOOL—THE ORCHARDS—JOHN R.'s INFAIR—
JANE—DE GUSTIBUS—MEASLES—LITERARY AND
SOCIAL CONDITIONS OF COLLEGE AND TOWN—SOME
PROMINENT FAMILIES AND FRIENDSHIPS—UNCLE
ROBERT'S EPISODE WITH THE PROFESSOR, MILITARY
—LETTER—RACHEL—ITEMS.

In this recital the effort has not been so much to make the narration interesting, as to serve the future historian, who will wish from eye-witnesses and from those who heard at least from such, the events and opinions recorded. Besides much of character, the most perhaps, is made up of tiresome, often painful details. It is not always the agreeable that counts the most.

The old College Boarding-House was below the College. We were soon established in the house adjoining, with Aunty's as headquarters for meals. Aunty, Uncle Russell and John, good fellow! were in charge and busy enough. And Tanner was there, Cousin Liz's beau, and some others from Salem, and there were great long tables directly.

Sarah and Robert went to school where Robert distinguished himself, as was his wont, by learning rapidly, and his correct spelling; the word "balance" being the only one he misspelled during his entire after college course (giving two "l's.") I think Robert's special feat, though I could not recall it at first, was coming home, walking fast as usual—only a little more so, with his first "Report" in his hand—"perfect." Father was equally pleased, and all. It "was no trouble" for him to learn, as Supt. Cooper said of John's Barbara at Knightstown.

Sarah slipped along easier than she had in the old environments. The teaching was probably indifferent, she does not even remember by whom, but thinks Robert at least went awhile to Mr. or "Prof." P. as he was called, who was more of an artist than teacher and most probably painted Father's portrait in oil. Mother willed this to me. Prof. P. was a pleasant gentlemanly man. Sarah thinks they had a daughter whom she knew at school and whom she visited, but she cannot just now recall her name. She was however more impressed with Mrs. P. who, not so outwardly agreeable as the husband, impressed her even then with a certain honest ruggedness of character. She died suddenly and the daughter young, I think.

I know we could not read writing, for upon invitations given out, we were commissioned to carry round the little missives, and getting them sadly mixed as well as our minds, though mother had been so careful, when we did not know where to go next, we carried all

to Labateaux' store to a clerk who was a great favorite of ours, rather venerable he appeared to us—twenty perhaps—and were set right, though he had no invitation; and with the directions straightened out again the perplexed children went on rejoicing. After we summoned resolution to tell mother of our blunders, she said, "And he hadn't any invitation," and looked ruthless. This was perhaps before the family had got into a house farther up in town. And what did Maria do at the Boarding-House? Auntie got up from the table finding the sugar-bowl nearly empty to get some more from the adjoining closet; and while she was in, *that* sly puss slipped down from her high chair and turned the closet key! Auntie could not get out of course, the boarders waited until one—Tanner, was it?—comprehending something amiss, went to the closet door and found it locked and let Auntie out. Maria was not more than three, so Auntie forgave her.

At the Orchard House we became acquainted with the children of the two sisters, Mrs. Orchard. One had two or three deaf and dumb children remarkably intelligent. The oldest daughter was really gifted and very beautiful. It was in Quaker training to be especially kind to the unfortunate, and Sarah and she at school and elsewhere were always fast friends. She finally went to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, as it was then called, at Indianapolis, and became noted for her gifts.

Another daughter, petite, not deaf and dumb, with pretty Grecian features, though of darker complexion than her regal sister, became noted for her philanthropic

spirit. She visited the Poor House when she could, every month or so, and the jail weekly for a number of years. When later Sarah was in B. they sometimes went together, and after her death, Sarah, frequently alone. Mrs. Wilson's daughter Ole, named for Mrs. Ole Bull, was beautiful, gifted, and we thought a little spoiled, but they could hardly help it, married Cousin Mary's son, Frank Hood. He is a Presbyterian minister. They have two children, a girl and boy. The family think there is nobody so good as Frank. He is "his Mother's boy," not disparaging Sam at all.

Prisoners in jail were not so common in those days. Once at school—I think we were at the old Academy then—one was reported among the children. Our sympathetic curiosity excited, Robert and I went down to see him. And we did, a poor human creature locked in behind the iron bars. It seemed very dreadful to us. We were half afraid of him. We looked but said nothing. He begged us to stay, not to go away. His hands seemed like claws clutching the iron bars. We were afraid to get too near him—putting his hands upon the iron in entreaty.

Robert did not believe this afterwards when it was mentioned in a piece by S. in an Indianapolis paper, but his memory was not long enough; not as far back as Sarah's by two years.

The occasion of either the mentioned invitation or another—Faculty parties were at night, or if in the daytime, strictly Faculty dinners—was the "Infair" of Aunty's stepson, John. He had seemed rather a sheep-

ish fellow, but secured for a wife a fine girl of the Covenanter connection. She, with two other sisters in B., supported their mother and themselves by their needle. One sister had married well in New York. Their father had died suddenly after coming to this country, leaving them dependent upon their own resources. All were highly respected. Yes, he (John) had the courage, assurance it almost seemed to Sarah, to ask one of those nice Fullerton girls, also Irish; wasn't that strange? *We* gave a fine dinner. There were great preparations for the event. All the boarders, students, were invited, and nearly all the town it seemed to Sarah. The tables were made a magnificent long one, laden with every imaginable good procurable and suited to the occasion. Cousin Liz, whose love affairs greatly interested us youngsters, was visiting at the time and in great request. Every cake worth baking in Miss Leslie's cook-book—the receipt—was made, and the icing *beautiful*, and all a grand success. Merriment reigned, I know, at the feast, but before, others were so busy, my part was to tend the baby; tiresome work Sarah thought. Anna was a wee baby, plump, very winning, grew nicely, and continued ever a universal favorite. I was old enough, since I was good for nothing else, to be pressed into service. Not in any regular, methodical way as a nurse, but to keep her out of harm and amuse her. Anna was a special pet of Mrs. Wylie, who said she was always "such a pretty little thing;" Mrs. Wylie lately spoke of her in the same terms.

Dear, good Jane perhaps remained at Salem for a

good long visit at her country home while we were boarding at Aunty's; but following our fortunes, was with us when we moved for more privacy into another house up town. Her hands were full, but she did everything that a good heart could prompt for our comfort, pleasure and true good. We must have been neglected sometimes; but whatever came, every Saturday night she saw to it that we had our sousing washing with soap as of old in Salem, if not Saturday afternoon that we could exchange visits with our little friends. Things had bettered somewhat in respect to clothing, and food also perhaps. Mother had to have more assistance, but preparation was made on Saturday. We had no bread-making of any kind on the Sabbath, unless failure on Saturday. One Saturday evening perhaps, Jane was frying griddle-cakes for supper, with Anna tied in her high chair watching the operation. In some way, perhaps not securely enough tied in, she fell forward, cutting and burning a gash just above her eye-brow, on the sharp edge of the stove. Fright probably drove the terrible accident in its further details from our minds. I suppose she was immediately removed from our presence and the wound dressed. But I remember how dreadful it seemed to hear that several stitches had to be taken. It showed an angry scar for some time, but finally became less noticeable and has long since disappeared. I often think how wise our parents were to remove her from us at once. Our nerves could not stand the thought scarcely, much less the sight of such acute things. She was perhaps not two at the time; Jane might have been

afraid of running over her on the floor, and she would be interested and quiet there. We did not think of blaming Jane, but felt almost as sorry for her as for Anna. She was indeed as a faithful older sister. Only eternity shall disclose how much we are indebted to her. She it was who superintended our meals, and indeed did everything she could; who bound our mashed fingers, and soothed an aching head or sobbing heart; who mended or patched our clothes, and made us decent for Sabbath School. Faithful, honest, nay, incorruptible, pure-minded, much long-suffering, enduring our manners, may God give her the regards I never did and should, and his own peculiar blessing!

Mother could make most excellent bread, but it was quite a long process in those days, and she could not be tending the yeast all the time; sometimes it got sour and would not come and then the bread would not rise; sometimes the flour was not good, or it got cold. Jane was not a genius in that line, and mother could not be expected to be doing what everyone thought was Jane's chief concern. Father never complained, except respecting one thing. He preferred his bread old, still he liked biscuit now and then, but woe to the unlucky manipulator if there was too much soda, and there frequently was. It used to be surprising how girls persistently stuck to the idea that soda would remedy every defect in poor bread-making. Father would say upon breaking open a biscuit—to let it cool, as his custom was—“Look at that!” and “that!” picking out a place rather yellower than the prevailing color—once in a while a

little lump of soda! “Just *look* at that!” throwing it on the floor. Then mother would expostulate. “Well, dear, the new girl hasn’t learned yet.” “I’d as soon eat so much soft soap; is there no light bread?” Some remnants, chiefly crusts, would be forthcoming. We would look at Father munching away. “I can stand anything else better than soda-bread, I wish it (soda) was out of existence.” “Out of sight, thou means,” and he would go off in a good humor. O, yes, another thing; Mother *would* put too much sugar in his coffee, not always, but too often. He would say, “If I had all the sugar your mother has wasted in my coffee, I would need no more.” But Mother said later, when Sarah remonstrated with her, that he did not like to put it in himself, and did not know how much he wished. But he knew how much he did not wish. She thought it was a notion; she was so fond of sugar, and that he would get to liking it! This is a good place to bring in a motto he often quoted in other things—“*De gustibus, etc.*” We children thought for a while it was disgusting, and thought it meant, Don’t talk about things disgusting.

When I first heard of the much-enduring Ulysses, I wondered if he had too much soda in his bread. He certainly was “*De gustibus,*” disgusted with what he heard, or in a state of disgust, I thought.

Sarah fell through a loft once in B., bumping her head seriously. Her thought was, what if the horse had been there? The thought of death more sudden did not occur to her.

After we were more to ourselves, Mrs. Morrison did a very daring thing—so her friends thought—with her children. She took them to a Potter's* family where they had the measles, and had every one take the disease. They stayed some time, watching the curious revolutions of the wheel. It seemed indeed very wonderful to Sarah. So Mother had her four sick children at once. Sarah was quite ill, and remembers her miserable discomfort. She eschews dried apple in all its forms, having had to drink tea of it during that uncomfortable time. If they had only sweetened it some or more, a little.

“John I.”—never so called in B.; there were no Friends there to start it, and no loving old acquaintances to fall into the old familiar habit—“The Professor” was not one to take or make an easy chair. Almost immediately he became engrossed with College affairs. Ever a close student, he proved a thorough Professor. He always magnified his office and carried more University work than was required or expected. He not only taught the Ancient Languages most acceptably, *i. e.*, his department, Latin and Greek, but supplied as satisfactorily the Higher Mathematics, during a vacancy one year when it was a matter of some delicacy to fill the Chair. Besides, in the Faculty at that time he only was public spirited, *i. e.*, while he was before his classes and at his preparations he was engrossed with the matter in hand, but his store was so well adjusted when he left it he

*Not a Sub-way one!

could take it up where he found it, and when free seemed to have a large leisure for something else. This is not saying the others had not the ability or the feeling; but they had not the training, for one thing, and pre-association and general make-up for matters besides College. We may trace Benoni Morris' influence, too, and also the Quaker humanitarianism he had drawn to himself so closely with Catherine. Many of the others, too, were ministers who, in that day, confined their thoughts and attention to their respective churches when out of College rather than anything else—had to. He thought of the Town—of its educational needs—and not only thought, but carried out what he could for its aid. How it was and when it happened Sarah does not know, but he began teaching the mechanics and probably others of the place at night—Common branches, I suppose, among whom were the Swards, all of whom I believe had rare mechanical genius which it must have delighted him to assist in unfolding. Some men still there have mentioned his work with undying gratitude to his children.

When Maria's name was proposed on the Woman's Board of the State Fair, one gentleman said in consequence, "That she is John I. Morrison's daughter is enough to know her fitted for the position."

Here in Bloomington much was changed. In Salem, teaching—while considered a highly meritorious employment—was not regarded as in Bloomington, where the highest Teachers, in the University only, were regarded as "Professors" and the College circle the charmed enclosure of the intellectual elite. The salaries were

beyond that received by other teachers, for they were furnished from the State's capacious pocket — sometimes, it is true, as about this time, with very little besides “scrip” in it, but even “promises to pay” were alluring.

Society in B. was gayer than in Salem, much more so for us. There was a style of living, dress and entertainment far beyond what could be attempted, except in a limited way in Salem. And there was supposedly elegant leisure from the few college hours, in which could be more successively cultivated the elegant amenities of life. Class distinctions were pretty sharply defined. Those in the University circle and other professions were invited together, trades people, etc., not expecting to be. Things are greatly changed now. Another note says, the line between town and college was plainly marked, with little disposition to pass it, and with a simple acquiescence in existing conditions.

The Town was proud of the College, and reaped pecuniary benefits together with the training of their boys — such as inclined to learning — and the public exercises — every Sabbath afternoon a sermon by the able President — beside, occasional night literary entertainments, refreshed their minds, and Commencement — the glory of the year. Then, the Professors were well-dressed, courteous gentlemen, whom it was pleasant to meet and point out to friends from the country and visitors — for Bloomington was also a County seat; — and their wives were elegant, gracious ladies, from whom also it was an honor to receive a pleasant smile, or affable nod and word of recognition.

Perhaps chief among the intellectual ladies of Bloomington was Mrs. B., a very accomplished woman of commanding presence and fine mind and conversational powers. Her two daughters, Florence and Julia, were Sarah's friends both in childhood and later years. I think we had rooms with her mother, Mrs. O., for a time, between whom and Sarah there existed a friendship, cemented by a Christmas present from the old lady of a pretty little box in shape of a trunk, and powdered all over the outside with some glittering stuff that made it very fine indeed. She kept or had I think a dry goods' store, or perhaps only notions. There were also Mrs. B.'s beautiful sister, Mrs. L., a visitor from time to time from New York; the lovely Mrs. W. and others; conspicuous among whom, the young and lively Miss Lou Howe, who kept young Don and Dr. Maxwell so long at her feet. Both the Howes and Maxwells were influential families, the former merchants, the latter physicians for I do not know how many generations back.

These ladies not to be behind the gentlemen of the College, had a Literary society which was considered a great affair, and a source of great enjoyment and improvement. The work done in the Salem Institute was of service here. Mother was instrumental in forming it and helping carry it on.

There was considerable merriment in a friendly way about the question between Miss Lou and the young Dr. after he had propounded *his* question. Miss Lou—so Catherine told Sarah—would say, "Well, I don't intend to milk the cow!" The Dr. would say, "Do not

let us talk about that *now!*” But she would say, “Do you intend to? for I *won't!*” and he would go off in a huff; but to come again. He could not resist her, and got her at last.

Miss Mary Maxwell, the Dr.'s youngest sister, a beauty for years and years—she was grace itself, auburn curling hair, fairest complexion and sweetest countenance—was captured at last by a banker and carried off; one of Sarah's later friends, as Mrs. Maxwell and all her children, two of whose daughters, Misses Louise and Florence, are serving in the University* these many years. An older sister of the Dr.'s married one of the H. brothers; she was left suddenly a widow with several children, Lizzie, late a teacher, with Mrs. Sewell in Indianapolis. Her husband, a Presbyterian minister, became almost entirely deaf and was killed on the railroad track. This running down of men seems a strange thing, as well as their getting on the track. His voice had acquired that peculiar pathetic intonation voices do not guided by the ear. Both he and his brother, the Judge, were gifted men. Sarah can dimly remember their mother, a woman of strong intellectual powers, and Julia, their handsome sister, to whom she looked up with a fascinated regard. The Judge became a most handsome, gifted, and it was said, merciless man, whom Mrs. B. (much older) married in an evil hour (?), after a long, straightened and yet independent widowhood. She probably was, however, ever fascinated by his extraor-

* Library and Gymnasium.

dinary qualities. To such demi-gods do women sacrifice their peace.

But Mrs. Wylie (Prof., afterwards Dr.) was Catherine's great friend. She was said to be not so intellectual as Mrs. B., but a little devoted wife and mother; though she would laughingly say, "Theophilus said he was disappointed in me!" Catherine named their second boy, born in B. on March 4th, after the little Professor, who was a genius and wit and most Christian gentleman. Their children were Dick, not living—he inherited his father's draftsman's ability; Louise also. She also was a College graduate after Sarah, and married the gifted Prof. Boisen, who died suddenly and untimely, leaving Lou with a dear little son and daughter; Anton, now an Instructor in the University, and Marie, also a graduate, who married Mr. Harris.

Brown, also deceased, a graduate and most useful, talented man, married Prof. Hoss' niece, who also died, leaving three orphan children to Mrs. Wylie's care; "Dora"—Theodore married Col. Thompson's daughter, also gone, and lives at Newport, Ky., the home of his wife's parents. But before Theo., as I believe his mother called him—she called Prof. Wylie so—was Maggie—Margaret, who married Hon. Mr. Millette, of Muncie, was it? they lived in North Dakota many years; she entered land; but he died in the prime of life. I think they had two sons. Was he not Governor at one time?

Mrs. Wylie, who still lives, with whom Sarah spent twenty-four hours on her way back from Salem, gave her some particulars of family history. And speaking

of the love her mother (Catherine) inspired, said she was so lovely nobody could help it., *i. e.*, loving her. Both the husband and his namesake are gone from earth; one in fullness of years. *She* waits, serving as a loving wing of protection her own son's orphan children, in a beautiful spirit of loving devotion, rare to see. While Sarah was there, who should pass by, and was hastily called in, but Cousin Rachel Russell*, who had married John, Aunty's stepson, so long ago, and with whom Sarah in intervals of living in B. had intimately known for many years. It was an unexpected pleasure to each to meet and renew a friendship strengthened by kindred ties that has lived these many years.

Dr. Wylie's family was a notable one — ten children; himself a very handsome man of commanding presence, of varied talents; a Clergyman of the Episcopal Church; an accomplished scholar; a noble character. His wife, an elegant Philadelphia lady. "How is your Ma?" (as in *baa*). Sarah's father, also from Pennsylvania, pronounced it the same way; "Where is your Maa?" She was tall, handsome, refined. Their children all nearly great workers because always keep at it. (Mrs. Mc. C.) Mary, the oldest daughter, delicate features like her mother and form, married Dr. Dodds. Sarah hardly knew them then, but later when herself in College. The Dr.'s somewhat uncouth exterior, united with a mind of no common order and a heart of gold; a graduate of the State University and the Philadelphia Medical College;

*Since deceased.

an excellent physician and sound Prohibitionist; still an inveterate tobacco-chewer, which his rather delicate wife did not enjoy. He was, however, as clean a man as he could be with that habit. Of this more anon.

Lizzie Wylie married a merchant in B., Mr. John McCalla—much such another as Dr. Dodds—after his waiting for her for years. She also, as her sister, Sarah's later tried friend. She had beautiful golden hair and a complexion to go with it, with strong resemblance to her father. Mary, their daughter, married Mr., then "Prof." Harris; they had a lovely little son, a young man now! Both these Wylie sisters and Jennie, the youngest, had a peculiar vein of humor; Scotch-Irish, I think. John, Sarah only remembers by sight; tall, light, handsome. He married "a beautiful Quakeress," so was said, of the Ritchie family in Richmond (Ind.). He died early of consumption. The oldest of all, Andrew, Judge of the Supreme Court, still living, Sarah never knew, but wrote to for items for this history; no reply. Margaret, wife of one of the Martins, many years Missionary in China. Two of the Martin boys* waited upon two of the sisters; but Dr. Wylie would not give up two of his daughters, to see them no more.

Mrs. Dodds' daughter, Anna, married Mr. Thompson, I believe, brother of Ruddick's wife. They lived at Washington, Ind. Lizzie, a beautiful, popular young lady when Sarah went to College. She had her mother's laughing humor; married Dr. Quick, I think a graduate,

* Their father, a minister, was called "Father Martin."

a most devoted husband. She had twins twice; wasn't that beauteous! Is there anything in this world equal to twins? Willis, a funny little boy when Sarah was in College, of him again.

Margaret married Mr. Rose; they live in Muncie. One Bud, she wrote Sarah, on the Rose tree six feet high, at Harvard. She, Margaret, was a rose herself when Sarah was with them, and she in College also; her husband, too—not married then! O, dear, what a great family to tell all about! but none Sarah thought more of or was more beholden to. Mr. Rose was made President of the Alumni Association last time, June, 1904.

Irene Wylie, a most beautiful woman, very much like her father in noble feature, married Mr. Bell, of Wheeling, Va. She had a daughter in Vassar, and went to Poughkeepsie to receive her every Friday. Perhaps the same who wrote the beautiful account of her death. For some reason she was in a spring-wagon and fell backwards from it, and died in a few days; the daughter recording her mother's warm Christian faith, "rendering hearty thanks to her Maker for his many mercies." The letter was to Mrs. McCalla (Lizzie), who read it to Sarah. When the Wylie family first came to B., the Bloomington people gave them a truly Hoosier welcome. This is from Mrs. McCalla: "The Citizens sent a Deputation to escort them into Town; and entertained them at a dinner which might truly be called a Barbecue."

Such furniture was never before seen in Bloomington—brought from Louisville, I believe—pier glasses,

chandeliers with pendant glass prisms, branching gilded candle-sticks, the same; mirrors with massive gilt frames, also the ancestral portraits in oil, and pictures and carpets and rugs, gilt, velvet, Persian; two parlors furnished exactly alike; twenty-four rush-bottomed chairs, twelve for each, and a large sofa, black hair-cloth; other things in proportion, Ottomans, etc. When they gave a party it was upon the Dr.'s express condition that the girls should lie down several hours in the afternoon, to be refreshed for the evening. Maria remembers once Mrs. Wylie placing her in her parlor rocking-chair—a great honor. Mrs. McCalla *gave* it later to Sarah. When M. saw it she said, “O, mine!” and laid such claim to it S. has turned it over to her. They had quantities of currants one summer, and Sarah and Robert were gathering for home consumption; Anderson and Jennie freely helping until they understood it was *work*.

Anderson is an Episcopal minister I think near New York, and Ruddick married to a lovely Episcopal lady and living in the suburbs* of B. They have an interesting family. I think there was a Samuel Wylie who died in young manhood. Jennie was a most beautiful girl, living with her brother Ruddick, and died before his marriage. Sarah felt this very much, as they had known each other so long. A great family, all reaching adult age and most far on.

Sarah Campbell was one of Sarah's closest school friends in B., daughter of Prof. Campbell, who did labo-

*Now in town.

rious work in the Preparatory Department and whom irreverent spirits dubbed "Old Pap." The daughter died early, lamented by Sarah, who was first attracted by her name borne by another. The Professor, who lived to be aged and almost entirely blind, always remembered the affection which had subsisted between the little girls. They lived near each other while we were at the College Boarding-House. Sarah remembers one incident as with her little sister, Maria, she passed through the College Campus on her way to school or town. Miss Lizzie Wylie stopped them with friendly inquiries about her mother and the family; and patting her neck, asked if it was not rather cool weather for bare necks? It was the first thought Sarah had that something over the neck might be warmer. If she remembers, it was a bright, crisp, Autumn day.

All of these families mentioned were not exactly contemporary. Among the earlier and therefore intimates of the Professor and Catherine were the Amens. Military people, the Professor as fiery a fire-eater as ever came from West Point, but whose way of demonstrating Mathematics was the admiration of his pacific admirer, Morrison, who acknowledged it beyond himself. This I have from Uncle Robt. Morris, a personal witness. They had one child, Will. The Madame was said to be a piece—of incongruity, and the boy was not quite as easy as might be.

ANECDOTE.

Once, in time of snow, Uncle Robert and some other students were on the roof of the Boarding-House,

probably snow-balling others below. Professor Amen perhaps considering their position unbecoming students, if not perilous, commanded them or him to descend. Uncle Robert thought he was on his own ground and failed to comply. The maddened Military immediately reported him to his temporary guardian, Prof. M. But that dignitary, for once at least, thought it no harm for boys to have a little fun, and also that the Professor should have reported before ordering, as Robert was only under *his* jurisdiction in his class-room. But the irate Professor could not be placated without a humble apology from the offender. This was not forthcoming. Robert was of course all respect, but the Professor, though too dignified to quarrel with *him*, showed by an icy coldness ever after, that he never forgave him.

But the pay was in scrip. There was no endowment. The State was in debt, or something. Those who had property or connection there managed to stay and weather it. Father had proved a valued member of the Faculty, also as a disciplinarian and a friend; had done a great deal of good, was just the man Dr. Wylie needed. He served the University ever after; generally in some direct official capacity. Not in the Faculty again, though he was in late years elected to the Chair of Greek; but he declined in favor of Prof. Ballantine. He could easily have been President more than once; I fear some of us hindered him. He found fault, and so did the people at large—the Legislature and those conversant with public affairs, at the—not so much exclusiveness as the recluse mode of Professors at College then; but Sarah thought

that was the way. He really had the spirit of more modern times. Sarah thought as he was not a minister—but she was greatly surprised at Maria answering Frank once by saying that he wished he had been; Sarah had never heard this. He had a very high idea and reverence for the calling, as it was called.

They were going back; children like change, so they look forward with pleased anticipation to a return to the Institute, as a home indeed, this time, and to Grandpa's and the country, and kith and kin in town and out. As they had never bought property in B. it was easier for the family to leave.

The letter of resignation is to the "Old Doctor," of the Maxwell name.

(Copy—In script, of course.)

"BLOOMINGTON, June 5th, 1843.

"D. H. Maxwell, Pres. B. T. In. University:

*"Please communicate to the Board of Trustees of Indiana University my intention to retire from the Institution at the close of the present session, when my resignation may be expected.

"It may not be improper to add that I have been selected to take charge of the Seminary in Washington County, and have not felt at liberty to decline the appointment accompanied as it has been with the repeated

* I think the omission in the copy of the "Dear Sir" was certainly unintentional and not omitted in the letter. Father was the last man to fail in a customary tribute of respect.

and urgent solicitations of friends, to whom I am under great and lasting obligations, on account of their former kindness and liberal patronage.

“Assure the Board that I shall not cease to feel a lively interest for the continued prosperity of the Institution of which they have the honor to be the guardians; and make known to the President of the University and the other members of the Faculty, the sincere regret I experience in making a decision, which deprives me of the pleasure and advantage of their invaluable society.

“I have the honor to be,
with the highest respect
Your obt. and humble Servt.

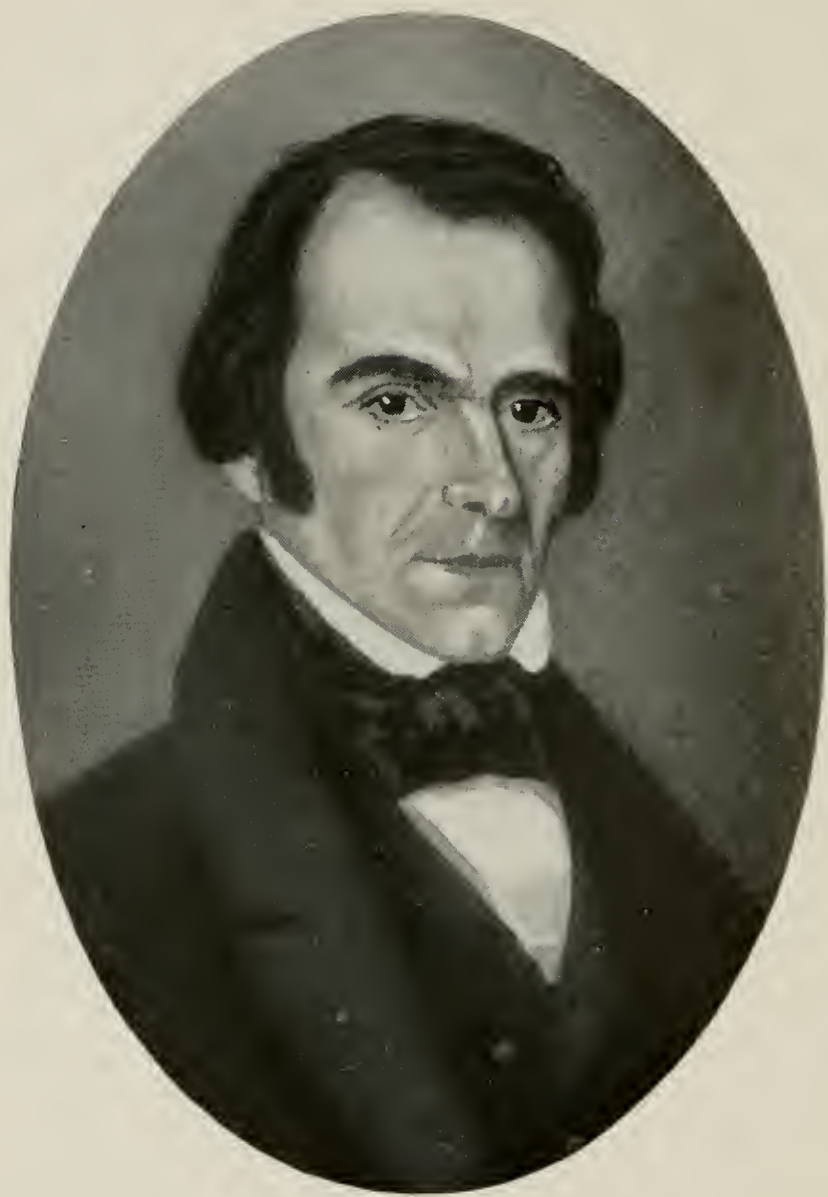
J. I. MORRISON.

(Copy.)

D. H. Maxwell, Pres. B. T. In. U'ty.
Present.”

That is the way they used to do it. It sounds a little like burlesque, but it was no joke then. The paper, very yellow from age, is the large, old-fashioned letter paper, not a half-sheet, that would not have been considered respectful, though all the writing is on one page. It is folded in the old style and so directed—on the outside of the second page.

Aunty's, however, remained; *their* ties were now closer there. John had a nice little family finally: Frances, a sweet girl, who died early; Jimmy, poor fellow, killed by a foolish weapon in the hands of a friend which happened to be loaded; Matilda, who married a Mr. Curry, has several children, and still lives in her far Western home.



"THE PROFESSOR "

From old Portrait in Oil



ONE OF OUR SPIRITUAL PROGENITORS

(Furnished by Mrs. R. Hodgkin)

Her father, the dear, good John, died many years before his wife. Robert*, unmarried, and Henry, who chose a College girl, *i. e.*, a graduate, and still lives at the old place. But since this was penned they have moved to town, and at Commencement Sarah spent the latter half of her time royally entertained by them; the first, a matter of course, with beloved Mrs. Wylie and Louise. John and Rachel's were most dutiful children; Henry had a fine tenor voice and led the Covenanter Choir. He and Robert could play nicely together on violin and guitar, but would not on the Sabbath. Oh, no, indeed! Of course not other times, but not even sacred music—the Psalms, *i. e.*, accompanying with instrumental music.

John had bought a farm two miles or so beyond town—Prof. Campbell's, of early college days. Rather a poor one; people thought that he had made a poor investment, but he and his diligent boys made it truly a valuable place, with choice stock, orchard, etc. Perhaps he, too, had learned something from Benoni Morris, though his father had experience, too.

Rachel's sisters had also married well. But Mrs. Small's husband had died before we went to B., leaving her with one little girl—one of Sarah's later special friends. Mrs. Blair was also a very fine woman, who brought up a good family. Her husband was long chief elder in the U. P. Church, a most clever man. Mrs. S. and Mattie were—became—stanch Presbyterians.

Mrs. Small's widow-attire when she appeared going

*Lately deceased.

to church or anywhere was worth seeing; black, of course, throughout, the ample veil was the principal adjunct; black crepe—long, flowing. They all had the Irish wit; Scotch-Irish descent. Mattie inherits it to no small degree. She was with Sarah at Susie's and Henry's upon the Commencement occasion referred to.

The Items furnished by Mrs. Wylie: Grandma Morrison came with Mr. Lusk, the Minister (Reformed Presbyterian) to Indiana. Aunty was first married a short time to a man named Hayes, some relation to Uncle. Mrs. Wylie showed, in speaking of the latter, the feeling she and mother always entertained towards the (if not too refined) witty Irishman, who naturally thought—considered by us Aunt Betsey's inferior—himself, being a *man*, superior to all women-kind. But their unanimity in religious matters brought them into a oneness that could not have been foreseen from an inauspicious beginning, and John, the stepson, was so good he cemented the bond. Mrs. Wylie also said Father was small of his age when growing, and was often mortified at his size and feared he would be small always. He became six feet in his stockings, and portly, weighing for a long time 200 lbs.; when he reached 202, he thought the scales must be wrong, but mother laughed at him and he settled down to that notch. This was late, in Knightstown. But his final invalid state greatly reduced this.

Aunty's was the most beautiful corpse Maria said she had ever seen.

Sarah had been written to in California by her mother

to hasten her return, but did not arrive until after. She selected the stone for her grave. As she had said when asked her wish, "Where the tree falls let it lie," she was buried here. Her husband lies in B. It should be added that Mrs. Wylie accompanied Catherine to her home on a visit. The cheery Father (Grandpa) conveying them in his carriage, to and fro.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RETURN — EXTRACTS FROM JOSHUA TRUEBLOOD'S
DIARY — "LITTLE HENRY" — READING — MARY
ELLEN ORCHARD — AT AUNTY'S — ALICE — BLACK-
BERRYING — PICNIC — SARAH'S SCHOOL TRIBULA-
TIONS.

Mother had missed her family and religious connection, and her health seemed to require a change. Children are always ready for change. The people of Salem were glad to have Father back at the head of the Seminary again. The "Institute" was still ours. And so with the young Theophilus added to our little band we returned to Salem. With the Wylies, the Dr.'s and his Nephew's the Professor; the Barnes; the Labateaux and Maxwells; the Orchards and Aunties, and many others, it was hard to part; but we had dear friends in Salem, and Father, after the close of the third College year, returned to the manifold classes and responsibilities of the County Seminary; and probably soon began surveying Saturdays, as became his practice frequently for many years.

Some extracts along this time from Joshua Trueblood's Diary will be of interest. It is furnished by

Hicks Trueblood, and was written between the years 1830-50. A diary is a whisper from the inmost self, and seems to speak to the ear of the soul. We quote from —

“5-26-1840. James son of Joshua Trueblood from Pasquotank Co, N. C. with Nathan Trueblood and Benoni Morris were to see us to-day.

“7-7-1842. This day 52 years ago we married and 27 years ago to-day we arrived in Salem from N. C. (15 years.)

“9-17-1842. James and two of his daughters started to-day to attend the Yearly Meeting at White Water.

“11-7-42. We went to Oakey Woods to-day to visit our children.

“4-8-1843. Benoni Morris and John I. Morrison visited us to-day.”

(This last entry must have been—Sarah wrote—shortly *after* the return, but the resignation from the University having taken effect at the close of the College year, though penned and doubtless submitted in June.

Grandpa was in his element taking Father round among Friends. He was a shrewd Grandpa; besides affectionate pride, probably the School and politics, all good motives on his part, influenced. To continue the extracts :)

“5-5-1844. John White and Elias Albertson the son of Miles White, grandson of Elias Albertson of Pasquotank Co, N. C. were to see us to-day.

“1-24-1845. Fifty-five years ago to-day I set sail

from Elizabeth City in the Schooner Betsey Thomas for the West Indias, Jarvis Master.

“4-11-1845. Mordicai Morris from North Carolina was to see us to-day.”

Sarah remembers him distinctly, Grandpa's brother, and grandfather of Cousins Morris and Frank (White). He was slighter than Grandpa, quiet, easy, dressed in fine cloth, snuff-colored perhaps. He talked a little with Sarah, pleasantly, and made her think of Uncle Nathan, their manner and dress were so much alike, and he was not unlike him in appearance, though not so finely built.

(Given before: “6-10-1847—36 years ago to-day Joshua Morris and myself got home from a trip to this country.”—p. 115, Vol. I.)

“4-7-1846. Elizabeth Pool, wife of Charles Pool and daughter of Nathan and Patience Trueblood died last night. She was much beloved by all.”

This was mother's beloved cousin, leaving her three orphan boys. Sarah remembers the event, and something of how inscrutable it seemed to her.

In the Institute were born, after the return from Bloomington, respectively, Henry and Alice, neither robust; and there “Little Henry,” as he was ever called, died. I remember it as a dull, rainy or snowy day, when his frail, though bright and pure little spark of life went out. Sarah stood by deeply moved by her Mother's convulsive sobbing, and inability to do for that beautiful marble form. Nor did the dear cousin who assisted like

her task. Why it was that Catherine was so alone in that dread hour, Sarah never knew; but it was over a mile to Grandpa's, and there may have been no conveyance at hand. In a long decline death often takes by surprise at last. The mother had the added pang of knowing, as she believed, that her precious child, who had been entrusted to that one in her illness, had taken the dreadful cold from which he never recovered, for he was born a perfectly well child, as all mother's babes, and continued so for two weeks. He was slender, ethereal looking; his long hair could be made easily to curl. His delicate face was very beautiful in expression. I remember, besides my mother's weeping over his little pale-cold body, my curious feeling that she felt more than I did, though I was very fond of him. He lived two years nearly—could have walked but for weakness. Would run around the big cradle in sport, holding on, Sarah playing with him, her mother saying, "Be careful! Be careful! Do not make him fall!" his pretty little frock, scarlet, fine spotted flannel contrasting with his delicate skin; with bright, long, yellow hair, oval face, and beautiful features and eyes, a fragile angel-child, and died as a flower that had been exposed to too chill an air.

But it was over now. His little laugh and trembling joy and rose-flushed cheek; and that cough which was not strong but overcame him. Sarah remembered once she had him at the window; he fretted a little, and she shook him a little. When he was in his final illness this troubled her. And when he lay still in death she thought of it remorsefully, that he did not fret again, and that now

he would remember that in heaven. Earlier than then deep thoughts had filled her quaking soul of heaven and hell—eternity—perdition. There was no mincing of doctrine in those days. We went to the Presbyterian Sabbath School and church and were early indoctrinated in the leading articles of evangelical faith, whatever Friends taught, or neglected to teach.

Sarah drew in colored crayons, from a fancy sketch in a vacation East, a bust which always reminded her of the dear little fellow. Catherine had him (as we say) buried at the Blue River Burying-Ground. Drayton came to see about the grave. Sarah thought this very dreadful. Father shrank from pain, sickness, death. Mother had been taught a rather too careful disregard of the perished body, and though when her own dear lamb died she wept copiously and broken-hearted, and arrayed the little form in part with her own hands; she may, in the little wooden head and foot boards, which it was customary with that primitive people to place, at least temporarily at all their graves, and burying him there; she may have borne a testimony to the other side of the house, the “bigoted” Presbyterians, who had for their dead a hearse with heavy, black, waving plumes and other trappings of woe, and monuments.

But for the careful register kept, the spot of burial in the long course of years would have been necessarily forgotten and lost, but Cousin William’s son, Calvin, at Sarah’s instance, had a little stone neatly marked and placed. Infants there were interred together in little rows. I thought of it as a little angelic company to rise

together at the last day, and so they may. Sarah did not think of a resemblance to Cousin Ell, but there must have been. The same delicately formed features and oval face—a beauty to last; I mean, if he had lived. Sarah was only really pretty as an infant. Little Henry was the lovely one of all Catherine's children. His disposition, too, would have been—was like Cousin Ell's, and as I write I think of Uncle Nixon, too, whom he would have resembled in both respects. Of Cousin Ell, her husband told his daughter Lizzie, long after her death, her disposition was the loveliest he ever knew.

Aunty and Uncle must shortly have returned for a while, though they finally went back to Bloomington, and lived there many years, and Uncle died there. They probably had a few boarders attending the Seminary, for their house was too large for them just alone without John.

Sarah renewed her interest in Pilgrim's Progress. Before Bloomington, *i. e.*, the going there, she could manage to read a little and knew the chief points of interest. But after the return she soon found she had acquired, by dint of nearly three years of desultory practice there in school, that kind of proficiency which enables a child to make out a story, skimming the uninteresting parts, including skipping all hard words. Some people call this reading. It is a process most injurious to the memory. Many a parent thinks a child "studious," when it is acquiring an alarming facility at forgetting, and a consequent aversion to that assiduity which fixes facts in the mind. The dime novel was not then, for-

tunately, at least within *her* reach. Books that she cared to read, also fortunately, in the respect just alluded to, extremely few. Not one suited to her taste at Grandpa's, she believes. The only thing, the pictured legend of the cow jumping over the moon, and the dish running away with the spoon, veritable representation upon her plate there, being the solitary daily food of a literary kind, provided for her imagination to feed upon. From the bowels of what tender compassion came that little plate? She studied it every meal before all sat down. She did not like it exactly either, but it gave her something to think about.

Children will laugh at anything that jumps; but "over the moon," the marvelous is over-balanced by the incongruity. They do not like things incongruous. "The dish ran away with the spoon," impossible, and the artist had supplied legs to meet the deficiency. But that was monstrous, and children do not like monstrosity. But it was food for thought. The lack there (of mental pabulum), it is true, was supplemented by the poetic recitations of her two aunts, Joanna and Mary, of which more anon, and fireside pictures both in the fire and about it, and the large farm life.

She, however, imbibed a good deal of Mother Goose, hearing it in one way and another, but from what source I do not know exactly; it is, however, scarcely necessary to say, principally, from the other side of the house. But she never saw the book for years and years, nor knew there was one. Cousin Mary had a good deal of it "in her head," as was said, and always acted it.

As one night when for some cause we little girls were at Aunty's, and had pallets laid on the floor. They were all nicely spread, Mary assisting; and when we were ready to creep in, she suddenly began "Jack and Gill," and rolled over the smooth feather beds, regardless of consequences; and not heeding Ell's and my remonstrances, rolled back again, each time from wall to wall, taking us in her way. Think of this at quiet Aunty's!

At another time she gave the same performance in the snow of an unoccupied common, when we were much larger girls, going that way for change to school. Her "ater"* was beyond anything, for it was a coup d'etat and always aimed at us; and it was simply impossible to keep from screaming in our weakness from laughing, for she would clutch our feet and ankles, and we were powerless and could neither stand nor get down without falling. And again she would say, "The Brier Bush"—"There was a man"—"He jumped into"—and when she came to "And scratched out both his eyes," she would always add "OUT!" and jump at us so suddenly and frantically, though we knew what was coming, we could not get out of her way, or save our faces from apparent demolition; and then—"And when he found his eyes were *out*," the second onslaught so exceeded the first, always so varied, we did not know ever the point of attack; there was no safety but to roll ourselves into as much of a ball as possible on the floor, or ground, as it happened to be.

*"And Gill came tumbling ater!"

Father also recited — trotting the little ones upon his knee, “When I was a little boy I lived by myself,” and wound up by the “*fall*,” bouncing them off to their great delight. He was never rough; it was not his nature. “Banbury Cross” was another riding song. Had his wise old Mother had the book, which it was not safe to reveal fully to Quaker progeny?

At school, from reading books, though she thought them tiresome in the extreme, Sarah learned some pieces, committing to memory anything that particularly struck her fancy in verse; prose was different — difficult. She early saw the logic and grim humor of “What Makes Alexander Great?” — his killing a great many. At home there were books with pictures in, that were food for her eyes, but among all, the library contained not one for a child, except temporarily from the Sunday-School library. At Aunt Fanny’s they were too busy for reading. There we acted instead.

Among Friends Sarah enjoyed the outdoor life especially and scenery by the way. But what of reading matter had Friends, of all people, for children? So that at Aunty’s, still, and in the fourth story at home, still were the great founts of full nourishment to her slowly expanding mind. But not any longer were the little dark closets, with their mimic pageantry, the attraction; but piles of the *Saturday Evening Post* on one side of one of the large rooms up there, and up at Aunty’s still the inimitable story of stories, Christian’s Escape from the City of Destruction.

If life could have been lived by the knowledge of

what other people had done, Sarah would have been a fine success. She was instead a dreamer, and a dreamer only, and destined to a rude awakening.

One package of the *Saturday Evening Post* contained "Ringwood, the Rover," whose blood-curdling story she would devour until her nerves could stand it no longer, when she would fly down the winding stairs to the second floor, as if all the witches or imps were after her. How it began and ended she never knew, but a few thrilling passages were written as with an iron pen upon her plastic mind.

She once heard a lecturer in Salem expressing strong reprobation against those who corrupt youth with vulgarities, from whatever source, and remembered he said of such a one he ought to have his head pulled off. But her habit of insatiable reading was early formed and hardly later broken. The Sunday-School library was a part of her store, a book being carried home every Sabbath by each of us. "Henry Martin," "The Dairyman's Daughter," "Harriet Newell," and "The Judsons" later, and, best of all, "Little Jack, the Circus Boy." She drew in mind a parallel between him and Little Henry. This made upon her a profound impression, and gave her the just idea that all is not gold that glitters; that beneath the tinsel and show might be an anguished heart, and back of the show and applause, strife and unutterable weariness and disgust. As a general thing, she liked other literature better—that without a moral, which could be skipped of course, generally was, but that it was there all the time was a rather dis-

agreeable reminder. Children want their mental pabulum sweet, with a *little* tart and *no* castor oil or quinine.

Mary Ellen Orchard, now a finished product of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, was at Salem after our return, once with her father, and gave a public entertainment, "Exhibition" all such things were then called. Her father, poor little man, could not keep the place—she was acting in pantomime, some Scripture stories in all probability, as it was at night in the Presbyterian church. This required reading in course in keeping up the thread of the narrative, a thing he was quite unfit for, having neither gift nor intelligent practice. So she would stop her performing when she saw him fumbling hopelessly at his papers—which filled Sarah with wrath—and find the place for him without a sign of impatience, and with unruffled composure begin her acting again! And Sarah was so with faculties suspended in wonder at the real play, she does not recall one item of the feigned, except the beautiful absorbed countenance of her friend, her beautiful dress, her grand carriage, her figure, her superb gestures, as they seemed to her; kneeling; glorious eyes imploring; bare arms extended; streaming dark hair, and the general sweep of all the magnificent action. Thus Sarah in loneliness and want of appreciative regard, laying in seeds of romance which often cost me dear in many ways, was rightly thought by people generally, I suppose, a dull, reserved child with a bad temper.

That Illustrated Pilgrim's Progress at Aunty's was a lasting treat. Fearful, the pictures. Appolyon, with

dreadful claws to his wings and feet, and a most hideous countenance; Giant Despair, perfectly horrible, but the fascination of curiosity chained Sarah to it, until in sheer terror she would desist, for she was conscious she bore such a burden as poor Christian, but had not yet summoned resolution to leave the City of Destruction.

The Apocrypha, too, she likewise found nowhere else. What a fount of wonder that was! But there was a great deal she could not swallow. There were no real pictures, but what wonderful representations of heroism, endurance and faith! But how could they do as they did, some of them? The old Almanac, too, containing the aphorism,

“In Adam’s fall
We sin-ned all!”

She thought the picture of the man representing the Zodiac (if that is the right way to put it) excessively disgusting; the nude in art, to her untutored mind, being simply indecent. Likewise, the remark of her Irish uncle: “I was born within twenty miles of Dublin, and I might have been born there if I had had a mind to.” Uncle, or his Irish jokes, as we called them, were not at all appreciated by us. O, how differently Sarah came to regard him, and he changed, too, as his Christian character brightened. But Old Country people were so much freer spoken than the New, and Quakers had peculiar reticence, and Father, if possible, went beyond them. We could not understand often, nor appreciate when we did, having a different atmosphere at home, and at Grandpa’s and Aunt Fanny’s. Uncle’s

jokes were apt to be broad, and children have a very nice sense of delicacy—to offend once was enough. Shall I confess to some smoking there?—a thing not seen at home, or at Grandpa's, or at Aunt Fanny's; or among friends or other people considered respectable. Of course, Aunt's, but—Uncle Russell. The smoking, too, a pipe, Sarah was dubious, too, about that atmosphere. She does not remember of her mother going there much, it was not necessary, but perhaps on that account, though she was friendly and made no objection to the intercourse. But smoking, especially, a *pipe*, was frowned upon everywhere then in respectable society; only people tolerated "Russell," as they called him, as a privileged character. So Sarah swallowed the smoke she found there. It was in intervals of rest, and Uncle was an industrious man, and even her mother sometimes would laugh at him, or rather at what he said—afterwards. Father would upon occasion say, "My Dear!" and Mother would reply—she could not help it, he was so witty; but Father had little appreciation, and held a rollicking humor in disfavor. The Scotch taciturnity seemed then to predominate in his make-up. But God gave us all time to change greatly and all be good friends.

To continue the tobacco subject, some verse follows Sarah wrote while at College in B. It has been printed a few times and given in Yearly Meeting once, when that subject was up for consideration, and received as opportune.

EQUAL RIGHTS.

[So dubbed by the *Woman's Journal*.]

One day at school I made the rule
'T was wrong to chew tobacco.

A six-year-old, grown very bold,
' Presumed to give his veto ;
Says he, " I saw a fellow chaw
Because he had the toothache ;
'T aint never wrong for any one
To chaw that has the toothache.' "

The school agreed with him, indeed
His logic charmed the urchins ;
Quite puzzled, I could scarce reply
At first to his assertions ;
A happy thought however brought
Relief from Greely's namesake :

" Horace," I said, " if a *girl* instead
Should chance to have the toothache
And wish to chew, what should *she* do ? " "
Like older ones betimes schooled,
He scratched his head, and then he said,
" *She'd* ought-ter have her tooth pulled ! " "
(A fact.)

Here's what Father did :

John I., Master as he was—Ruler by rod and ferule, had little forbearance with stupidity or cowardice—one is often mistaken for the other, especially in children—still, when the boy chewing tobacco said, possibly for

him to hear: "I don't see why *I* can't (the rule of the school was against it), when old John I. does;" his sense of justice always ready to be appealed to, was equal to the occasion. He took his own *quid* out of his mouth; was about to throw it away when the thought—could he control his appetite? *was* he able to do without?—caused him to hesitate. The thought came to him to test himself; so, as he afterwards related the circumstance: "I put that quid in my vest pocket, and would take it out occasionally and look at it, and put it back again (in the pocket, not mouth!) In the meantime I seemed not particularly to long for tobacco, as to have lost something, I knew not what. I did not enjoy my food, or anything in fact. I began to fear my mind was affected, but I persevered; those impressions wore off, and after a while I ceased to think how good a fresh plug would taste, and having tried the thing sufficiently, threw the quid away. It had ceased to have any attraction. It is unnecessary to say, I have never tasted tobacco since."

This was when he was about 45. Noble testimony to the power of the human will backed by conscience and manliness.

A different story was told Sarah when South. She would not particularize too closely. An eminent, beloved father and minister became concerned in his old age for the habit to which he was addicted. He concluded to abandon it. But his extreme age and enfeebled constitution caused him to sink under the ordeal. He took to his bed and was like to die. Finally, one of his sons took the tobacco from the mantel-piece where it

lay, and bringing it to him, said, "Thee's too old, Father ; here it is ; thee *must* take it ;" and so he did, and got well.

There will be another story farther on of injury to others.

And yet to sneak, as it were, into heaven with a filthy garment, or some such thing, and have the Lord Jesus say, or we say to our own hearts for him, "Could'st thou not have done so simple a thing as die for me ? Why, some people have *lived* for me !" Paul—"I die daily." What would you have done had it been *your* father ? I think had it been mine I would have borne the test for *his* sake—while he lived ; but if he had died in consequence I do not know how I should have sustained it, and yet it would have been weakness in me not to.

Alice became the final "Little Sister." She was a sharp little thing, and early showed her mind and how to use it. But the appellation "Little Sister," with a peculiar, tender intonation of voice, and the touching of the tips of their little fingers of one hand between herself and Sarah—an absurd, meaningless thing in itself—by some subtle association at first and the recurrence of many such scenes acted between them, held in gentle force long after her marriage, when she had children of her own. She had to be very angry, indeed, to even seem not to regard the token on Sarah's part. But the spell was somehow broken. Sarah felt a pang almost, as she would if still a child, when she, A., failed to recognize it, as too childish, perhaps, to continue longer.

Later, once when we who are older were all

young, some one of us pronounced a certain word* in conversation rather softly. Mother said we need n't pay such respect to the Devil; *he* was not entitled to reverence. "The devil he is n't!" said Alice in a flash, the youngest of us in hearing. Mother was taken rather aback, not expecting such a rejoinder. But how polite the grand angels are! How courteous! See the Bible†.—The Lord rebuke thee.

But again, Alice.

Blackberries were very abundant and very large and delicious all about Salem—a great boon to all the people round. They were not then cultivated, and I think neither Grandpa's or Uncle Nathan's had them in any quantity about their farms, so we children had to go elsewhere for them, which we were always eager to do, and with Jane went for days and days, taking as large buckets as we could possibly carry back, each day, and smaller ones and quart cups and pints for picking into. To Cadwalader's woods was a great resort, and where they were most abundant; this was at least two miles. We were not afraid of snakes in blackberry time! We worked diligently, ate all we could, got off before the sun was hot, and came back in triumph the latter part of the afternoon. We received a small stipend for our labors, I believe, and suppose that expectation accounts, if not for our alacrity, for our industry, and certainly for our perseverance. For Alice was

* See Chapter I.

† Disputing about the body of Moses.—*Jude*.

long afterwards in the habit of saying, if she wished some substantial favor of Mother, "Ma, you know you have n't paid me for those blackberries yet!" when she was pretty sure to receive a rather substantial love-token. I wonder now at the risks we ran and what we accomplished. When Sarah was down at Salem the last time, the season was a bad one for blackberries, and they were small and lasted but a short time, and the great patches had been long since diminished or quite cleared away. So one of her disappointments was "no blackberrying," but we did go on a family picnic (why is n't this spelled with a "k?") Sarah always has to mark out one!) on the glorious Fourth. Sarah invested some change in a gorgeous flag for Laurens, Laura's lovely little son.

Ada's and Mrs. Sam's baskets were packed full of the chicken, pickles, preserves, pies and such things as mellow the picnicker's heart; Sam had a big basket full of lemons from his store; Uncle Robert laid in a quantity of ice on our way through town; Charlie (Prof.) had fishing tackle, and "took us" with Laura's kodak after our repast; Sam, handsome fellow! with an extended pickle on his fork! We all fished and caught what we generously gave away, those who had anything to give. Laurens waded in shallow water to his little heart's content. Sarah gathered a bunch of wild growths for a souvenir; it is on my writing-desk at this moment! (So it was for a long time.) Ada wore dress "from the ark" "No. 1," Sarah "No. 2," Laura "No. 3;" Uncle Robert and Sam and Charlie were in equally appropriate garbs. And we had a whole day in the woods on the bank of

a stream, including careful driving of two or three hours each way, and changing, charming scenery along. It was a year since the sad 4th when Toff. was no more, and good to Sarah to be away from noise and display, and nearer great Nature's feeling, consoling heart.

Yes, Salem is beautiful for situation; the environments, especially. Sarah cannot remember the time when she was not affected by its natural scenery, and appealed to by that surrounding so accessible and lovely. So in childhood when from Bloomington, it was the greatest pleasure to be again among those familiar, remembered scenes, and with our dear relatives once more, to go back and forth and have them coming to us; and to be in our own home, so commodious and well-built, after our several changes at B. But there were drawbacks. There was more work to do, and we were no longer in a *class* where our companions were assorted, and all well-bred and kind; and then the dreadful Seminary; for we had to go to school now in earnest. There were times when the home seemed very dull. The contrast—Sarah could remember—between what it had been, with so many eager, lively young people about, whom just to look at was something, and from afar, as it were; and fretting little children often, who taxed one's strength and exhausted one's patience, was immeasurable; and the Seminary. The memory of it then was not pleasant, and it was worse than ever. There were changes made in the home and school to suit the altered

conditions, about which I either had no interest and because I was helping care for my little brother or sisters, or because I was afraid of being called upon for too much help; being both rather weak where work was concerned, or that I was in school. But I am sure my schooling was a very irregular, painful affair, except the play part, and that I was greatly devoted to. My Father had a male* assistant or two in the regular branches, and I was under such charge sometimes—"females," as they were called by some—never my mother—had not then invaded the schools. Sarah remembered before Bloomington, when old enough to be in her father's class, or he may have taken it occasionally for my sake, and when I could not answer, he would motion me to my seat. It had been acute punishment, very dreadful, but when it was over, there had been a sense of relief until the next time. But I had not become any fonder of learning and settled down into being a dunce, such repugnance had I to application. I did not know how. When she would forget to study the Multiplication Table, and listen to the big boys' class in Philosophy, and see her Father so pleased and all so interested in his explanations, when her class was called she simply *could not* say her table—"fours," "sixes," and the final horror, the "eights" and "nines"—and her father would not speak he was in such unspeakable disgust, but point her to her seat whither she went broken-hearted, and shed behind her raised desk-lid hopeless tears. This was all, she did not

* Pardon for use of this convenient term.

know how to apply, was in mortal fear and paralyzed, for the whole period of belonging properly to childhood, except for the most part at B., the pitiless sun of a severe criticism, when it deigned to look upon any effort of mine, my efforts were failures then, beat upon my defenseless head and wilted me to the ground. To others he was different, had to be perhaps, but still, hard on any dunce.

No, Father could not any more than before, and did not endure my dullness. A great measure of it was from excessive fear, and the balance chiefly from excessive aversion to all work induced by my not being put to something, anything, and made to keep at it systematically, but that was the thing lacking, system, but as my Mother often afterwards said, he could not bear that his own children should be failures. We no doubt tried him very severely, I especially. The least show of boldness on my part would have delighted him, but that his own child should shrink from him, and need to, made him comparatively savage, and yet that very timidity came entirely from him; my mother not having a trace of it. She could not therefore appreciate my sufferings. There had been a time — alas, that such times are before memory — when encouraged I had been, according to authentic accounts, a very target for the admiring glances and praises of the entire family connection. When with golden locks I used to be set upon a table and orate to the supreme pleasure of a fond young father and mother, and young uncles and aunts, as well as Grandparents. Ah, sad interval, when from being first, chief and only,

a child finds itself displaced and loses itself away from father and mother, and a helpless, lonely little pilgrim, begins to face the storms of life. Its mind turns in upon itself and finds little to occupy, nothing to cheer. If it had not been for my Grandpa's and for the faithful Jane, I think that dark period would have ended sooner, and God in pity caught me away before my heart took on the soil of earth; as it was, coming from long-lived, healthy families, I managed to live and get out of promiscuous reading, which I soon learned to skim over, and a deeply seated love of natural objects, gratified especially at Grandpa's, and some sort of school companionship some enjoyment.

At Sabbath School I did manage to learn verses, hundreds of them, and began to be very fond of verse, rhyme, and things bettered in some respects as I learned better how to take care of myself. But I was a good deal neglected in body and soul, about which I have perhaps said too much. Parts of "Ringwood the Rover" and the beautiful lady he had pictured, was a story rather conflicting with Pilgrim's Progress and the Bible, but both departments, Romance and Religion, wanting to be loved and being afraid of the Judgment, occupied by turns, or almost simultaneously my thoughts, while I drank in sweet nature and was cheered by Grandma's steady ways, but shirked every duty and mental effort.

But my parents were not quite willing to give up the struggle, and took another view of the case. *They* must make greater effort for their child who, if not a disgrace, would become a discredit on account of her dullness.

They had allowed themselves to become perhaps too absorbed in their respective fields. In B. there was so much to distract attention and take time from their little family; but now with nothing comparatively but the Seminary on the father's part, and nothing scarcely but the home on the mother's to engage them, it would be strange if they could not mould their children's forming minds somewhat after their ideas. They owed it to their children, having brought them into being, and to their first-born at this perhaps crisis of her fate, to do their utmost for her. Thus they reasoned and sympathized and tried. They had hoped better things of her after the life in B. She had seemed to get along there in school indifferently well, and had perhaps improved in some respects, but after letting her recite to first one assistant and then another, the father became convinced that heroic treatment was necessary and took her in hand. Her teachers had been in fault, she needed to know what teaching was.

Here is another account, upon the return from Bloomington: Sarah had now got to be a big girl; growing, awkward, shy, dull. Something must be done. She had slipped along at B. rather unnoticed, but now the anxious parents saw there had been a mistake somewhere. She was a shirk at work, was really too much of a weakling to make her. Had no skill in sewing, did not seem to care much for her appearance. She must be made to study; so she was now and then kept from play for punishment; and it was severe, too, for she dearly loved that active exercise in the large Seminary lot, but that

could not do all the time. She would stand and look at the others running from tree to tree, and sob convulsively while her mother told her about the difference, *they* got their lessons; but she did not hear her, she had but one thought—to be with them. Then her father took her in hand.

O, have hope, have large hope! while a child loves to play there is some help somewhere, get at the key!

O parents, and O teachers, and O Sarah, in fault nearly to this day! it is the aggregate that is appalling; the child cannot begin to climb, the mountain is *so* steep, but a step at a time, and another, help here, encouragement there, and cheer on and on, and there will be a come-out some place. Patience! patience! patience *smiling*, else *not* patience. Sarah has sinned just as she has been sinned against. It is so difficult for us to put ourselves in another's place.

Dr. Ballantine at the State University, and Dr. Harper of the Hebrew Summer School, held in Evanston in the Biblical Institute, each in characteristic manner, said to a class a little restive at frequent necessary repetition for dull ones, "Think what it must be for me"—to go over the same rudiments so often. But not so with Sarah when she got to teaching, and not so with Sarah's father when she the dull one. As mother afterwards said in extenuation: He had such expectations from his own children, and when they fell below others he could not bear it.

But *now* after the return from B. I had added pangs. I saw myself in a measure hopelessly different, it ap-

peared to me from other girls, and that my Father was different to me. My self-love was wounded in both respects. The publicity of that motioning me to my seat, became the most dreadful thing about it; and that the boys as well as girls should see my own Father do it, was the killing part of it. How long it all lasted I do not know.

I had an illness when I was about twelve. I was in a dull state. My father was sitting on the foot of the bed. My mother said to me as if she was saying it the second time, for she said it with some effort to make me understand: Did I know that the Dr. had said I might not get well, that my recovery was doubtful? I, with rather a sudden motion, put my arms round my Father's neck and kissed him. The action was partly affected, partly daring. I remember my feelings perfectly; it was though, prompted by long-pent affection. I loved him, I wanted him to love me, but I would show my love for once; I had a chance. I was not going to die, I said to myself; I am not as sick as they think; I have pretended to be sicker than I was. I'll show them I am not going to die. Die, indeed! I had any amount of contempt for the Dr.'s opinion. So I got well.

If her Father had not been a teacher, and both her Father and Mother with such ideas about an education; this, with the Wades*, would probably have been the final effort. And a little music, a little French, a little skimming of everything by littles would have completed(?)

* After.

Sarah's education. But with their ideas they were still prepared to make farther sacrifices for their own and other people's children, daughters especially, as there was not comparative provision for them. And another project was contemplated and entered upon after some delays. We also must wait a little.

CHAPTER IX.

GOING TO GRANDPA'S — PERILS BY THE WAY — THE
EGG-HUNT — WORK, REFRESHMENT, REST — AUNT
JOANNA'S KEEPSAKES — GENERAL CUSTOMS — THE
GARRET — APPLE TIME — TO AND FROM MEETING
— NOTES UPON PERSONAL APPEARANCE, ETC.

But to Grandpa's! That was the place of all to be, and Sarah was always going to Grandpa's. Sometimes she was accompanied by one or both her parents or other older ones; by some of the children, Robert occasionally, when their return was to be in the course of a few hours and there was something to carry which would have fatigued her, all the way, for she was rather uncertain in health, and he a sturdy little fellow who never complained of a burden. But we did not have to carry much, there were too many vehicles and riding horses and passings. She does not remember of Robert staying any great length of time as she did, or even being there over night. Of course she had frequent opportunities of riding, but it may have been thought best for her to walk and choose rather regular intervals of time. Her memory is of generally going alone, and many were her tribulations by the way, from quite a small child. It was a beautiful

grazing country; lovely rolling land, and whether from the house in town or afterwards from the Farm* when nearly grown, or later still from Uncle Nixon's, which we finally bought, there was danger of cows or worse on the way, whether in the latter case across the fields, or around. Sometimes the "Creek"—a branch of Blue River—was "up." It then became a raging torrent, overflowing its banks, sweeping away foot-logs and even substantial bridges, and flooding and carrying away the high rail fences from the adjacent fields. Then the resort would be to go around. This meant more than a mile out of the way by Spurgeon's, which was indeed an ordeal. They were good, honest people, but kept dogs, not troublesome ones, but a lonely, timid child does not wish to see a dog or cow or hog. And the mud! Soft as to consistency, hard-sticking clay. It was simply dreadful; for this way was never undertaken except after a great rain when the other was an impossibility, and one might meet a congregation of cows anywhere along the common highway, or private roads and lanes.

The heart-strains Sarah endured upon these occasions cannot be put into language. What an impelling, drawing power must have bound her to "the old place." How she mutely appealed to Heaven for protection as sense of danger grew vivid. How she held her breath as she drew near and passed. How she quickened her gait after, yet dared not run! These are things that only childhood, and timid women to some extent, can so

* Ours.

poignantly feel. Sometimes there was a sow with a litter of pigs luxuriating in the middle of the road! Every grunt and squeak sent tremors over her frame, cold chills down her spine. And old Watch was the final terror, a cross old dog who barked for nothing, and once took her elbow in his teeth. Grandma must have seen that he was kept out of the way after that. "He wouldn't have hurt thee," she said to Sarah, but Sarah was not so sure. Still in spite of all she persevered, went once a week and stayed all night. If school time, of course she must set off betimes in the morning. But it seems now it was not generally school time, and that she went not necessarily upon any fixed day, but when she felt the need the most, and very likely generally Friday evening after school.

She made it a business to hunt the eggs. It was chiefly in the time of the old barn where there were delicious hiding places of nests full of eggs, and was a substantial service. She roasted one or two as her tithe, for the basket—a large one was filled; sometimes she would have two, and collected each time from three to six dozen eggs. She would hardly sit down before going on her quest. It seemed as if she needed this dipping into the sweet smelling hay, and all the shadowy and yet safe retreats of the rambling barn with its upper lofts and unnumbered places chosen for nests. As no men were about, or animals except in proper places, she felt a large and yet secure freedom. The silence, except occasional sounds of domestic farm life; the beautiful back ground—at the farther end of the barn—of oak



THE SPRING HOUSE

Built by Uncle Robert

(Furnished by his daughter Laura)

woods; the sunny slopes of meadow in front; the orchards behind—apples of every variety for eating and cooking, from the tart June of early summer to the Winter's hard ones, with the knowledge of peach orchard on rising ground still farther beyond. The descent to the spring lot, whither she sometimes rode down on the cows' backs, an Uncle holding her carefully on, the milking her two young aunts did in concert, when work in the harvest field was pressing. The loading of hay, the droves of animals, a few pigs and sheep, and cows and horses, all well ordered, and clean about the grounds. The peaches, the watermelons and musk; the garden—but that was nearer the house. All these things gave a zest to living, a kind of largeness to her mental vision, forming a relief to the state of tension or mental inanition she had passed at home, with so many little children as there came to be, and so much to shirk and so much left undone.

Sarah may stand for The Shirk. She slipped out of everything.

Out of writing coarse-hand.

Out of spelling.

Out of reading aloud, the sound of her own voice frightened her.

Out of geography, except what interested her.

Out of arithmetic, only she *could not* get on if she did not understand—and classes went on.

She was so successful as a shirk no one but herself knew how much she slipped out of; but out of *all* work that could possibly be got out of. There was for a long

time no necessity for her work. She does not remember of doing anything when quite young at home, except occasionally tidying her own room and helping taking care of Baby, her mother never having, with all her help, nurses for her children; very good for babies maybe, yet bad for older Sister. Sarah's room was generally what was called "a sight;" but at Grandma's everything was in order, and easy to keep so. Grandma would show me the best ways of doing things. I generally wiped the dishes for her and my aunts. I did not like to, particularly, but the little keelers were quite nice, and besides their talk was pleasant; and at such times Grandpa and the boys would either be busy out, or speaking together not noticing her much if she lingered in the sitting room, and she felt out of place a little; how wise they all were and how kind! So, though sometimes Sarah did not like to begin she could hardly help it, though no one ever said so, but she generally felt pleased with herself when through. She had a consciousness, rare in her case, of having performed a virtuous action, and so about many little things *there*. There was no talk about the work, that she remembers, certainly no grumbling, no shirking or comparisons. Both boys and girls knew their duties and addressed themselves to them with cheerful alacrity.

In summer time Grandpa took his nooning; Grandma her afternoon nap. In extremely hot weather they stopped work in the field for a while; brought the laboring animals into the shade, loosing them of most restraints. A half-dozen big watermelons and some musk were

brought from some cool place to the farther end of the long piazza; and cutting and giving out generous slices to all, Grandpa would take a half, or quarter of one, and retire to a convenient seat to regale himself. Every one ate all he wished, pleasant talk, as at all they did together, going on the while. There was some light flipping of seeds on the sly, but Grandma preserved decorum, and a little of such pleasantry sufficed. When all were done, one of the boys would gather up the rinds, one of the girls sweep off the floor, and after a half hour or so, when the sun had declined a little, and the heat had abated, there was a return to the field. Nor had they forgotten their tired horses—(Grandpa never used mules)—or other thirsty animals at such times. Fresh water flowed for them when they had cooled off a little, and the rest in the grateful shade renewed their vigor.

In winter time, after supper, the two little stands (tables) were brought forward. At one of these, with its brass candle-stick and snuffer's tray beside it, the girls generally sat sewing. Grandma had her stocking-knitting. She did not have to look particularly, except to turn a heel or take up a dropped stitch or toe off. These she taught Sarah—long forgotten now.

I would sit by my aunts and talk with them, or sometimes, in Grandma's lap, who would say sometimes, "Thee's getting too big to nurse." And I would say, "When I get big I will nurse thee." Nobody ever said "you" to Grandma; that is, of the family. And one of my Uncles would say, "I will take her, Mother, if thee's tired." "But first let us have another log on," Grandpa

would say, and I would jump up; two of the boys or one with Grandpa had enough to do to get the back log in. The log that had burned out—what remained of it—was previously raked out in front and the hot coals, the ashes back being prepared for the monster that took its place. With a heavy thud and a flying of sparks they dropped it close against the chimney. Sometimes it had to be rolled in, but Grandma did not like that, it “made so much (litter) littä,” she said. Then Grandpa or one of the boys brought the fore-stick; it was a sufficient load for a strong back and arms. This was placed on the high andirons (fire-dogs they were called, frequently), the remaining chunks piled upon it, and if they were not too large another smaller stick laid on top; sometimes a half burnt log would be placed on the back log. After all this was accomplished satisfactorily, one of the girls brushed up the wide hearth. Either a piece of heavy oil cloth lay before it, or the whole room was so protected, and then had substantial rag carpet for comfort and warmth, with an extra piece of older stretched in front to catch an occasional coal flying out.

The other stand was for Grandpa, unless he wished to be farther away at his secretary. It was convenient for a book if one of the boys wished to consult one, or a tray to be used by and by. Grandpa kept his accounts; a careful record of the weather and a diary; but made no ado about them, and I think, as he was systematic, he did not need to spend but a few moments daily* at them.

*Robert kept up the same practice and Mother both through life. The stands have been described in Vol. I.

His letter writing was only occasional, and perhaps nearly all was performed by daylight. At night, as far as I know, he generally was at leisure, and the boys, and there was always interesting conversation going on, in which all joined as they were inclined, in talks about Philosophy (Physics) and History, puzzles in Arithmetic, and discussion of public affairs and the Bible, a long evening of peaceful, *i. e.*, not ever quarrelsome though very animated discussion. They never tried to agree, rather the contrary, but there was a mutual fairness that kept all within bounds.

The new wood sizzed and occasionally shot forth a large spark, which had to be brushed back in a hurry or dexterously picked up and flung. It made Sarah's finger-ends tingle to see them do it; also to see her uncles hold a nut between the fingers and crack it—Robert I. could do it, and was soon above crying if he mashed a finger.

The fire light cast a delicious warmth and ruddy glow through the large room. I would sit and watch the fire. It was always worth watching for itself alone. Sometimes a little blue blaze would creep along a stick and suddenly send off a shower of sparks. The smoke curled up the chimney in varying fashion. A thousand pictures were framed in the bed of coals—often too bright to look at; and a dreaming child need not be asleep to have a thousand visions. Sarah was often on some one's knees. "Isn't thee ashamed to be nursed?" Grandpa would say; but she wasn't. She could not be a baby any other place.

No! Grandma did not allow the children, *i. e.*, us,

the younger generation, to say "You" to her. Grandpa would laugh when she corrected our speech. He was careless about such matters. About an hour before retiring, shutting his book or turning from his writing, he generally would say, "Let us have some apples," and Jephtha or Robert, or two of the girls—often Sarah with them—would take a candle, or the lantern most probably, and go down from the piazza to the cellar, which you know extended under the front part of the house. It was divided into three or four compartments; one called, as it truly was, the "dark cellar;" another, "the dry," though there was no perceptible dampness in either. From the great store of shining Mirlams, Rambows, Romanites principally, would be brought up a large pan full, an assortment to suit individual tastes. A waiter or two would also be placed for peelings. Sarah's would generally be pared for her and nicely divided. If she did it herself, one of her Uncles, sometimes her Grandpa, would call out, "Take the other hand!" when she would laugh, blush and try. "Thee's so awkward," her Uncle Jephtha or Robert would say; "Give it to me," and prepare it beautifully for her. "Take a piece of this, Mother." "Just try that," extending a fine section on the point of the knife, were frequent invitations to any one too busy sewing, or otherwise, to help themselves. At other times we had walnuts and hickory nuts, with occasional butter-nuts, the hickory nuts and indeed all were very large and very delicious. These were cracked in the kitchen, or if weather permitted, on the north side on a log, later sometimes in the little shop Robert had.

Sarah carried the lantern, or more generally, receptacle for the nuts, a pan or deep waiter for the purpose. We used awls or large darning needles or old scissors for picking out. Sarah always got out some toothsome, large pieces for her Grandma, and now and then for one or both her aunts. There was some fun with apple seeds, too; but all was finally cleared away. The Bible was brought forward; work folded and laid aside; every one sat reverent; and after the reading, generally by one of the girls—very good reading it was; a little worshipful silence; and leaving Grandpa covering the fire, we said good-night—"farewell" it was, to each other—Sarah perhaps kissing all around, and to bed.

There was not much show of affection, not even to me. Kisses in Quaker families were not upon all occasions, or indeed at that time anywhere promiscuously indulged in. I carried some customs from Aunt Fanny's there as a privileged individual; still, I had by no means license, only a law of liberty.

Sarah once turned over some things in one of her Aunt Joanna's drawers. Her aunts there and her mother had all exquisitely made pin-cushions and needle-books which they had made or received at Westtown—"keepsakes" they were called—and Sarah had been shown some of them from time to time. Cousin Liz, at Aunt Fanny's, didn't mind our turning over her things, but then it was Mary Ann and Ell who opened her drawers. Sarah would not have done it there alone. Aunt Joanna came in while she, S., was thus engaged. She spoke to her very gently indeed,

but said, "Why, Sarah!" "My hands are clean," said Sarah. "Yes," said Aunt Joanna, "but didn't thee know not to look in my drawer unless I told thee?" Sarah does not remember her answer; silence probably, but she does the kindness and confidence which followed. Aunt Joanna unwrapped treasure after treasure from its delicate tissue paper—a rare thing then. Each had some name attached, beautifully penned; was the gift of some dear school friend. "When can I ever sew like that?" at least thought Sarah. Far beyond what others could do. Cousin Liz did the sewing in Aunt Fanny's family, but she had nothing equal to these. Sarah had each in her hands, and leisure to turn them about and examine the exquisite work; color principally cream or pearly white; and material, rich, tiny-figured silk; some others plain or corded, *all* silk. The stitches formed a smooth little cord, not one more prominent than another, and a tiny bow of ribbon completed in some way each one. So after looking at each to her heart's content—think of that angelic patience!—when they were both ready, they went down stairs, Sarah with her arm round her young aunt's slender waist, happy and satisfied. She after helped her in the long process of making her wedding dress, a white Swiss mull, gathered elaborately in the waist. Her mother's similar treasures would not be so well preserved.

There was a loom* in early times. I think they could all ply the shuttle, *i. e.*, the feminine side of the

*The loom is referred to in Vol. I.

house. My memory is rather hazy, but Sarah has seen weaving done in the old kitchen, and has the impression that when *it* was moved farther back it was called "the loom-room." It must have been in very early times, but I have an image in my memory of an old woman who used to sit day after day weaving there, and also that the little school house was rented, or at least used, and the same eccentric woman, or mysterious rather, lived in it, and did weaving or spinning there; occasionally appearing at Grandpa's, and Grandma treating her with consideration and kindness. She may have been a refugee, or had some African or Indian blood. She was an independent appearing person, with a certain air of majesty, and named "Penny Patch." Sarah has thought, in trying to call up memories of her, that she may have served in some important way in the Underground Railroad, but this is simply conjecture.

Catherine could weave, Sarah has simply handled the shuttle and noticed the ponderous beam, and recalled Sampson's carrying away the web, his hair woven with it, and the pin by which the false Delilah thought she had him fastened securely. Goliath's spear was like a weaver's beam, she knew.

Sarah's aunts, Joanna and Mary, did a great deal of spinning on the large wheel. After they ceased to raise flax, the small one was discarded, that her Grandmother and Mother had both used. She herself learned to twist yarn on the large wheel quite well. But it was fast getting the time beyond these things—as said in Vol. I. They had large factories in Salem where such work was

done by machinery. Grandma sometimes used the *reel* for winding; and had "hand-cards" they were called, for making cotton rolls. Sarah could also do this.

In those earlier times the large kitchen fire-place had a crane in it. Sarah does not know anything about "the hanging of that particular crane," but has seen an iron pot hang on it, and perhaps other things. There was a *tin* Dutch oven, properly "Reflector," dazzling bright when set before the fire, in which, frequently, delightful biscuit was baked for the evening meal. And there was also huge waffle-irons with iron handles to thrust into a bed of glowing coals, and such waffles as were brought forth and turned out, have never by her been seen since. They also had a popper, of wire, with a similar long iron handle, and "pop-corn" was one of our winter treats.

They were particular about preparing meats for food, and humane as possible in necessary killing. Grandpa would fatten a little pig, feeding him delicately, *i. e.*, upon nice food. Turkeys they also had, by droves, and Grandma would have one intended for the table, kept up several days, the same with chickens, and feed them suitably beforehand.

The garret over the old kitchen was a place not to be resisted, and yet of fearful fascination. There were enormous old hair-covered trunks and strong chests. Some such were up stairs in the house proper; of cedar, or cypress; and boxes of various sizes, and strange implements of husbandry, and parts of such things; machinery either to use, or preserved from old association. Garments, as Camlet cloaks, and some things like over-

alls, very probably of buckskin, and old hats, etc., and bags of wool and cotton in the raw state. It was always twilight there. Children like to explore. They cannot resist the inclination, and still they fear. We never played there; as soon play in a graveyard at dark, or in a cave. But we would, *i. e.*, at least Sarah would creep up the odd steps and look about, and enter, and go about by degrees, looking, but not touching, and ready to fly at the least sound; and notice the old cobwebs hanging fearful, but seldom saw a spider. And there were wasps in summer, who seemed imps of malignity, and darted about with such venom of temper, they missed one just because they were so madly mad, but so as by a hair, you felt you would not escape next time.

Then there were large rat-traps in the barn, and occasionally brought about the house, and every once in a while a number of rodents would be caught. I think Grandma was not favorable to cats. She was too fond of birds, and liked to have them familiar—and they well repaid her in song and confidence. But when a building became old and afforded a harbor for vermin, it was pulled down and a better one built, if needed. There was no shiftlessness, but everything was on a large scale; and any waste was because something else more important was being cared for at the time.

In apple time, people from Salem came almost in droves and carried off all they could. They did not stop to say "Thank you," at least often, but felt it doubtless in their way. They were not permitted to have any other way of taking them, and they were expected to

close the gates after them, which they sometimes neglected to do; but they were not forbidden, though they often occasioned considerable trouble. Grandma would have been less lavish; Grandpa was like Job in his prosperity. This was one of his ways of caring for the poor.

Sarah also went with them to Meeting, if she happened to be over there Meeting days. As she had to sit backwards or on the side-seats formed by doubling up the steps, the carriage being generally full without her, she always got very sick. The motion made her so, and the closeness of the carriage, unless a window was down. It must have been very disagreeable, but no one said so or looked it, neither did they express commiseration, thinking perhaps she might outgrow it if not noticed too much, and she has measurably.

There were capacious pockets in the carriage, and receptacles in the seats. It was beautifully painted and varnished, cushioned, etc., the steps letting down nearly to the ground, and covered with Brussels carpet. The harness was always good, and the horses fine, generally match ones.

An incident which occurred much later may as well be inserted here as connected:

Once (Uncle) Robert was driving, and some young fellows passed him rather rudely on the road to Meeting. Upon returning they again got in front. As he came near the Hicksite Meeting House, as it was then called, he kept very close to them, when suddenly dashing round the Meeting House he came out in front of them before

they quite knew his intentions, and so kept all the way back to town—they making no further attempt to pass him. But Grandma was greatly scandalized, and said, “*Robert!*” as I never had heard her speak before. Joanna said, “Thee did make rather a close shave.” Racing, always odious to orderly Grandma—the *Discipline* was against it—was doubly so, if possible, coming from Meeting. She was so wrought upon she did not relax her severe look once all the way home, nor speak until some time after alighting. Sarah knew enough to know he had taken a risk, and she did not like such ventures, they made her more timid. But he could not help chuckling now and then to himself home, and Sarah sympathized with that.

Jeptha’s horses would let *none* pass them. A ride with him was a sensation, but he was a thorough master of his steeds, as all were. Sarah was not generally afraid. They had won her confidence, but she was morbidly so of the deep water they often had to cross. They could not control that; she generally expected to be—if not drowned—at least washed away.

It may have been on account of comparison that she had not a particle of confidence in her father’s driving for a great while. Her mother openly laughed at it, but he acquired some considerable skill eventually, had better horses, was exceedingly careful to have good and comparatively new harness.

When we lived at Uncle Nixon’s, where we had twenty acres, he had a horse that balked, and once with a full carriage load coming from church in Salem, stopped

in the middle of the stream ! Sarah was not in, but her mother telling about it when she came into the house with a triumphant air, said, "But thy Father stood up and gave him a tremendous cut with the whip, and he went on"—to balk no more. This raised her father's horsemanship very much in Sarah's eyes. She nor her father could tolerate cruelty to animals, but mulishness in a horse, young enough, strong and well fed, was not to be endured. He did once leave his horse tied all night at a hitching-post on the public square, having forgotten all about him and walked home. He was inclined to laugh about it; it was a mild night and no great harm done, but Uncle Robert said he "was not fit to have a horse." Sarah thinks probably this was when Uncle Robert was soured by her Father's politics, as probably he would not otherwise have spoken so.

It may be well to give in this chapter some description of those who constituted the family at Grandpa's during most of the period of Sarah's remembrance. This is not a repetition, in words, of that which has been given previously, but from a fragment found since and earlier written. It is to refresh memory, and for the sake of those especially who have not read the other.

GRANDPA was of medium height, very compactly and strongly and supple built, inheriting untiring energy and brightness; was very fond of young people. How his blue eyes would twinkle and his impetuous laugh break out! He kept his blood always well stirred; had bustling ways, but from overplus of animal spirits not any affectation of busy ways. For he was systematic as well

as diligent, and skillful and laborious; very successful at anything he engaged in, from crops to weather account and diary; to stock, both animal and bank.

He was the soul of honesty and integrity, and not troubling himself about any fine spun theories of getting on or feeling; playful with all young creatures, yet able to keep them well in hand; reverential to God; hearty in companionship. I never heard of his punishing one of his eight children, though I have no doubt he did so upon occasion; and never saw him show real anger or heard him speak a word he had need to blush for; and yet he so incited his children they were always emulous of following him. Grandpa *chewed*, I am sorry to say. It was more common then than now, few comparatively then smoking either pipes or cigars. I think the subject was never presented to him as a reform. But he was really as gentlemanly about it as one could be with the weed properly denominated "filthy." He swallowed it, using very small quantities, at least when in the house. Grandma would not have spitting about. I do not know that the boys used any. If they did they expectorated at a safe distance in the fields. I can hardly think they did, any of them.

Grandma was very different in almost every way; a *very* strict Friend. Very sedate; seldom speaking at length; never laughing scarcely; very cleanly and orderly. Fastidious, austere, yet tender at the core; not sparing herself or to herself. A little stricter with all from Grandpa down than circumstances seemed to require. But he was not troubled by it. Whatever was

a burden she kept to herself; a woman of great reserve force; her face not handsome, yet with most beautiful skin. She had a beautiful nose, almost Grecian; therefore it did not turn up, but held itself aloof from all beneath its notice. Her hair was a beautiful dark brown, very silky and fine. She was not a large woman, but neat and trim, and impressed one; she held herself so and had such dignity. Sarah made a mistake in the former account in saying, respecting the time when Benoni sought her, that Rebecca was certainly not a beauty. Sophie is authority for saying from Uncle Robert that she was the belle or boast of all the country round, that there was no such girl in all those parts; no one equal to her in gifts of person and mind and heart, and that the waiting young man knew her the prize. She was such to him at any rate. I think Joanna must have resembled her most in form, lithe, a little above medium height; Mother perhaps being a little larger. She had a very soft heart for children, animals, the unfortunate—if it wasn't their fault; the poor and the sick or distressed in any way, provided—and even then she would *do* what, and all she could, though with considerable sense of judgship.

Uncle Nixon and Aunt Sophia were each married before I can remember perhaps anything of either, when I was so much at Grandpa's. Their homes and families will be considered later; and Uncle Jephtha, whom I only knew then as a sturdy growing lad. I think he was the one who said, "Let her come to me, Mother, if thee's tired," and who rode me on the cows' backs in

summer time after the milking, down to the spring lot; Uncle Robert was hardly large enough. Uncle Jephtha then was more of a thinker and observer than converser. Uncle Robert was the one who talked with me and waited upon me chiefly, besides Grandma and the girls, and of the latter, principally Joanna. My uncles trimmed my finger nails, which were rather fine, though I did not know it, and tied my shoe-strings very neatly, and sometimes made me new ones, which they did very well. My aunts washed my face and neck when needed, and sometimes mended my clothes. I loved to be with each, and all of them. And I had a little conscience and was helpful in little ways, but the odds seemed so against me at home.

Uncle Robert came between Aunt Joanna and Aunt Mary. He was quite a mechanic, and it was interesting to watch him. I did not see so much of the boys. They with Grandpa were busy in the fields, when weather permitted, or at the barn, but they were always at or near the house in leisurely times and so at night. My memory has not a single word or look or action at fault from either of them.

I have a note some place of Uncle Robert soothing any childish grief I had by saying, any time during the day, "Let's go and crack some walnuts." I must have been considerable of a Mary Ann, I say—or cry-baby, for it was quite a frequent occurrence; but I was not thinking of walnuts when I cried, I know that. If I cried for anything, *that* healed the wounded spirit and was an infallible remedy. What I had to cry for, I do

not remember, nor recall his appearance particularly, except his merry face when he gave his infectious laugh, inspiriting like Grandpa's. They were good farmer boys, gentle to a timid little girl, but who never had a thought of being afraid of them.

Uncle Robert did not become as tall as Uncle Nixon nor as broad as Uncle Jep. But he had a fine head and beautiful brow and profile—inheriting the nearly Grecian nose.

Of the girls, Aunt Mary being the youngest, naturally did not pet me as much as others, but she was a pretty girl with more regular features than Joanna, who made up in vivacity and adaptability. I have a note of them, too, how much they were thought of by their acquaintances generally, and how well they chimed working together and repeating poetry. They recited in concert about much of their work, spinning on large wheels together—for a while each had one, perhaps before Aunt Mary's marriage—and when engaged at any continuous work, while milking at sundown and at the spring-house. This of course in summer time. They rinsed out the buckets thoroughly, and carried up fresh water. It was then late—supper time before—and to bed for me without lighting a candle.

S. learned entire some very long pieces in that way, and can repeat most of them to this day; such as "Isabella of Austria," who predicted her own death, by Geo. W. P. Morris, a melo-dramatic piece. A child sometimes dwells upon such to an unwholesome extent, and that grand ascription to the Deity, inscribed in golden letters

in a Russian temple. Her mother also had this, as has been mentioned, both may have come from Westtown association, though I have heard from Mt. Pleasant Boarding School, Ohio.

They were considered very nice girls by all their associates. Aunt Joanna was a model figure, well proportioned in every way, and bright and merry, a general favorite. Aunt Mary of quieter disposition, but of very decided opinions.

The plate I had to eat from there—white ground and black design—from Mother Goose, the famous cow's exploits and the amazing gambols of the dish with the spoon has been already described. Where it came from I do not know. Mother Goose would hardly have been tolerated in any family I have mentioned, or intimately knew at that day. I think I had a special mug to drink from, too, which had, if not the Alphabet, something on it besides; and always rich milk and all the cream—how rich it was!—I wanted. There was always a little cake or two waiting for me, not rich but very good, and plenty of wholesome food at meal times and fruit in its season between. Without being told I was pretty, which I must have been rather; or smart, which I decidedly was not; or good, which was passive rather, and because there was nothing there to stir up anything to the contrary, I was treated well, petted by all to a certain extent and made to feel entirely at home. But what child does not at "Grandpa's?"

CHAPTER X.

JANE—THE SABBATH, PREPARATIONS FOR—COVENANTERS — SARAH'S TRIBULATIONS RELIGIOUS — THE JUDGMENT DAY—PRESBYTERIANISMS—SARAH'S RESOLVE TO LEAVE THE CITY OF DESTRUCTION—A FOURTH OF JULY FISHING PARTY—ROBERT'S FURTHER ADVENTURES—MARIA'S—MARIA'S PETS—(INTO THE HIGH CHERRY TREE).

JANE! our faithful helper, who put her young shoulder to the wheel of the family conveyance, kept it there at every emergency, and helped along over many a rough jolting, and out of many a miry rut. I do not remember when she first came to us. The arrangement was for mutual benefit. I suppose the reason she came first was to have the advantage of the Seminary. Her brothers, James and George, also attended at different times, and assisted in the school; James particularly, who became "Professor," and taught the Seminary many years.

Jane—we children—if angered at her, which very seldom occurred, she was so true and patient—would call out, "Jane May Morrison!" but her name, properly spoken, was without the family addition; she being a country girl of excellent family living a few miles out of

town. It could not have been very far, for Sarah once was invited to accompany her home on a visit over night; and they walked, she remembers, she thinks all the way. She remembers it as a quiet, peaceful episode, Jane being just the same there. Her sister Kate, or "Katharine," a pretty girl with oval face, had a countenance full of composure, and so seemed like Jane who was rather homely, but all in quietness and goodness—that singular pathetic combination from which is evolved the angelic attributes of patience, unselfishness, endurance, un murmuring acquiescence in hard necessities.

She was a good Christian girl, who was one with us at the table, if she had not some more imperious call from some little one not yet ready, or some task that must be attended to, though she waited for her meal. She went to school, to Sabbath School with us, and Church, I suppose generally, for our Sunday dinner was "Presbyterian" then, prepared beforehand, cold sliced meats, etc., and not an item of unnecessary cooking during the day, except in winter warm gravy and potatoes, and once in a while some kind of warm bread when failure Saturday. Our elders drank tea now and then, and coffee for breakfast. We had rich milk and could have hot water tea if we wished. Covenanters were much stricter; did not light the kitchen fire, Sarah had heard, but our connection—Aunty's, made coffee. I think Jane always drank it, having become accustomed.

She had no set occupation, consequently her duties were multifarious. The oversight of the children seems to have devolved upon her. She used some gentle au-

thority, when absolutely necessary, to prevent some impending battle or less serious outbreak among us. We were all very much attached to her, putting upon her doubtless unmercifully. She also loved us in her unobtrusive way, and perhaps enjoyed the respect from others, and the regards of older ones as an offset to many hardships.

One picture of her presumably good management, or at some one's suggestion, for I do not remember her as a manager.

The Sabbath was very strictly observed. It was death, *i. e.*, *whipping* for a boy to whistle on that day anywhere; whistling not being in favor in the house at any time. But on the Sabbath! No loud talking, or noises of any kind were indulged in. All work possible was done beforehand, or went undone until Monday. Father's boots—shoes down to the babe's that did not need—were blacked and brushed until they shone; Jane having the older help at the little ones. Sarah did not do much at this; it was boys' work, she thought, and "Bob I." tugged manfully at it. She did her own, however.

When all was accomplished they were set in a shining row for Sabbath morning. And then the great undertaking of the evening began—more of a trial and an even greater success, the Saturday night bathing. Some one helped Jane bring in a medium-sized wash-tub about quarter full of warm water, with plenty more at hand. The process began, not with the baby, but the next youngest. As soon as it was in a shining state of clean-

liness, it was arrayed in its clean night-robe, wrapped in a clean sheet, and *set* mummy-like *on a long table that stood against the wall*. Then the next, and the next, and the next, using clean water for each face and neck and arms, and renewing the other when necessary. Sometimes there were *five* of us, and the ambition of the younger members was to keep awake until the row was finished. Wouldn't that have been a subject for a Photograph, and Jane and the tub and one undergoing polishing for a Chireoscuro?—Rembrandt?

Jane was modesty itself, and properly protected us from the too direct gaze of the finished ones. Dear girl! her arms must have ached with the scrubbing she gave us. By this time the little ones were carried to bed, where you may be sure they slept soundly, and dear Jane tidied the room while we still sat and enjoyed being clean once in the week at least; told stories to each other; perhaps repeating our verses for Sabbath School, for we memorized much of the Bible, or poked moderate fun, for it was Saturday night, at each other. If we became a little noisy, a word from Jane was sufficient. When she had things ready for her own finishing, she cleared us off the table, sometimes with a little slap or two, if we inclined to delay or to be obstreperous. But we knew better than to wake the Baby; and scampering at each other's heels through the lower hall and winding stairs, reached our own apartments breathless, to indulge in some smothered merriment—just from animal spirits—and pretty soon kneeling down said our prayer—

“And now I lay me”—not “prayers”—and so to bed and sleep.

What a good thing this was for the mother and father who had one quiet, free hour after the week’s strain! But we did not think of that. Dear Jane! good angels attended her rest. But next morning for Sabbath School, no matter what rent had been overlooked or neglected, no thought of a needle to repair the deficiencies of the overtaxed week-days. Jane had trained us too well for that. So in God’s sight we felt we were blameless, however far we came lacking to the outward eye; but clean, always clean that day, every stitch.

Mrs. Parke lent Sarah a very interesting story-book to read, “Live and Let Live,” by Maria Edgeworth, I think. Somehow Sarah thought of Jane; but no one said it was given for that purpose.

Jane’s sister married and lived at New Albany, her husband an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and well to do. Jane finally lived with her sister altogether, and there died. She and her sister called on Sarah when she was in New Albany visiting, and invited her to tea. She enjoyed greatly renewing her intercourse with Jane, but suffered a pang seeing how frail she was. But she was exactly the same in manner and spirit; one whom conditions could not change. Jane was not with us on the Farm except when sent for in an emergency, or when on a visit a time or two. It seemed at these times so strange to see Jane sitting at leisure, and plenty of work to be done.

In earlier times she at least accompanied Sarah to

Covenanter Meeting once, some miles out of town. It may have been at Walnut Ridge. The others may have been Father and Mother, and pretty certainly Uncle and Aunt. A company from Salem probably filled a wagon. Sarah did not get sick, as certainly would have been the case in a covered vehicle. It was an interesting, solemn time. It was held, I think, in a grove; there were rude seats, and grand trees arching over the reverent throng. The meeting held as at Bloomington most of the time, *i. e.*, barely time between the two services for a rather hurried repast of cold chicken, I think, bread, a piece of pie and cake, and water from the nearby spring. I am making this up, but I think that was the way; and after the second service the catechism by all the children, "Shorter" they said, at which Sarah gave a gasp, she did not know it very well, and felt abashed. But the older people *could* say the longer—"Larger," and not miss a word!

But there was no criticism, no display, no boasting; we were treated just as cordially as if we were perfect. And the preaching *was* preaching, always is among Covenanters. Heaven, hell, God's sovereignty, the Devil's active malignancy; Christ's complete sacrifice; the Holy Ghost; the Comforter; how black sin was made to appear! how joyful forgiveness! judged by our deeds, and yet our righteousness filthy rags. O, the condescension of God! the infinitude of grace—to the elect! Yet Sarah believes all this, only easier a little.

We had in all examples of truth and honor, and our notions of right and wrong were generally correct and

well-defined, however far we fell short of our own standard. On Mother's side, the Quaker influence—straight, restraining, subduing; on Father's the Covenanter—strict, repelling, exacting. The Law was indeed our Schoolmaster, and I do not remember the time when conscience did not arraign the acts of the day.

We learned the Catechism; we sang Watts' Psalms and Hymns, memorizing many of the more familiar; we recited whole chapters of the Bible. Our religious instruction was imbibed from what we heard in sermons, principally divided between the blessed tidings of Salvation and the thunderbolts of the Law. Pilgrim's Progress was no vain dream to us, no fantasy, but a real bodily contest with a veritable Satan who was after us and wanted us bad, and Sarah at least gathered from the preaching of the day that as God did *not* want us, was in fact as angry as it was possible to be with us, and as we loved doing bad our chances of salvation were extremely small, and yet we held on with desperation. Still we prayed at night and the Lord's prayer in the morning, omitting, *i. e.*, *I* did, the conditional petition about forgiving our enemies. I had no settled enemy, nor was anyone's steadfast enemy, but was in an ebullition of resentment towards some one or other most of the time. This I considered in quite a different category from some other things. I knew it was wrong to disobey and be disrespectful to my Mother; to be quarrelsome with my brothers and sisters and generally disagreeable; to shirk work; to be idle, uncleanly; to leave my clothes unmended, and everything.

For a long time at least, if a visible Sinai had impended over me I could not have realized *my* condition more vividly. I dreamed and trembled, saw Indians in trees, was consumed with terrors by night, and had a fearful looking forward to fiery judgment about to fall by day, and which might any moment. I was afraid of cows going over to Grandpa's, what were their horns made for but to hook with? and of being waylaid. I was mortally afraid of thunder and lightning; of crossing deep water; of going up and down the long, steep, rocky hills; and when there was nothing else there was always Satan, all kinds of evil shapes in the darkness, and God and the Judgment. But I was not afraid of the dark in itself; I thought it beautiful. The glare of the day sometimes pained me; the darkness never.

But I had a fearful looking-forward to the Judgment Day. I have on record that I dreamed about it twelve nights in succession. This seems almost incredible. I speak also of giving one account in a future sketch, and go on to relate an incident bearing upon the subject and connected with my mother. We children were discussing some subject rather warmly, when she standing at the west door, and not paying any attention to us called me. I went and saw all the north in a blaze; a ruddy light pervaded the atmosphere; I felt doom-stricken; the Judgment Day had come; soon, soon we would feel the fervent heat; soon, soon the heavens would roll away, the earth melt, and hell stand revealed. "Isn't it beautiful?" said my Mother, as in an ecstasy. I leaned against the side of the door. "Yes," thought I, "it has

come to pass as has been predicted. I am a lost soul. I have sinned away my day of grace. My Mother will soon be a glorified spirit. Already she begins to rejoice. Already I feel the weight and chill of everlasting banishment from her and heaven. Soon God will call her. Soon he will say to me, 'Depart.' " "Isn't it beautiful?" repeated my Mother. "Yes," said I, thinking, "She never shall know what becomes of me." She called the children. They were delighted. "Going with her," thought I. And how the mistake to me so horrible was corrected I do not remember. The relief was so intense it obliterated with its waves of joy every fearful impress.

It is wonderful the strains mental a child can endure; but more so, if possible, the elasticity with which it recovers each time, and still more the happy-go-lucky ability of almost complete indifference amounting almost to forgetfulness of what has caused its anguish.

There had been perhaps a heated controversy in the Presbyterian Church as to whether Old or New School should have the supremacy. Sarah's Father naturally from his Covenanter pedigree and associations, inclined to the former, and was in some disgust and subsequent coolness when the latter triumphed, and the new order came in, with Watts' rhymed freedoms with the Psalms, and Hymns for the more familiar and sacred Rouse's literal version. For however barbarous some of the turnings into meter, some and much of it was, it was still an authorized metrical rendering of the *exact text*, and not Paraphrases and farther off hints at the original,

which the Reformed Church regarded as unlawful, much in the light of Uzza touching the Ark. One who had his life long heard in family worship twice every day, and at Church, "The Psalms" sung, and whose own father dying repeated —

"The Lord my Shepherd is, He doth my wants supply,
In pastures green he leadeth me, the quiet waters by," etc.,
could not easily forego the inestimable privilege of using *inspired* words in song; and found it still harder to be borne, to have forced upon his unwilling if not outraged ears what he regarded as almost impious meddling with things almost divine. This is Sarah's imagining of how it was, made upon a very few hints and facts. She never heard her father mention the subject, nor her mother. But there were some sweet and wise spirits in the Church who, while they inclined to the new way, naturally wished to heal the breach and worked for harmony. A very celebrated D. D., Dr. Galliger, in high estimation came, and during a noted revival, held the people, young and old, entranced with his powerful and yet familiar way of bringing vividly before them the ancient worthies, and the adroit and convincing lessons he deduced from their lives and times.

The Presbyterian Church was crowded to overflowing night after night. David G. Campbell, the Chief Elder, Father of Prof. John L., of Wabash College, Crawfordsville, was a *very* sweet singer and leader of the choir, and those hymns, "Alas, and did my Savior bleed, and did my sovereign die;" and "Am I a soldier of the Cross, a follower of the Lamb;" and "Shall I fear to

own his cause, or blush to speak his name;" and "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, and cast a wistful eye— (not that Sarah did, only she wished she could)— On Canaan's fair and happy land, where my possessions lie;" and Heber's "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,—Star of the East, the horizon" etc.; and "There is a land of pure delight;" and "I would not live alway"—though Sarah would—were sung with a pathos and sweetness she thinks never surpassed; they melted her heart—

"I can but perish if I go, I am resolved to try,
For if I stay away I know I must forever die,"

and with the resolution, and going forward showing it, her burden went.

David Campbell, as the service concluded, said to the little girl, "We will walk the heavenly way together, Sarah," and no doubt they did, though darkness and storm lowered upon their different paths at times, for each. He, she doubts not, made the port, not so very long after, and she, the experiences of many, many years intervening, confidently expects to, as he, through the merits of the same Savior.

She knew little of doctrine then, save saving grace, in which all agreed. She was not allowed to join the church. Her father who had probably been first approached, said to them coldly, he hardly thought her old enough. Her mother with whom they conversed was moved, but was not willing, admitting it was a disappointment to her, she had hoped to have her oldest daughter with her. But if when she came of age she

should still wish to, she would oppose no further objection. With the decision all had to be content.

Could it have been at such a time Sarah said, "She thanked her stars she was not a Quaker!"

Poor human nature—it dies hard. All its dyings are hard, except sometimes the last.

But Satan got much advantage over her all those days, especially through that temper; and cruel the taunts she endured from her sinister and cruel enemy each time for being so easily overcome.

We went for wild flowers in the Spring upon many a ramble. "Maying" the 1st of May in white dresses, bare neck and arms, *i. e.*, the little girls; and with Bob I. "paw-paw hunting" in the fall, and nutting. Now and then to a lecture at night and to singing classes frequently by day. The Maying was for May apples simply and to wander about in the woods. The May apples were not generally ripe in that latitude by that time, but we took some home with the flowers we gathered. The night occasions were rare, and our going rarer still. Father's "No" was conclusive. What he said or looked we obeyed unquestioning. Mother was more lax and not so fearful for us. So if we wished an indulgence we contrived to get her consent first; "If your Father is willing," and he seldom passed upon her decisions. Some older person would be with us. But in the day-time we could go with little brothers old enough to take care of themselves, and older girl companions.

Once Mary Ann and Ell and Kate Bradley, their nearest neighbor, and Sarah and Bob I. went fishing. It was a 4th of July, and Bob I. wading out into the little stream, mounted a stump therein, and an incipient politician, treated us to an off-hand oration. The stump was old, like many platforms since, and swayed a little as such are apt to do, and we cautioned the coming statesman; but waxing eloquent, he flourished his arms the more, and proceeding as many another, too irrespective of consequences, gave a truly spread-eagle gesture, and toppled over backwards, stump and all! We screamed and screamed. He struggled and sputtered and flounced, but finally, as we were venturing in to help him out—he had boots on, we shoes—the water was rather shallow at the edge, though it all made a tremendous splash—he managed to gain his feet again and make for the shore—(Robert denies the oration.) “Mounted the stump to *fish*.” This was probably the case. “Why did you fall?” “Because the stump was rotten.” But he at least got up on it and either finding no fish, or to start fish with, or we might say *pro-fish-ently*, gave a flourish or two—and result.

I think he scolded us for not coming to his aid, but we had no words of reproach now. Our fishing was over, for he was dripping wet, through and through; so we were not long in taking our homeward way, a mile or two, tearful and trembling from the shock, or rather thoughts of what might have been. As we approached town we consulted with each other, and with Bob—our gallant escort *out*—in the center, one before, Kate, the

tallest, and one behind, Sarah, to wither any curious to tag after us, and his beloved cousins to clasp a hand one on either side, we covered our defeat according to the best military tactics we knew—I think none of us had read Cæsar then, nor knew from hearsay of “the hollow square”—the *hollow* was outside, the center was “hollow-less!”—constituted a very loyal and somewhat efficient body guard.

When we reached Aunt Fanny’s big side gate which opened into a narrow street or alley, Grandma Morrison was there, her white cap-border and strings fluttering in the draft; we burst out afresh—“*bellowed*” says Robert, still in derision—when we saw her. We had no sense of the ridiculous figure we must have presented, or of the humor of the thing, or as we should have, of grateful thanksgiving that no more serious mishap had occurred.

The fact that Bob I. had been nearly drowned still overwhelmed us. Grandma stopped not to parley. She quickly seized her darling boy and made off with him. She said she knew something had happened, for she “had had a *dream*.” Grandma Morrison’s dreams were awe-inspiring. Father said she claimed to have second sight. As it was, we thought Bob would have been drowned if it had not been for Grandma’s prayers. It is quite possible she may have passed the time we were away in prayer.

Grandma Morrison gave hearty daily thanks in her large family for soundness of mind and body and preservation of life and limb; and Father and Mother often expressed their individual sense of thankfulness for the

same, and Father often besides, using the Latin, *Mens sana in corpore sano*, as the one thing to be desired. Also Grandpa and Grandma were in the frequent habit of grateful acknowledgment for divine mercies and protection. A Presbyterian expression of petition was—"from dangers seen and unseen." As in the Episcopal Liturgy, "From sudden death, Good Lord, deliver us."

Of Robert, as has been said his father early made a companion. Talking of national affairs to him when Sarah, listening eagerly, wondered if Robert could really understand him; but he was bright as need be, and never babyish that she can remember. He was always put upon his manliness. "When he would be a man," was frequently said to him. When he fell in the creek he did not shed a tear—too much water already—but was disgusted at all of us "blubbering girls." His Grandmother called him her "little man." When he donned masculine habilaments he clearly felt superior to all femininity.

His father had him go with him when he went to the Legislature—he had gone up with his own horse and buggy—and Robert got himself a situation unknown to Father until secured in the *Sentinel* office. He was so little they thought he could not set type, but they put him on two or three boxes to reach the case and he soon convinced them; but the little fellow got a felon on his thumb and had to give up work, and as the horse had not yet been sold, as had been the intention—the father concluded to send Robert back with the buggy. The journey was made in two days; he therefore had to stop

over night at Columbus at a hotel kept by a man named Jones, probably brother to Aquilla, Robert says. When he came to pay his bill, it was a dollar and a half, the exact amount Father had given him. This left him without anything to pay toll. So when he came to the gate the man refused to let him pass, though he earnestly pledged himself to return it by mail. But "No," the man said, "he'd been fooled before, he wasn't a-gun-to be fooled agin." And Bob said he *must* go on, and turned to take the river; he had gone a few yards when the man came running after him and let him through; he was afraid he would be drowned. Father had been Representative the year before; was Senator now. It was the winter of '49, Bob fourteen years old, and small of his age.

He went on then until he came to the Muscatatack, a treacherous stream. There was a ferry-boat there and men at the mill—on the other side—he called but could not make them hear; and having called until his stock of patience was exhausted, and he feared he would be late getting home, and seeing tracks down to the water's edge ventured in. But on that side the bank is precipitous; no sooner was the start made than they were *in*! The buggy was overflowed in a moment, but the horse began swimming. Bob holding the reins scrambled upon the seat—fortunately the top was down—and it was not long before they were safe out on the other side. Papers and books for the children came swimming in the wake of the buggy, he waded in and secured them. Then, or before, I believe, he let the horse lie down to rest, and

on without further adventure. This will give the impression that he was naturally hardy, but Mother always said he was not of tough fiber, and that his real disposition was timid and retiring. That he was diffident and easily embarrassed, Sarah knows, though he saved himself a good deal by concealing the fact as much as possible. Dear Bob! he is in most respects the same boy yet.

Maria also came near having a very serious accident at the other Grandma's. But she was a self-poised little thing even when, paradoxically speaking, hanging for instance for dear life to the limb of a mulberry tree which she had caught in an unintended and too rapid descent when her foot had slipped; though it is rather unfeeling to speak of *poise*, or "pose" even, in such a juncture most children would have soon let go, not she; she still held on, while her Grandma who had called out, "Don't let go! Maria!" flew up stairs—tossed out one of her nice feather beds, and flying down placed it under her! She was not especially given to climbing as I know of, though she had acquired distinction by an episode Sarah later commemorated in some verse for Minnie. She did not enjoy this story as Sarah, who at this late day cannot tell how much she embellished it. But there was something to start it. (See end of Chap.)

As it had long since become no joke to joke with Maria, it made us smile when long after in Indianapolis, a grateful woman whom she had befriended, gave her a—canary! For a good while she called it "that thing," but as she conscientiously fed and tended it—"not to

hurt the goose's" (the woman's) feelings—for giving it, when everybody knew she despised pets, and besides thought it wicked to keep anything in confinement, but if she would let it out that hateful cat would gobble it; it, not the *cat* who funny enough enlivened some nocturnal hours with a different tune on the roof near Maria's window (fact)—the canary, rewarded her with very sweet singing, to the great delight of Minnie, for whose sake somewhat mollified (no pun intended), our Maria so succeeded in her bird-raising she would let it out in her room for several hours every day, and it could be got back with very little difficulty; indeed, went often at will, never having known freedom. I very much dread the consequence of my inexcusable temerity in giving these anecdotes, but this is a part of Maria I would not have you lose.

You know she did not like cats. One, however, Sarah had bought from a little girl from pity, after becoming plump and a good mouser, was missing for quite a while, and returning in woeful plight, Maria said significantly, "If that cat could speak it could a tale unfold."

NOTE.—My dear Sister—"Our precious Maria has been very ill." She is now on the mend. If she had not recovered, this would never have appeared.

(Written for little Minnie.)

A STORY OF MARIA'S CHILDHOOD, WITH A MORAL
ATTACHED.

Once on a time
Our Maria did climb

Into a high Cherry Tree,
It was some time ago
As I happen to know,
And her years they were twelve, less three.

The cherries were ripe,
And Ria but a type
Of those who can gaily enjoy
The goods gods provide,
Nor care what betide,
So the *present* without alloy.

And poor little thing
It was well on the wing
If pleasure at times she could catch,
For a very slave she
To the younger three,
A mischievous, tyrannous batch.

And it must be confessed
She was sometimes oppressed
By those who were better and older ;
If Anna fell* down,
Or Al tore her gown—
“’Tis Maria’s fault, and scold *her!*”

So the poor little child
Sat up there and smiled
To think how secure from each foe,
She sat there and ate,
And how she *did* hate
The ground and cares below.

*Anna fell down so much Mother had to punish her for it.

Now she sits very still,
Like a bird with its bill
Filled with cherry or goodly worm,
But sudden a cry
Made her inwardly die
And her body quiver and squirm.

[End of part first.]

“Maria! Maria!” ’Twas Anna who called;
But the sly little thing, tho’ truly appalled,
Sat quiet mid branches and leaves,
Tho’ she knew very well
To her pleasure that knell
No secure enjoyment leaves.

A silence fell, and Ria plucked a cherry
And tried to be merry
Eating and eating her fill;
But who to the tree
Should hasten and see
Her sitting up there so still?

Little Alice, the torment,
Not without warrant—
“I see you! See me?
Come out of that tree!”
“Go home! You’re a varmint!”
Said Ria, “It’s a *bear*, not me!”

Then Alice sped back
Nor her running did slack
’Till safely within the door:—

“Naughty Ria’s in the tree,
And she says ‘it ain’t me,
But a *bear!*’ and she said it before!”
“What a child!” said the mother,
“And here is her brother
Crying as never to stop!”
Then up rose the father—
“I think I can rather
Make her down from the tree quick hop!”

Now the Ria in her heart
Had thought she *would* start,
“But a cherry more!” said she,
And the father’s now come
And her heart it is dumb
And she quakes high up in the tree.

“Ma-ri-a! bad child!”
Said the father, mild,
“Can it be *you* I see?
Come im-me-diatly down from the tree!”
Ria murmured a desperate “No Siree!”
But thought, “I wish it wasn’t me!”

“What is it I hear?”
And the father looked queer—
“Do you see this rod in my hand?”
“It’s all I see clear,
To venture too near—
What you might do I don’t understand!”

But aloud she said “Don’t!”
And she added, “I won’t!”

At the end of his wits
He picked up some bits,
This mild-mannered man:
And Ria in a fright
To a limb held tight,
And felt as if leading a van!

But worse than afraid
She saw Len Wade
Approaching that very spot!
Now he was her "beau"—
'Twas a *dreadful* blow
That he should see she was "got!"

Can she trust to her eyes?
O, relief and surprise!
The father walks softly away!—
Len's eyes to her perch do not stray.
Ria quickly descended,
And the story is ended.

(Moral.)

The moral is this:
'Tis a pity to miss
By sipping too long at a pleasure;
'Twere well to endeavor—
For it lasts not forever,
To mark an extent to its measure.

For if long satisfaction,
Some daddy-exaction

Or imp will disastrously end it,
Unless, as is told in my story,
One happens to come off in glory
Because the prince comes who can mend it!

NOTE.—Aunt Jo and Mrs. Lyons (Martha) happened to hear this and laughed heartily at it.)

CHAPTER XI.

TO GRANDMA PARKE'S—THE PUBLIC SQUARE—AUNT FANNY'S—COUSIN LIZ'S BEAU—MARY ANN AND ELL—DISPOSITIONS—SARAH'S OUTWARD TRIBULATIONS—MORE READING—THE WADES—MUSIC.

Sarah called frequently at her Grandma Parke's as long as she lived. Mrs. Parke lived, at least latterly, entirely in the upper part of her own house. Mrs. Jane Banta taking care of it and her, and living below. Mrs. Banta was Sarah's Sabbath School teacher—after Lizzie Bradley's marriage. Was a truly good woman. Sarah, after much teaching away, had a little private school in one of Mrs. Banta's down stairs rooms. It numbered perhaps twenty, and included besides her own little brothers, Mary Reid, niece of Ada's, and of superior mind manifested even then; and Ella Lyon and Helen Parin; lovely girls all. Mary was very intellectual-looking; Ella and Helen acknowledged beauties soon. Helen, a beauteous rose, died in the prime of young womanhood. The others married—Mary, Mr. Smead; and Ella, Mr. Baynes. The school was in the time of the civil war, and to fill those days of gloom and sad suspense. Sarah cannot recall all besides who attended; certainly Mrs.

Banta's two little nieces, Mary and Effie. All were good children, and to these mentioned Sarah became especially attached. She gave Effie, who was perhaps the youngest, a doll; helped dress it, and had Effie write a letter to it which is still extant. She has understood Effie has become quite a literary success.

The letter is given in this connection, as the school may not be referred to again.

The letter is in a longish envelope inscribed:

“Miss Sarah Jane, Salem, Ind.”

(Within), “Salem, Ind., April 11, 1862.

My Dear Sarah Jane—I love my Dolly her cheeks are red as roses—I thought pussey and my big rag doll were sweeter and gooder than anything else but they are nothing to you my Dolly. You're my sweet pet. The sweetest pet I've got. I thought my Rabbits were sweet and my candies were sweet but they are not as sweet as my Dolly. I want to get some little beads for my sweet pet. My sweet pet has got black gaiters on her feet and black hair. She has a nice dress on. I thought I would name her after my Teacher and Aunt and thought maybe they would get her a new dress. I want to get her a little collar for my sweet pet to wear. I feel lonely without my sweet little pet in school. I want a little chair for her to sit in. I wish I had a little straw hat all trimmed in ribbons and flowers for my little pet. I reckon Dolly feels lonesome when I aint with her. She

has pretty black eyes and when I go to bed I bid her good night. At Recess I go and look in the box and see my sweet little pet. Every night and morning I get my sweet pet out to play. I wish I had a little bedstead for my Dolly to lay on. I wish I had a little rocking chair for her to sit in. I wish I had a little cloak for you sweet pet. I wish my sweet pet could talk. I wish my sweet pet could walk. I wish pettie you had another little dress. I wish you could sew, my sweet pet. I love you sweet pet. I wish your hair could curl sweet pet tolerable long so I could curl it.

Good by

My sweet pet,

EFFIE."

(Exact dictation.)

The little thing wasn't conscious she was doing anything remarkable. I think it is worth all the money I got. You ought to see my beauteous penmanship—then!

Mrs. Parke's house was on Main, about half-way between ours and Aunt Fanny's, which was at the southwest corner of the Square; ours about a half a mile north, and two or three squares east; so there were two ways or three of going down town—over the little hill in front of the Institute, or to the right down the street, or farther on to Main.

Salem was laid out in the old style of the Court House in the center of the Public Square; merchants' stores and shops, grocers and drug-stores, etc., facing each way. But instead of four streets crossing each

other at right angles as at B., in Salem the Court House itself was the center of bi-section, Main and another wide street being at right angles; so that the Square was closer, *i. e.*, much smaller; the openings at the sides being narrow streets, equivalent to alleys—terminating in the sidewalks around the Square. This closer arrangement had the effect of making the Square appear more conspicuous as easily seen at a glance, and also its chief object, the Court House.

It was something of an ordeal—and is yet, to pass from one side of the Public Square to the other, or around; and yet Sarah and her Cousin Ell carried their big rag dolls nonchalantly back and forth, to and from their respective homes, even when they were pretty big girls themselves.

Col. Carter, a Virginia gentleman and widower with one little daughter came to Salem in early times; became Clerk of the Court and married (all as we have seen) Fanny Morrison. His premature death left her an inconsolable widow with two little girls, besides the little stepdaughter, Lizzie. The house was theirs fortunately, but very little indeed besides. The Clerk's salary had been good. Col. Carter was in his prime. They had lived lavishly. Who in health expects fever and death? Fever, dreadful word then! with blood-letting, strong medicines and stint of cold water.

I cannot say whether Col. Carter built the house or not; but think it probable, as it was different from any others and picturesque, after you got in, though I knew nothing of such a term then. There were two front

doors opening directly upon the street, which seemed very public to me, and matter of fact enough. One door had a short flight of steps running up to it; the other only one. The rooms were not on a continuous floor—probably the ground not permitting—but had their little corresponding flight of inside steps between. This seemed very odd. Grandma Morrison's smaller room, while she lived, was just back of the lower one, and I think there was an entrance, private, to the basement that way; also in an obscure corner to an open upper porch by similar little steps already described. From the upper room at its back, a door led to this long porch, or *balcony* I should say, that is what it was, extending across the rear of the house with an open corresponding court below; the latter paved. All the flooring was even above. Cousin Lizzie's room was a nice large one over the upper sitting room or parlor. A long flight of stairs conducted from the second floor to the lower court and pretty garden. I think perhaps the style was Virginian; Southern at any rate, for Cousin Lizzie's house in Sacramento was somewhat in the same style, though not with the floors as described, but the lower court. The yard gate opened out here at one end, where Grandma Morrison received our dripping hero from the fishing expedition. At the other end near, were the steps between Aunt Fanny's and Bradley's, and their famous well with "the old oaken bucket;" though an iron chain let one down as another was drawn up. Judge Parke's had such another, *outside* their fence that the public might

use, and so deep were both these they never went dry in a place often afflicted grievously with droughts.

Most of us know Uncle Robert Morris deeded his Oak Woods Springs to Salem. The water is piped in several miles, or is it only a mile or two? Two and a half perhaps.

Col. Carter did not know his wife would cook in that rather dark kitchen and work in that little garden; but so it was in an inscrutable Providence. I never saw her smile, except as in momentary forgetfulness of her bereavement and hard fate. And still her expression was naturally pleasant. But she was a resolute woman and addressed herself without unnecessary ado to her lot. Lizzie, her stepdaughter, should (still) be a lady as much as possible, as if her father were living; not idle, not helpless, but free from drudgery. For herself there were but two independent occupations at that time open to her, a woman, with two little girls to support—sewing and taking boarders. She was too active and probably too rebellious for the quieter, and by some considered more ladylike occupation of sewing. It would have driven her wild to have that familiar contact with all sorts of persons, she who wished to see no one evermore. And the kind of boarders—not those of either sex who would be lolling about the house, peering into her grief and necessities; but business men of such reputation that they would be both out of the way and still a sort of safeguard, not that she required any, but for her children to wait upon at the table. Such were easily secured, probably without effort on her part. She did

not lodge them. She had a natural aptitude for what she undertook. Her cooking was unrivalled—not fancy cooking as nowadays when you cannot tell what the original was, it is so done up and done over; but everything just right; plentiful, nothing superfluous; nice, delicate where required. Practice made perfect. She had probably an hour's work in her garden before any one was up, and in the cool of the evening again. She wore for work dark blue chintz with a little white dot or bar, but never appeared in anything but black above stairs, when she wore a pretty cap and sat with some light sewing; I think perhaps always in her lower room, the other was more open and public. She had one intimate friend and neighbor, Mrs. Bradley, a most admirable, large-hearted woman with a great family of children. Maria, the oldest, was one of Cousin Lizzie's chief friends, and as she, one of the early Institute girls. She was of fine intellectual powers and agreeable in every way. She married Mr. Wilson. They had one child, Mary, who was at Glendale some time, and whom Sarah met there once; a young lady who impressed her as having quiet, reserve force.

Of the boys, Cousin Lizzie said George (I believe) the oldest, spoke of the happiness literary acquirements conferred upon the possessor. He remained a bachelor, and had his mother with him after the father's death. I think they lived in Washington. Will, the youngest son, was a chubby fellow, good humored, but capable. His wife was *swept off a vessel* on river or sea I suppose, by the coil of a rope—getting entangled. He cared for

his little daughter in most motherly way. Morry (Morrison) was named for Father; he was rather diminutive. George was tall, handsome, like his father in those respects, and perhaps in retiring disposition, and such was Morry's. Sarah had a little conversation with the latter, was it in the first Prohibition Convention at Indianapolis when she went—Delegate from Bloomington? having been converted at Martinsville by the treatment she received from those who would have "not a word against the old parties," though kind in other respects, except failing to meet her; perhaps the fame of her radicalism having preceded her: (This is the best fame to have.) Her cousins, though unknown, found her, a son of Cousin Emily Huff's and wife; so she came off in flying colors, though she don't think her address was much, with her badge pinned on, and so went up to the P. O. at B., when some one she passed said, "That's right!"

Will was voluble, like his mother, needing expression, though she was not that either. When she lost two beautiful little girls within a few weeks of each other, I heard; perhaps from Mother who most probably heard it from Aunt Fanny's; she said she felt she wanted "to get into the woods and *howl*." This made a vivid impression upon my mind, she was so ladylike and sweet and sensible a woman. Terrible, I thought, must be a mother's grief. I remember once when Mrs. Bradley visited Salem and called at our house on Cousin Lizzie, who was then visiting us (from California), speaking of some one's nice ways, she said "she made the *daintiest* bed." I repeated this; and to whom ever, Cousin Liz-

zie perhaps, she said that *was* praise, for if anyone could make a daintier bed than Mrs. Bradley she would like to see it. She thought, evidently, her housekeeping could not be surpassed. This has been a digression, but they were in former times connected with our family, (Vols. I and II), and the most intimate associates of Aunt Fanny's. Mrs. Bradley died in a good old age. Most of her family I suppose gone, Maria long ago.

Kate, our companion, was the oldest daughter at home after Lizzie's marriage. I think she married and died early. Kate's mother would call her, if for any reason she stayed over night at Aunt Fanny's, "Kath-a-rine! Kath-a-rine!" to which partly awaked from sleep, she would reply, "Yes, Ma'am! up and a-dress'n!"

Carter Cousins.—Our Lizzie did the sewing in her family and became rather expert, finding enough to do among her intimates to keep her busy. The little cousins, Mary Ann and Ell, carried things up and down the stairs, and helped about the table generally. Lizzie took charge of the upper floor, and thus it went on; but O, that under-current of the mother's unreconciled woe! It is not right, God frowns upon it.

The family did not eat with the gentlemen; but they were in the upper sitting room a little while before and after meals, and all very pleasant.

About earlier times, Cousin Lizzie wrote of her childhood, calling it a blank—*she* to become the universally capable and all beloved!

Would you think from what is written Aunt Fanny paraded her grief and wept and talked? Not a word of

it. Still water runs deep. She did not give herself as I know of the relief of a tear, after the first wild breakdown. She became outwardly and inwardly stoical, avoided her friends; just held her way, without gratification in any thing she did. To take care of her children independently was her whole object in life, of living. Without them she would not have lived. But she had to leave them at the last. She did by Cousin Lizzie in this respect exactly as if she had been her own daughter —wouldn't let her marry; and Lizzie though of age was obedient, though many thought it would have been better. I think it came about in this way: The gentlemen all ate at the same time together as was the custom then. Among them were the Forsey brothers, merchants, brothers to Mrs. D. G. Campbell; another was Dr. Berkey, *the* dentist; rather elderly, fastidious gentlemen, these were. But Cousin Liz was a very attractive young lady. Sarah remembers Dr. Berkey how he both filled and *filed* her teeth.

There was a large table full—twelve I suppose; Tanner, as he was always called, was I think one of them, and being young and handsome and somewhat beyond common, easily outdistanced some others who would have been glad to be suitor to the now young lady of the house. Lizzie besides being generally popular had many special admirers. But with this young Englishman she became desperately in love. But Fanny would not consent. The English were not then liked by their Scotch-Irish kindred, and Cousin Liz and her lover were the interest and commiseration of the town.

She had beautiful creamy complexion and soft, glossy, dark hair, generally, as her husband in California said, "in a rich disorder." When all were older, the step-sister, Lizzie, was larger than Mary Ann, who in her turn was larger than Ell. Lizzie's features were generous, not too prominent—pleasing. The younger sisters had unbounded love and respect for her; and first inspired by their devotion, and next by genuine admiration for her rare and lovely character, I also loved her as an angel of goodness. She was not as intellectual as Maria Bradley, but was admirably balanced, with soft manners and voice, the winning Southern way. Her love affairs interested us as well as others, as she did not parade them looking woe-begone or mope. And in her finery generally, always the wardrobe of a lady, we personated herself or any heroine we read or heard about. She was too good-natured altogether. She did not seem to mind, though they, Mary Ann, Ell and Sarah, trailed her beautiful dresses over the carpets, donned her bonnets and gauzes and ribbons, and acted to their hearts' content. The only thing she seemed to have desired was that their hands should be clean; and they were careful after a fashion, though they all tore imaginary passions to tatters. But how good-natured she was, and careless of her possessions. The little sisters as we have seen were devoted to her, of course, and considered her a superior being—a little beyond human; Mary Ann declaring one day when all three were laughing about some one who thought she knew the ways of good society offering us her tooth brush!—that she "would not be

willing to use any one's in the world except Liz Carter's," if needful; she "considered her mouth as clean as her own!" Sarah thought what it must be to have such an older sister. But her young Aunt Joanna was that to her, when with her.

And though Cousin Liz was so very indulgent, and let us make free with all her fine things from gowns to trinkets, and play in her room, there was rather a strict regime, and I was not encouraged to be there overmuch. Religious differences also were then, as has been said, much more marked than now. Mother was decidedly Quaker, and that fact seemed to set me apart in some uncomfortable sense. Ell was a beauty and a pet and general favorite. I was in rather unfavorable contrast, and was shy and awkward. They had all the company they needed. The Bradleys, very intimate, were next door neighbors and there was a house full of them, and Kate was a big girl, older I believe, but near Mary Ann's age. I think probably I was considered as having rather a bad disposition, and I know I could not have been presentable always, or often, for there were so many children of us, and only Ell and Mary Ann there, and Cousin Liz to help them and nobody to help me, *i. e.*, at all exclusively.

And there was more constraint at Aunt Fanny's necessarily, or of a different kind, and we could not go there so much. Perhaps Mother did not encourage it as Aunt Fanny had to be very busy, and neither she nor Father would wish her imposed upon. She had her children well in hand, they were held up as a model to

us—perhaps chiefly by our own consciences, and probably because they were so obedient and right in every way.

Some funny stories were, however, told about Cousin Mary Ann's childhood when a very spoiled little one. She had been indulged excessively. Her weaning was a terrific affair. She terrorized the household, roused the neighborhood, and drove her mother wild. Finally, the only way she could be placated was by an indispensable article in culinary affairs, in common parlance sometimes denominated a "*rag*." I think the discovery was by accident. That driven to an extremity by her screaming, her mother having it in her hand, had stopped her mouth with it! In an added rage she had tried to tear it with her teeth, and finding it appetizing, held to it after that. "It had to be greasy*, too," Aunty said. So you may know a new difficulty arose—to keep the domestic supply equal to the demand. Fortunately, owing to her mother's nice and orderly ways, she got nothing but what was wholesome, though perhaps not always suited to her years. But though outrageous, it must have been a boon at the time to her mother, in a fair way to distraction.

Children remember effects often when they quite forget the cause. Sarah remembers someone who was a quiet, ladylike person suddenly *boxing* a pretty child's ears upon some occasion, and saying, Sarah's Father ought to know what a bad girl *she* had been. But she cannot

* If Sarah were spelling this word it would be *greezy*. Isn't that more *unctuous*?

recall the circumstance, she was so shocked at the scene. And someone else, too, said gravely, "Sarah's father ought to know," but Sarah thinks he never did, whatever heinous crime it was. Her father knew very little about her during those days. She remembers she thought he considered her a disagreeable child, and a dunce who disgraced him.

Ell inherited all the constant sunshine. It was so easy for the pretty child to be good. Mary Ann was dark, her hair very thick, wavy, a dark brown; her nose a little upturned, her brow often troubled, really corrugated; her tears very near the surface and often flowing, but her laugh also, quick to burst forth, was the merriest ripple. "Poor Mary Ann, she always looks on the dark side," was a common saying. Ell's beautiful auburn curls hung down her back and clustered about her fair, oval face. She was slender, and graceful in movement, one of the universal favorites. She sang well and had pretty ways, a naturally good child; the special pet of Cousin Liz. A child's disposition indeed! as if its mind had been plastic and poured into a mold became fixed in a certain way. That is the process I know, only slow, and partly one's own fault, when old enough to correct tendencies.

Sarah, besides having a "disposition" and being often if not generally otherwise untidy, had a real difficulty—her hair so very thick and hard to manage. After her sickness it came in really curly, which she considered a great boon, for there was nothing in those days equal to curly hair. But she found her trouble increased, for

curls were to be smooth, too. Then for a while we wore nets. Mother made beautiful silk ones. The cord to mine unless very tight wouldn't stay at all. Others had no trouble. Girls in school would have a ribbon or rubber cord, and wear them loose, but mine had to be drawn as tight as it possibly could be and then was often slipping off. It was the greatest trouble in the world, and I have no doubt in part caused the headaches from which I suffered much of my life. If the fashion changed and my hair was plaited, while other girls' heads shone, and their neat braids hung at various lengths and thicknesses, mine would have little hairs curling all along its length, making it look like a huge caterpillar or frowzy rope, only different in color, but I did not then know its color was beautiful, so I was without comfort. My Cousin Ell invariably wore hers in long curls. It was redder than mine and curled more evenly, mine was simply unmanageable by any of the arts known to us then. Sometimes it was shingled, but I think that was later. As it grew very fast and was not shingled very close—that would have “looked like a boy's”—it made little curls all over my head. I wore it this way at different times in my teens and younger, generally. It was the easiest way perhaps, but the getting it cut was the trouble, I did it myself sometimes. It showed the shape of my head which dear Kate Pond (Williams?) called beautiful. That was at Mt. Holyoke, and when I was old enough not to care for it only as the approbation of her affection. My hair was, I think, when I wore it curled, another source of ill health; for as I could not

manage it at all without soaking it in water—unless when it was cropped, it retained some dampness necessarily for some length of time no matter how hot-headed I was, and I suffered much from the chilliness induced both directly and indirectly, much more I have no doubt than I knew. I was not able to “do it,” *i. e.*, dress it. I can remember now how it made my arms ache to get those tangles out, and how in despair I used to break it in my efforts and let it go half done.

Bob I. of course had no such difficulty. First, his was straight; second, it wasn't so thick; third, he was a boy, and after a little it was kept cut, had to be, he being a boy. No one thought then of making hair rough or frizzled or wearing it otherwise than well off the forehead, so father's term of reproach about it, “Sarah's forehead like the gable end of a house,” was a grievous one.

At the back of the Book will be found an effusion (?) of my youthful genius upon the subject*. Though possibly exaggerated, it presents a whimsical view of the real condition of affairs; better in respect of fact—I will not pass on the versification—than I could now.

Before the discovery of the sewing machine, that blessing and bane to woman's life, once Cousin Mary and Ell and Maria probably, were taking a survey of Sarah's wardrobe in anticipation of one of their “parties,” perhaps the first, as they called their little informal social

* Left for Vol. IV, where it comes in better place as a school “composition.”

functions. Sarah was still a child in appearance, ways and feeling, but her cousins, three and nearly two years older, and Lizzie who was very judicious, probably thought a little company would be good for them all and help Sarah, who had never been out at night. She was really too awkward and backward for a girl of her age, and her parents could hardly refuse to let her go there — though her father did make some cold objection. But her mother was wiser in that matter and her consent had been obtained beforehand. And as garment after garment was exhibited in various stages of unfitness and irreparableness, Ell summed up the whole in the words, "I'd throw all these away, Sallie, and get a new set." Very good advice indeed if Sallie knew how the where-withal was to be obtained, for the idea of asking her father for money was quite beyond her thoughts; or even her mother, who had perhaps impressed more deeply than she had intended the scarcity of the general fund and the many ways to use it up.

We had gotten into a habit of talking what we called "country gouger," as we called it—I do not know from what source. As for instance when at that first little party, a considerable time after Aunt Fanny's death, Sarah in something white made from something of her mother's, and surprised when she got to her cousins to find Ell not similarly attired, though in a new chintz, and asking the reason, Ell whispered back, "those" or "them" possibly, that "*bare* (have) parties don't dress;" so Sarah for once was attired finer than her cousins. It probably had been Lizzie's suggestion to the little girls to give her confi-

dence; but we finally dropped that mode of speaking among ourselves, perhaps thinking it might be taken personally by some, though we meant no harm. My remembrance is Aunt Fanny had peremptorily forbade it, threatening to punish her children if she heard it again. Habit is difficult to break. Ell meant no dishonor to her mother, and wishing to put Sarah at her ease, thought whispering it might do once, or she might have forgotten.

As Sarah was now a great girl—almost grown in fact but still in short dresses, in all probability Catherine wisely concluded to leave her in this respect—of dress, a good deal to her own devices, only a very little money at stated times would have been a great thing. Catherine's own burdens had greatly and rapidly increased. It was impossible for her to keep pace with the rapid growth of her little flock, though she was a very skillful needlewoman. She had given Sarah a thimble so far back S. can scarcely remember it, to encourage the use of her right hand. She had before Sarah's memory bound her left hand, sewed it up finally in a kid glove—which Sarah ate off—and tried various expedients to make her right-handed. She only partially succeeded. Sarah learned to use the needle in her right hand at the same time she wore the bright little thimble. She always sewed that way "in company," or if anyone saw her; for she was very sensitive about being left-handed; but she kept the offending member in practice, too. A singular thing was developed which may be interesting in child-study. The stitch with her more laborious, painstaking right hand, was a close, small one adapted especially for hem-

ming, while with the easier, free left-hand, a longer running stitch was more natural. This distinction has continued through life; only she sews more with the left than when she was prouder, *i. e.*, more sensitive, but changes still, if on any account desirable, as of yore. She finally became with her needle all her mother perhaps could have desired. Her mother had told her of a piece of darning on exhibition at Westtown, a round piece cut out, and halved, and then replaced with exquisite stitches. The lesson was not well received by Sarah, whose very youthful mind dwelt upon the apparent uselessness of the performance with consequent waste of time. But for a long time the sewing was poor work, fitfully or hurriedly and bunglingly done.

Her mother had not the make-up of a teacher. She would show Sarah if she came to her, but Sarah had to learn, from a great deal of poor work which had to be taken out (ripped again sometimes)—to be more careful. Many the pricks she received from her needle; many the tears she shed over what seemed to her impossible tasks. She did not know the time would finally come when she would stitch her father's shirt-bosoms and gather the sleeves into the wrist-bands, counting the threads, as the custom was, in either case, between. That she would help her mother with little dresses, and that her then too often lugubrious occupation would become a pleasure, and that in speed she should outstrip all others about her. She did not know as she ruthfully contemplated the disordered heap of her "things," and perhaps the Sabbath near at hand, and the calamity of

“nothing to wear” pressed sore, that in a visit she should make in her teaching days, her hostess would ask pardon for looking at the sewing of a very fine chintz dress—in war times that cost 75 cents a yard—it was shiny like silk and stiff as buckram, for the sewing had attracted her eye. As she turned over the dress she asked, “who did that gathering?” “I,” said Sarah; “I made it.” The lady looked some more, and finally yielding it said, “I never saw such sewing before!” Sarah had gone from one extreme to the other, of abjectness to finicalness. When they finally had a sewing machine, Sarah being then a hard student—(it never has amounted to anything!)—her mother told her she would rather she would not learn. She bent over her books too much as it was, and sewed so easily, any thing else she needed her sisters could do for her. So it turned out that the painstaking Maria became the chief one at the machine—(they were not so perfect as now)—Sarah doing the necessary basting and finishing-off work, button holes, etc., thus mutually assisting each other. But Sarah learned the machine, *i. e.*, to do plain work lately—Alice skillfully teaching her, having said she could learn as well as not.

Sarah’s reading kept on apace; her schooling so-so. She writes, I read papers and learned to devour stories. I do not remember of much active pleasure, though I had playing; running in the air; going to Grandpa’s; to Sunday—“Sabbath School;” out to Friends’ and Quaker

Meeting; to Aunt Fanny's occasionally; to Aunt Betsey's daily, these were about all I had.

But her mate at school, Jo Gordon—lent her a volume of Arabian Nights. She had read "Children of the Abbey," "Paul and Virginia," "The Scottish Chiefs and Sir William Wallace," and later "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and "Gulliver's Travels" with which she was disgusted, not perceiving the satire; Goldsmith—"Vicar of Wakefield," with great zest, and dipped into those other, "The Bee," and "Traveler." We studied his "History of Animated Nature," with Miss Wade, I think. But of all the books, what were all of them to these wonderful Tales? When I was deep in it Mother looked in it. The mother for once in her life seemed to take on some of the Puritanism of the other side of the house. She, however, suspended judgment until the father came in, when she showed the book to her husband, with the question was it suitable for Sarah? Whose answer was, after glancing into it a little, to reach up to the top of a green closet in their private apartment, and place it safely out of reach! He was six feet tall and stood on his tip-toes, reaching a long arm up. "I can never get it," thought Sarah. I may have been in the midst of Aladdin's story; and whether she *could* or could *not* resist the temptation—when opportunity offered—she climbed on the bedstead and post! and at considerable risk brought it down; when she had read all she could, she climbed again and placed it back. This she continued.

S. did not reason much about it; had some qualms of conscience, but thought after all no harm was done. She

kept her fealty to her father by saying to herself, "If he knew, he would be willing, but I could never explain to him;" poor, unhappy child.

Another book mentioned, afforded her great delight—*The Scottish Chiefs*—indeed two, *Sir William Wallace* she liked extremely, but she could not excuse his second marriage. But "*Thaddeus of Warsaw*," the courtly "*Thaddeus*," was without flaw. She read all of these at exactly the right time, when the growing mind craves the marvelous, the emotional, and is still oblivious to much that comes to be understood afterwards. Her school life had not been thus far a success. She had to work some, but it was at a disadvantage. She was not stout, and growing. Reading was a great solace, a panacea for all ills, for the time.

A square piano as the *Grand* were called was bought, upon which Sarah's father said her long fingers might find occupation more agreeable than the occasional dish washing, she was called in the scarcity of domestic help, to assist at—an employment he knew she particularly detested. His remark was very pleasing to Sarah's general vanity, though she had none respecting her fingers or her person or any feature, for she never heard in childhood one observation that would lead her to any personal vanity respecting appearance. What was it then? She could not have given a reason. She needed both precept and example, discipline also. She somehow imagined she should be favored, or rather excused from manual

effort. Her father did not do manual labor, nor her mother often. Teaching and sewing and care of children and persons and things—for grown people was not work in her estimation—to make other people do, she thought not work. It must have been that. She intended to teach. She did not reflect how essential to that end some learning! Though she would have seen, if some one had put the two things together, the comicality of a *dunce* teaching! So respecting her fingers—piano-playing, she fancied all play, but soon found far different when finally an English lady*, somewhat in the capacity of a governess, was engaged to look a little more particularly after the children's education than had been hitherto attempted. Miss W. taught us a little music and a little French. I was not really put to it, and accomplished but little. Her family finally came on and lived in Salem, occupying Aunt Fanny's house which now, long after her death, was rented. She and her sister eventually taught quite a little school, but the piano—"forte," they said, and French, "The French Language" were the most.

The sister was a very bright, attractive girl; the mother, a lady of manners polished after the old regime. There was also an invalid sister, but also ladylike and an agreeable character. We learned to understand a little, as the Wades spoke in French when they wished in the family. Sarah noticed the mother's French was different, and asked, and Isabella said it was "Court French,"

* Miss Isabella Wade.

but did not explain further—older perhaps. Finally, a brother put in an appearance. He fascinated us by his playing better than Isabella's, rollicking sea airs. Sarah and Maria learned some quicksteps and marches and waltzes and polkas, if they all had come in at that time.

Our teacher was a lovable girl, very kind and patient; too much so perhaps; but I remember when we would not eat some rice when mother was ill, which *she* in an emergency had probably prepared, she said, "If I were your mamma, you should have nothing until you *did* eat it!" Boston tea tax was nothing to the ferment in our outraged minds. What! make us eat what we did not like? We were against sumptuary laws.

The Wades had a dogess, and funny and different indeed were their ways compared with ours. We understood when Gramachree had added to her family. This was announced in our presence, Fanny joyfully proclaiming it in French. But as it had been an open subject of expectation for some time previous, we did not have to be very erudite French scholars when she began with "chen," and her excited countenance to know her meaning. They would go through the town with that dog, and I don't know how many pups and others at their heels. We, at least I, and as many little sisters and brothers as I could imbue with proper feeling, regarded the canine procession with abhorrence. And yet I was wrong. We needed judicious teaching.

Sarah taught and the other sisters went to school at Glendale, Ohio, where they took lessons of Madam Rive, mother of the famous pianist Julia Rive King, who was

a very sweet singer indeed. Her voice was said to have a Jenny Lind quality, and of her sister, Madam Kitchel, then Mademoiselle Hattie Staub, who taught younger pupils, Anna among them, and developed her voice which we had never known before as anything remarkable, and *hers* (Anna's) was said by Madame to be the most like Jenny Lind's of any pupil ever under her direction. Father once—in his final invalid state—said of Annie's singing, that it was "delicious." But Annie always perversely refused the ordinary praise, her other gift, painting, being the one she set more store by. She composed a popular piece during the civil war, air as well as words, which was set to music by a friend of ours in Peters Co., Louisville, Ky., who made something at it.

We are all invited to the 50th Glendale anniversary.

Maria's touch upon the piano had a peculiar depth and richness, *i. e.*, with the rich cords she played for a good while after in sacred music. Alice developed a more airy touch than any, and greater facility still continuing; though Frank has perhaps as great, or greater gift of performance than any. Sarah's music came to—nothing! Ada's brother, her dear friend, once when she used the young lady's trite expression, "I can't play," said with his sweet kindness, extenuating her willfulness before their young companions, "Sallie has music in her soul, I know." It was by his dear intuition, for "Sallie" was only frostily kind to him, if such a thing can be.

CHAPTER XII.

VISITING AMONG FRIENDS—BLUE RIVER SCHOOL—SOME INCIDENTS—JOSHUA TRUEBLOOD'S DIARY AND LOVE LETTER.

Robert and Sarah always accompanied each other when the going was to Uncle Nathan's, *i. e.*, walking. This was generally in the beautiful Indian Summer weather, for that was nutting time, and getting the nuts was Robert's business, which he attended to very well. Elizabeth's boys, John and Nate and Charlie, always being with us under the trees on the low ground bordering the public road, and helping in every way. Maria was sometimes along, too, but it was not girls' work to get the hulls off, and while they played about among the leaves, perhaps helping some in getting the piles of nuts together, the boys really tugged at the business. Elizabeth's boys were the best of boys, gentle, manly, yet full of spirits, and Catherine loved to have her children with them, while they were pleased to have us come and considered it a treat to help us, and could never do enough for their little girl cousins, or indeed any.

Uncle Nathan's was an earthly paradise indeed. We wound round the long hill in front and came up that

way; or more frequently from the other road leading to the Meeting, when we came through the woodland by the big gate near the Hicksite Meeting-house and on a circuitous round past the barn. And generally there was a courtly gentleman in snuff-colored broad-cloth suit, sitting in the sun, his eyes shaded by his broad brim, his cane in his hand. He would rise as we approached; come to open the yard gate if no one else was before him, and give us all and each his cordial, gentle greeting, a warm hand-pressure and kiss. Then Aunt Patience would appear, smoothing down her apron often of black silk, if not at the outside door, within, with her cordial, gentle welcome, and "old" Aunt Mary coming from her room with her serene, gentle bearing and welcome, and Cousins Elizabeth and Joseph, lady and gentleman each of them, gentle and cordial, and Mary Ann, gentlest of all, and bustling but still gentle Margaret, and the three boys (Elizabeth's); and after Mary Ann was married, her husband, too modest Sarah thought for a man, but mother said not, and Margaret's husband—though that was later, and they went to Canton to live—all, no matter who we were, Father and Mother and Sarah; or Grandpa and Grandma and Sarah; or young Aunts and Sarah; or we children; Sarah was always going to Uncle Nathan's, always finding it heavenly there. Never there was heard a complaining word, a fault-finding expression, but love pure, benign, free-flowing heavenly love evermore.

We must have tried them, we children, for we went for nuts, stayed all day, ate voraciously, took all we could

carry*; left the burden of nuts for others to bring; brought nothing of consequence there; got ourselves brushed, washed and rested; sat on that beautiful southern piazza; drank from the cool water at the other end of the porch, which stretched quite across; faced the noble hills beyond the winding sunken road; breathed the sweet, pure air playing about the large yard with the cypress growing in its midst; and were loathe to leave when the declining sun told us we must. And all the time the three boys waited upon us at work and play and refreshment and rest. They were all angels of goodness from old to young. Is it strange Sarah's heart inclined to Quakerism, found its rest there?

Once she was over-night visiting her friend, Martha Albertson's daughter, Elizabeth. There was sweet peace here, too. Martha was a noble Quaker woman; a Deborah, with the throat and poise of an orator. O yes! a preacher. She asked Sarah some question; it came naturally, but forgotten now, one of those deep, searching ones, and still perfectly well-bred and very gentle, that clings to the memory like the fragrance of rose-leaves. It did not require an answer. But she would not let Elizabeth visit at Sarah's, "because"—it was understood—"they had a piano." The girls did not discuss the decision. Sarah perhaps laughed it off at home. But she had a keen appreciation of Martha's spiritual power, though at home she could make light of her prejudice, and knew very well the piano was a legiti-

**i. e.*, home, any thing from the table, or garden, or orchard, or yard.

mate excuse to keep E. in ignorance of what Martha considered the contaminating influence of "the world," a great deal of which was thought to be in the atmosphere of Sarah's home and surroundings. But in Meeting, when Martha—yielding her sleeping babe to some other motherly soul, laid aside her bonnet (Maria said she once sat below her by her grandma and had it in her lap, feeling that honor almost beyond her,)—and rose, her hands resting upon the railing in front of her as she stood in the gallery, and in those never to be forgotten tones of charm and power, her body, something like Anna Dickinson's afterwards, took on a kind of supernal dignity, and as the long sentences came rolling forth as an army in majesty's array, the power of the Spirit moving her, so wrought upon Sarah she thought, and she thinks still, she never saw or heard anything equal to it. Those hands, smooth and round, making their few grand gestures, she had seen kneading bread, tending baby, fastening Elizabeth's frock, in wifely devotion waiting on her tame husband—so he appeared to Sarah. God had endowed her. How could she be content with her lot, lowly, circumscribed, straightened? But when she had delivered her message, she sat down, after a little took her bonnet; took her baby; and when Meeting was over, after simple and cordial greetings, placidly went her way to be humble wife and mother once more. Sarah thought she could not. She did not realize one avocation was as sacred as the other. This was in early times. The quiet husband died. Martha after several years

married again, Henry Wilson; preached on, and Sarah and she sat side by side many times before her death.

We visited frequently among our Quaker Cousins, and Sarah had a friend or two of nearly her own age, besides those already mentioned, Isabel Cox was one. Unaffected goodness must have been the charm that drew Sarah to them. Some of her friends were older and also companions of her young aunts, who were like older sisters to her and frequently took her with one of them, especially, for company. As to Thoms White's where there was the kindly father, the hospitable, cordial, beautiful mother; the two older, agreeable sisters, Mary and Martha, special friends of her aunts, Joanna and Mary, and the two little girls, Mariam (Sarah's special) and Jane, considerably younger. There were boys also, or I remember Charles, "Charlie," as he was called in the family.

Some of Sarah's most delightful memories are of this family, an acquaintance and friendship still warm. Mary married James Cothran, a medical student of Uncle Ed's. They settled at Spiceland where they spent a long life of usefulness, the Dr. dying after a most benign, laborious and unselfish practice; Dr. Bailey having been his associate, and succeeding him. Mary spends her summers still at the old place, but her winters with her daughter, Mrs. Maria Stubbs, and son, active, efficient members, with their children, of the Indianapolis Church.

Martha married Charles Hubbard, son of the noted Jeremiah. Sarah, a little girl, attended the wedding with her Aunt Joanna(h); both at the Meeting where she

signed her name as one of the witnesses, and the sumptuous wedding dinner.

The Hubbards, I have understood, claim descent from Pocahontas. They have, I believe, always lived at the old homestead in Raysville. Martha is doubly afflicted, being both very deaf and nearly blind. Sarah was there an hour or two two Sabbath afternoons lately. "Forty-nine years ago nearly"—said Charles, after showing her through the rooms that she might see Martha's comforts. "Forty-nine years ago the 7th of next month," said Martha, smiling. How sweet is the picture of resignation, thought Sarah, as she sat beside her at times hand in hand, and as she thought she had never appeared so admirable as in this her almost utter helplessness. The rather unwieldy, awkward girl had mellowed into the roundness and graceful curves and ease of a sweet old age. So God brings his saints home as a shock of corn—no, not ours, but (the oriental) wheat, bending with its loaded riches—fully ripe.

Frank, the only son, is a friend of our Frank; a steady fellow; his wife, an engaging woman, efficient in church affairs; their daughter, married, is a little dear. Of the Hubbard girls, Effie (Mrs. Wilkinson) is a pleasant acquaintance, younger than Ella, of whom special mention must be made as a most efficient business woman, and who was Clerk of the Meeting for a number of years. Mary's oldest daughter, Mrs. Louder, is also one of Sarah's esteemed friends. Her mother, Mary Cothran, when asked for information by Sarah in the early forming of her history, spoke of Grandpa as "such a good old

man," and of his influence in getting her parents' consent to her attending Mt. Pleasant Boarding-School, taking her with one of his girls, with whom she roomed, Mary perhaps it was, for she said upon her return she had Jane Rhyman, then Moore, whom he also brought there. And of Uncle "Jeptha, who said when he married he intended to have a carriage with two horses and a colored driver, and when he did get married, it poured down rain dreadfully all day!"

FOR CHARLES AND MARTHA HUBBARD'S GOLDEN WEDDING.

1850—1900.

The flowers that bloomed that happy time
Are faded long ago;
And pulse that beat in unison
Now tremblings, faint and slow.

That dark eye's glance so joyous then,
Be-dimmed by many a tear;
And dulled to outer sense and voice
The quick, responsive ear.

.

But yet unfolds a fragrance rare,
Never to faint or die;
Birth of a grace and purity
Begotten 'neath the sky;

Sweet wedded love!—It lives to tell
Of constancy still true,
Or skies be glad or lowering night,
Life's wine or bitter rue.

The Type of Christ's love for "The Bride"
 He soon will "glorious take,"
 "Spotless and pure"—His pledge to her,
 "I'll never thee forsake!"

.

Then at fair Feast shall gather all
 Who turned from sin away;
 When sorrow, sin and care and death
 And loss are passed for aye.

Then Hail for Golden Wedding Cheer!
 And faith united give
 In a fairer, happier, Golden Clime,
 To ever blissful live!

—*Knightstown Banner.*

Nov. 7, 1900.

Dearest Mame—Mariam, is a nearer neighbor; her husband, Charles Butler, a prominent lawyer of Knightstown, she somewhat of an invalid. Is there an act, or motion of mind too, of goodness which she has not proved? The record of her deeds will have more room above than this scanty showing.

Sarah found her indeed an invalid, but still her old-time self. As there was another lady present the interview could not be so personal as otherwise, but still Mariam in her sweet, self-possessed manner—an inheritance from her own beautiful and sweet mother—gave the information interesting to Sarah, that her mother was in the habit, and voluntarily established it as a custom to come to Catherine at the time of the birth of her

children and remaining with her several days. That is *goodness*, and for this pre-eminent quality she was ever distinguished; and in Sarah's mind, this dear daughter especially. Dear Mariam has worn herself out in service for others. Son's wife weeps and their children when they must leave her sheltering wing and pleasant home. Great reward must be laid up for such in reserve in their eternal habitation.

They lost a dear daughter some years ago. Cora, a capable girl, is still unmarried. "Jennie" (Jane?) Wood lives in a handsome house in Knightstown with dear husband and daughter. The son, an artist, died, a great blow to them, a number of years ago. Could the Father Thoms White have foreseen, when having fallen among thieves, a penniless youth, he returned heart-broken to his native land (North Carolina) to again acquire sufficient for a home in the "Far West?" We must take our God on trust—"Do good and verily thou shalt be fed." Sarah could not do otherwise than make this long digression, and it nearly fits into that memorable time, "49 years ago;" for Anna's birth in the decade of the '40's.

In the immediate families, Morris and Trueblood, there had been much previous wooing and wedding. Late in '39, Sophia, and Nixon in '40, both into the Albertson family. Sophia's children, besides Marietta, of whom detailed mention has been made, were Ellen, Alfred, Ida and Junius. Nixon's lost several in succession, only Benj. surviving of Sarah A.'s children;

but now deceased, as also Ellen and Alfred, the two former invalids. Cousin Margaret also married into the same family, Charles; and William, her oldest brother then, Isabel; both of these had rather large families, but many died young. These North Carolina Friends and cousins thought nothing of intermarriage in those days, Aunt Mary and Oliver A. completing the list. But Jephtha married later—in '47, Mary, a most estimable daughter of the large and also prominent Moore family. John settled Mooresville; Joseph, still of Earlham College; Cal and Sam were spoken of at the last Old Settlers' meeting, and Jane who married Lewis Rhyman, who became a Friend, will be mentioned particularly in the Salem visit. She also attended the Blue River School a part of the time when Aunt Joanna and Sarah were there, and Sarah was always attracted to her.

To go back again to Grandpa's family, with whom all these others were friends and associates, and speaking of wedding: Mary, the youngest, married rather early; she looked rather diminutive beside her tall husband. Sarah can remember their marriage, in Meeting, very well, and wondered how under those embarrassing circumstances Aunt Mary *could* remember and repeat her part of the ceremony. It seemed a very formidable undertaking to S. The whole of it; first declaring their intentions. Of course it was nothing for Oliver A., the man, to come into the woman's meeting and say he intended to take Aunt Mary; any man would be glad to; but for her to go into the men's meeting and say the same thing about him, it really was too much. But Aunt Mary, as has

been said, looked beautiful in her white satin bonnet with that beauteous bow tied under her chin; rosy as a peach. Their children were much younger than we older ones. Lists will be given farther on. Oliver took his bride to the old homestead; his father, "the old Doctor," and invalid mother, both then living. This was in Canton, a mile beyond the Meeting, and opposite Uncle Ed's newer, stylish white frame with green blinds. There was the public road to cross, and then a long, grassy lane straight down to the house yard. Uncle Ed's had a large front yard with a gate opposite the front portico. While all these were mated, their children coming on, Joanna remained fancy-free until the handsome Philip Parker came down, whom there was no resisting. His brother Isaac had married Hannah Newby, and they were so exceptionally pleased with each other, Philip could do no less than seek a partner in the same neighborhood, and Hannah's dear friend. Robert waited longest of all. Of Ada, one among a thousand, Sarah will speak particularly in her Salem visit; but a young lady after these earlier times. Sarah and *her* brother stood with them; George, afterwards a Colonel in the Civil War. Father noted his death in his diary, kept during those crucial times.

While Sarah re-copies she hears of the death of Uncle Robert; and Robert and John, and Benoni and Junius have gone down from here this bitter winter weather. I have lost a dear, older brother, so she writes to little Helen, telling of his care of her when young; and speaking the same to John, who says "We all have."

And last evening was spent writing to Dr. King; Ah, you will not see Uncle Robert now.

A memorial fountain was spoken of at his funeral by Rev. Mr. St. John and Col. Sayles, and also by Mr. Menengh, editor of the *Democrat* there, in his paper with the full account; as a suitable monument commemorative of his most generous, princely gift—the Oak Woods Springs to Salem. The subject may be taken up at the Old Settlers' meeting about to occur (August), certainly an appropriate occasion, as he had ever been the main mover of that organization.

Shall the narration go on, and so many gone who were interested? Dear Hannah Parker so very recently, her husband Isaac, before; Aunt Joanna, and now Uncle Robert? Yes, for Sarah will be gone, too. But there is a helping hand vanished, and a cheering voice stilled, leaving a void can never be filled this side eternity.

Uncle Nixon (who lived where we did last in Salem, and then Uncle Robert), had an invalid wife, and when we might have gone there we could just as easily, being on the way, go to Grandpa's, and often so concluded, though they were always glad to see us and made it very pleasant. Mother being the oldest of her family and married first, the immediate cousins on this side were not so near my age as the others in town. Uncle Jephtha's were north of town a mile or so, and so seemed out of the way, for us, as there was no occasion of passing that way except for a visit. Aunt Mary Jep, as we

called her to distinguish from our own Aunt Mary, we also liked very much for her sterling worth. Besides visiting in company with some one from Grandpa's, sometimes more rarely with our own parents alone, Mother would go occasionally as she had opportunity, also visiting her Canton sisters, and when he moved near there, Uncle Nixon's, and Uncle Nathan's, Uncle Jimmy's, and elsewhere as she found time, and having one or two of us with her. As we children grew older we went sometimes of our own accord, but not often on account of the distance. We were always ready for these visits. The *eating* was a great incentive to children. It is not uncommon for children to think other eating better than at home. But really it was beyond common wherever we went. The delicately fried chicken, the beauteous Quaker biscuit—Reader, hast *thou* never eaten “plain” biscuit? Aunt Sophia's were beyond others. She had a patent machine for kneading, which helped very much. The delicious pies were beyond praise; so we swallowed the small, infrequent, but pungent doses as to our attire, our speech, and so on, from the one or two of our near “relations” who thus felt called upon to relieve their minds. As one who said to *his* hopeful before some of us, “Does thee not think, A. B. C., that if some would not pay so much attention to dress, it would be better?” (This was of course long before “Dress and Address” were expunged from our Discipline)—a remark we made merry over, as told afterwards among ourselves; but never to our kindred on the other side. We were between the two, but neither were the

wiser. Children learn early to avoid certain topics in certain atmospheres, and early become skilled family diplomats.

Once S. got into the carriage from home as it came by, with an apron tied round her waist. As this was unusual, she perhaps thought it suitable. It was probably a little sewing apron her mother had made for her. Grandma said, "Thee would not wish to go to Meeting with an apron on;" and folded it away.

Aunt Sophia was one of our special admirations; she was always so pleasant. There was something about her square forehead and her cordial ways, her nimble fingers and the bright twinkle of her eyes, and a genuineness that won our regard. She was short, her figure being rather square, like Grandpa's. Her poor little right hand had been burnt and maimed by her falling into the fire when an infant, but we rather liked her hand-shake, so cordial; if it did give us a queer sensation, it had the accompaniments of a bright smile, in which eyes and mouth a little large joined in welcome, and her pleasant voice with its quick tones of interest. In her turn she visited her parents dutifully, and us when she could, and always made a rather pleasant stir whenever she came about. Her husband was a very successful and highly thought of physician. Mother thought he was such a nice physician, skillful was what she meant, referring to his dispatch and extreme neatness, as well as ability.

We appreciated Uncle Ed, as we called him to ourselves—his skill as a physician, taking the endorsement of our betters upon trust. He was a Philadelphia grad-

uate, and his father a physician before him. And we were glad he was always dressed as a gentleman. What an impression the outward makes upon children! But it seemed odd to us to see a man about the house at any hour, as would be the case with one of his profession then and there. We never or seldom heard our Father make remarks about things about the house; and Uncle Ed's notice of minutiae and calling attention to things we thought would be embarrassing to Aunt Sophia; but it was not; she sustained herself, but answered with love, too. We looked at her in wonder, but she did not seem to notice.

If Uncle Edmund fell short in any respect, he lived to change, and we to see it. And he suited Aunt Sophia, and that was a great deal. It is the over-comers that have the victory. They both became ministers. While we felt Aunt Sophia did not have far to go to become a saint, the change was doubtless as great in her husband. They had great trials; two of the children helpless in a great measure, though with bright minds. The surviving members of the family are well and doing well. Ella and Alford were marvels of patience in sufferings and their widowed mother in her devotion, and Ella at least like her in industry, patching quilt after quilt for missions year after year.

Once Sarah's cheeks blazed at an unnecessary command of service unsuited to the strength of a little girl. A remark was afterwards made to show she had obeyed when she had not been expected to, but was passed by by her also in silence. The scorn of children is an awful

thing. It would wither if known. But Father would say, gravely, "Do not speak against the absent for they cannot defend themselves," and also when occasion, quote the Latin saying, "Say nothing evil of the dead." We were prejudiced by a few little things, as they are called; so people lose the hearts of children. But see how alike we are! Human nature is such a sameness!

Once Alice left Katie in Sarah's charge while she made a call. The little one wished to run outside on the sidewalk. Sarah, a visitor in the city, thought this not safe; at least she did not wish the responsibility, or I suspect, she also thought she could not sacrifice *her* precious time. Whereupon Katie said, "Aunt Sarah, how would you like to have a big lion say *you* shouldn't play on the sidewalk?"

It was pleasant always at Uncle Ol's. He and Aunt Mary seemed to suit each other so well. Aunt Mary was so much "at home," we said, with him. She was the plainest spoken one of the family, telling her mind upon all occasions, and with all persons, if she spoke at all. Perhaps Sarah should not have written what she has, disagreeable, but it is as a warning. Children's judgments are generally correct. It is an awful thing to have them weigh one in the balance.

Uncle Ol, always companionable and good-humored, had a pleasant way of imparting information. Once he caught a fly, killed it between a split straw, and let a hornet I believe—but it may have been a wasp—come and devour him, to show, I believe, that the bad are not all bad, neither are children when they are eating! He

liked to have Aunt Mary in long summer time work her fingers through his hair—sitting on his knees on the piazza on a summer afternoon. This he enjoyed greatly, said it had a soothing effect. Aunt Mary said he wanted too much of it.

Aunt Joanna taught at the Blue River School; that is, was assistant to the mild mannered male* principal, Aquilla Timberlake, and Sarah was permitted to go with her, and board first at Cousin Isabel's. Here Sarah had a taste of getting up, if not regularly, betimes in the morning; for the walk was a mile to school, or more, and there was some work to be done beforehand. Once Cousin Isabel, when she did not respond promptly, said, "Girl," which Sarah deeply resented, though she wisely concluded she was "too much of a lady" to do so openly. In other respects she was put upon her mettle at the school. The fact was she had not learned to apply herself, and there at home was regarded as a dunce, it has been sorrowful to say, and was much more sorrowful to bear, on the part not only of Sarah, but her parents. And as has been said, her mother speaking long afterwards said, "Thy Father always thought his children should be perfect, and for them to fall behind others was more than he could bear."

Once, at the Seminary, referring to his system of marking, a rather large boy said sneeringly, S. supposes, "It does not take much room for Sarah's marks," *x* being the lowest. "I'll show you," said Sarah in her

* Pardon for using this convenient word.

heart of hearts, "*some* day," but she made no sign of resistance, nor knew how it was to be, nor that after all there were things better than knowledge, which is to vanish away and has with her, the most of the little she has so laboriously acquired.

Another time an upstart girl from Louisville said—"Sarah is the meanest girl in school," I do not know but she added "in the whole world!" Sarah felt it was unjust, but said nothing; simply felt miserable. But Ruth Atkinson, dear girl! (in heaven these many years), in the silence that followed, said in gentle tones, "I do not think so; I do not think Sarah is a mean girl at all." An oasis had opened in the desert. Sarah followed her about as a little dog after that. They worked their samples together at recess and after school and what not besides. Ah! these things are told that others may refrain—"may stop their meanness," and that we may all see the value of a little deed of kindness. A fearful thing indeed to offend—cause to stumble—one of these little ones. Sarah has done it often, may she never again forever more!

But she went to school with Aunt Joanna, and in that country region was regarded as a girl from town who was supposed to have superior attainments commensurate with her previous advantages. She saw what was expected of her; there might be some drawbacks; but Aunt Jo was at hand; and though it was not well done, or regularly done, somehow S. did not entirely fail to merit the good opinion entertained of her scholarship and all. Some studies were new, and she pursued them with zest.

Then the teacher was so gentle and kind, and it was so pleasant playing with girls and boys who *never* spoke rudely, even to each other. And the country was so sweet-smelling, and over the dewy way the sun shone through trees and the green grass glistened while birds sang in the groves. And when she went to Aunt Mary's to be with Aunt Joanna entirely, and they walked back and forth, part through the shaded wood-land, and ate their dinner together from their little bucket which Sarah would always carry, there was nothing left to be desired.

She remembers one boy who had the reputation of being rather a heart-smasher. A verse he made was handed about orally as being rather shocking—

“Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,
If A—— don't have May, I reckon I must.”

Emma (Trueblood) Dickson, a school-mate there, has since told Sarah she thought her the most *beautiful* girl she had ever seen! Her cheeks like roses, her complexion so fair! her forehead so white and eyes so beautiful and how she loved her, but what a tease she was. She would not let her study, but would *pinch* her—Sarah hopes not hard—and then run and jump on a log, and call mockingly. Sarah somehow does not remember this, but she thinks of the time as a sweet Arcadian period, when in her unsatisfying life she began to find she had really some powers and how to use them—when studying was done in the heart of sweet nature and the school-master was the gentlest one of all; he afterwards said it was the happiest year of his life—when her loved Aunt

was always at hand for appeal or to lean upon; and regarded, loved, one of the gentle throng, S. lost some of her childish tremors and unrest and irritation, and thrived in body and mind.

She does not know how it happened, or when it was, but Aunt Joanna says she was in the habit of going home occasionally for changes in clothing, and no doubt she wished to see them all; but once when she was alone on the road going to Salem, a bellowing bull came smartly along from a cross road, lashing his sides with his tail! Quicker than thought almost, Sarah was over the high rail-fence into a field. The bull went rapidly on. Sarah looked around and there was another in the field where she was! This is so! There was a cross fence near, but she did not know what she might find there, so she climbed over the same place and crept along until the dreadful beast—they were called “cattle-beasts”—was out of sight. Another time she and Cousin Ell were on a not very well-behaved horse of her Father’s, their little tin bucket which Ell had hung upon the pommel of the saddle—they were perhaps going into the country for butter—began to rattle. The horse pricked up his ears. Ell let go the reins—Sarah wouldn’t have; she would have held on *like* grim death—and of course down they came. Sarah’s father was still standing at the gate.

Another time much later Sarah was driving in the buggy alone. As she had been laughed at previously for turning out so much, she thought she would do it neatly this time, and not give an inch more than half the road. But the wagoner—he had a full load of wood—not much

noticing, did not turn enough, or Sarah's horse turned socially towards the other so near him and the wheels met; and though the shock seemed slight, S. went over the dash-board! The wagoner was down in an instant, but Sarah was up in a moment. She climbed into her own vehicle before he could assist her; he was profuse in his apologies. "You should not have driven so near!" said the irate Sarah. "I know it," humbly said he, but Sarah was off.

Upon return to school at home after her dear Aunt had given up her position at Blue River, I believe to prepare for her marriage, Sarah had still more downs than ups; but she found that misery does not last for ever, and that learning had some pleasant things. There were drawbacks, but mitigations. A happier outlook upon life seemed possible. The chapter concludes with Joshua Trueblood's Diary. Some interpolations from it seem suited here and as a bridge to some, then, future events.

1-4-1847.—We this day heard of the death of Mordicai Morris, which occurred on the 10th of last month.

6-10-1847.—31 years ago to-day Joshua Morris and myself got home from a trip to this country.

6-20-1848.—Joshua Trueblood and his brother Isaac from North Carolina here to-day to our great satisfaction.

He says, "The cars came to Salem the first trip on the 11th of this month (1-11-51), on 1-28-1851, Wm. P. & wife took Mother and me to Salem to see the new

steam cars, and we rode on them six or eight miles to *Spurgeon Hill* to our great pleasure, only cost us 25 cts. for each."

1-22-1849.—Asenath Ryman wife of Louis Ryman and daughter of Nathan Trueblood died to-day.

The right and sparing use of the adjective is a pleasing thing to note in this day of (w)reckless superabundance of expression. The only ones are "great" in extracts of nine pages used only four times, and "dear" of his wife, and "our satisfaction," "our great satisfaction," in reference to two visits from former friends from familiar Pasquotank, North Carolina; once after his "dear wife," his "dear companion," his "dear," for he calls her by all these names, was partly recovered from a stroke of palsy, and they had made a visit to their children at *Okey Woods* of fine days "to their great satisfaction," and their ride on the *steam cars* "to their great pleasure."

His abounding love to his life-long companion and fidelity is affecting to hear, as it was no doubt to witness. Doubtful of her recovery he says, "For I know by long experience the hopes all pass, pass away as does the morning dew." Truly some matches, many, are made in heaven. The diary is full of charm throughout. Only those portions have been gleaned which E. Hicks, the grandson, had marked as legitimately coming within the scope of this volume, though the Love Letter to his "Dear Polly" alone is worth all it cost.

January the 20th 1790.

My Dear Polly—I desire to inform thee one time more of the rashness. Pray my dear excuse me for being

so troublesome, if I once more beg of thy assistance in my unlucky and vexatious fortune, which has reduced me to such necessity, circumstances that I cannot possibly procede on my affairs. O my dear, I however most humbly presume on thy good nature, being assured by sundry examples of thy compassion that thee will think of and pity the distressed. Therefore as an object of truly deserving compassion I most humbly implore and petition thee to consider the many losses and disappointments I have met with which cause me to address myself to thee this one time more. O my dear, dear, if thee did but know what trouble I do undergo, all for loving thee so, I think what parents could say, but thy tender heart thy parents choose to obey; and would not submit to what I do say, on thy sake causes me *shipen* for to take, and some other land for to see, all for the loving of thee. My dear I expect to start the 24th of first month 1790, and if I ever return back I hope thee will imbrace the opportunity of sending me an answer to this letter and indeavor to satisfy me therein. thee was once pleased to answer me in writing which made some deep impresions upon my mind, and filled me with some awful apprehension I could scarcely perceive the day from the night during the time I received it until this day. O my dear Polly I always will keep thee in my mind wheresoever I go. Pray my dear think of me when I am a great way from thee and if ever I return back I pray the Lord to prepare a way so that we shall enjoy our company together and enjoy his love, and he

enjoy the hand*. I beseech the loving God to hold us in his hand.

I now conclude with the greatest love to thee, and remain thy dear and loving friend unto death.

JOSHUA TRUEBLOOD

P. S.—This was written four days before my departure on ship to the West Indies

Mary Henly in favor of Naoma Newby.

This letter of Joshua Trueblood was in dead earnest, though it may not appear so now. It (only partly) explains itself, was written in Elizabeth City, N. C., and mailed at sea.

Mary's parents were so resolutely opposed she almost pined away before their consent was given. The letter is given in verse too, prose better we think than it, and the poetical account by Edward Trueblood, son of Hicks, best of all, will appear (D. V.) later.

* Obscure.

CHAPTER XIII.

FIVE PS, OR POLITICS AS A LITTLE GIRL SAW MEN SAW IT—POLK'S ADMINISTRATION—"JOHN I."—PARTY SPIRIT—THE HALF-LOAF—PRESENTATION OF THE FLAG—CATHERINE—PATRIOTISM—PEACE—ELI JONES' NOMINATION.

It must be a relief to the Reader—patient indeed, if able or willing to peruse all this monotonous record of several chapters back, because autobiographic narrative of childhood days—to turn to the doings of *men*, and see how they deport themselves in ante-bellum times. And still they must be seen through the medium of childish vision, or that of young girlhood, who considered a ribbon of vastly more importance than a ballot, because, poor thing! she had to do with the one, and was taught little or nothing respecting the other.

It has been some time since we have taken a view of the general aspect of the country. College people had then very little to do with politics; they would have regarded it as beneath their dignity. If the stately Dr. Wylie ever went to the polls when the family lived in Bloomington, her father, or any of the Faculty, Sarah never heard of it. She may have seen a flag-pole, but



“CATHERINE”

1st Picture

that was about as much as she knew. It was a county-seat, too; and the townspeople had offices to fill she supposes, but the Faculty kept out of the dirty pool—if indeed it existed at that time. There was a sound of “Tippecanoe and Tyler, too,” in the air somewhere about that time, and of roosters and coons, and of some cruel work between them, but S. put her hands over her ears and did not hear. She knew how sad it seemed for a President to die, in office only a month, and that Tyler was called “a turn-coat” by many of his former admirers. She heard something of Tariff and Free Trade, and had the simplicity to think the latter had a kind of Golden Age sound. But all these things, save the untimely death of a President, were like faint echoes—heard to be forgotten.

But in Salem! where there was no College to divide interest; in Salem, so much nearer the border, the Ohio dividing Indiana from a Slave State, party spirit preceding Polk’s election ran very high, and was exceedingly bitter, and her father was “in it.” John I. was a Democrat; the Friends, almost to a man, Whigs. This was the first jar in the family connection. Uncle Robert, for the first time, made a disrespectful remark about her father’s politics in Sarah’s presence. It seems a little singular now, but some of Southern tendencies and beliefs cropped out even then; as said by some one, a mother of some of his pupils and perhaps speaking for more, and in the spirit the South afterwards spoke of the North, “Let him stay at home and teach our children.” “Old John I.” they called him. For he, poor man! was aspiring to office. He had taught continuously so long,

so arduously, so absorbingly, it had become wearing in the extreme, seeming a thankless task. He turned to the political field for relief, and got the first taste of the siren cup, *office*. Sarah once heard him say he received more respect, honor, in Bloomington in a day than in a year in Salem. Ah, poor man! the time had been short, but the change immeasurable; it was the contrast between a town with college conditions and one with close back-woods environments. And he had little of simply town association in B. It was one thing to step down from the pedestal of College supremacy and condescend—though he did not do it in that spirit—for an hour or two, though it was several evenings in the week—to the assistance of grateful mechanics and tradesmen there, and quite a different thing to curry favor with a new generation who could forget if they wished, the obligations of the past incurred by their betters and Salem. They said “Professor Morrison” in Bloomington, but in Salem oftener “John I.” than “Mr.” The country-man called out “Hello!” and asked Catherine, where is the “old man!” This she never would accept, but always referred them to her father! But still they appreciated John. I. in their way, and voted for him. He was available. Not the Friends generally, perhaps; certainly not Uncle Jimmy, but Washington Co., which was strongly Democratic.

The Slavery Question was agitating the North more and more, as the South approached nearer and nearer the verge of madness. Whenever there was a new State to be admitted, a boundary question to be settled, or new territory to be acquired, the public mind was in a state

of ferment, and nothing else was considered by men conversant, or who thought they were, with the political questions of the day; from the anxious statesmen at Washington and in their respective localities, to the boozy whittler on goods boxes chiefly in front of grog-shops, who had much ado to write his own name, or drop in his be-thumbed ballot for "*Our Candidate*"—nothing else was considered worth talking about—until it was over! But they were like children in those days.

John. I. however had that vigor of mind and well-balanced powers that he could turn his attention to a new occupation as if he had been in special training for that very thing. And as he was a (more than an average) good reader, and conversant with the history of the country, he naturally became an acknowledged leader by the crowd, to whom time was no object, but news a first concern.

He had been for a long time well known in Washington Co.; had had pupils from almost every family. He said at one time he knew every man by name, meaning first name, in Washington Co. He had gone about considerably surveying, and speechifying; and was known to be a man of ability, integrity and push, and loyal to the Administration. He could not but receive honors, and was soon elected to the Legislature. There his abilities had a better opportunity of shining, and he was always at the head of educational affairs. All this seemed very well, but it was not always so. The constituency were to be pleased, and some of them pretty rough, not merely in exterior.

And here Catherine made trouble. She could not stand, or would not, things necessary to be stood if one would there and then rise in political life. Their spitting and chewing and worse she found fault with openly; not to their faces in words, but if a favorite family physician* could not spit upon her carpet with impunity—she got a basin of water and a rag and washed it up—she did not feel called upon, with her hands so full and so much more than she could do, to minister to the temporal wants of the hungry crowd whose votes were essential to John I.'s political advancement. She did not see the connection—very intimate—between their good humor and his success, and she grew indignant at the necessities of policy and apparently trimming required of the successful candidate. Besides, she may have seen her husband was not after all adapted to—fitted for that kind of work; that his nature was too fine-grained, his skin—so to speak—too thin to stand the ordeal of rough handling. She could have done better. In this time of trial, their divergence became more pronounced—not that they quarreled, he was too dignified, she too light-hearted, but there was a lack of sympathy and he became moody, silent; she less and less careful of making her cherished convictions palatable. In fact she was not a reasoner. She knew it—what she thought was right, and it was absurd for him to think differently. He grew more and more sensitive, or concealed his feelings less. His infrequent remonstrances made her laugh. This was a

* Not Uncle Ed!

pity indeed. But their children were an active little flock, and if *their* encounters were keen, he silenced them with a look or word, she rather enjoyed the brightness of their wits even if displayed in heated altercations.

When Robert was old enough to listen to politics his father would talk to him. Sometimes Sarah would think, as has been referred to, "I know that better; I could appreciate that more." She and her mother shared a good deal in feeling, but S. knew only enough to be in a general state of disgust. The great unwashed apparently had made up its mind to wash no more. It simply filled Sarah's mind with consternation to see some of the people her father—to whom *all* in Bloomington had spoken deferentially—now associated with. It was *not* on Sarah's part, certainly not her mother's, because many of them were hard sons of toil, sunburnt, unshaven, motley dressed. These things C. could have excused, even had a respect for when necessary, for she knew farm work, was always proud she was a farmer's daughter; but because some of them, to speak it mildly, were uncleanly from head to shoe, from hand to mouth; some of these reeking with tobacco juice or worse, and idling about town, and with all their ignorance of their native tongue, disregard of personal appearance and dense ignorance, it seemed, of the first principles of government, considered themselves as good as the best, and unabashed claimed to be familiars. Why not? They were brother Democrats.

Sarah is aware there is much exaggerated expression in all this, but exaggerated feeling belongs to childhood

and it takes such to express it. Those conditions have largely passed away; the occasions are gone, and she trusts nothing has been penned in this relation to which the right-minded could take reasonable exception.

Child-wise, she judged from one or two rather too rough specimens. She learned later not to take the husk for the kernel. No more true hearts beat than many of those who helped elect her father to those positions of public trust and honor. Later, in the *Monody* she says,

Ah, friends of his, be mine!

No, Sarah is not a Republican—though her father became so, nor was her mother—long, but her grandpa, uncles, Friends almost, if not quite to a man, were Whigs. And though the high character of Polk remained unimpeached, and Sarah did think “Father’s Candidate” the man, in her secret heart she believed in Whigs and wished her father was one. But she had no conversation with anyone upon the subject and little enlightenment. She heard slighting and injurious remarks occasionally, even respecting her father. A sentence he was apt to use in prayer at school was sneeringly repeated once as she passed on the street.

Ah, poor man! so poor the pay had been; his family and its demands so large comparatively. If he could get on a little. And he did. With Polk’s success, his own more assured came. He went to the Legislature. Now he began to be appreciated by men at large. He had the mind of a statesman. He had the advantages of a scholar. He was placed upon important committees, educational

chiefly. He was modest, yet could grasp and explain financial measures. It is safe to say the best men there were his personal friends. He was returned several times to the Senate, and finally in '50-51 was sent as Senatorial Delegate and became Chairman of the Committee on Education in the Constitutional Convention.

More than once he would have gone to Washington but for the treachery of a brother Democrat who did, and for the calumny of a Presbyterian *minister*. Individual selfishness and party spirit carried their own advantage wholly irrespective of fitness. The times were bad. John I. suffered in this way more than once—twice—thrice. The first he forgave politically, it was patched up somehow; the latter, which occurred later, he could not. He felt it so cruelly unjust; it was one, “his familiar acquaintance with whom he had walked to the house of God in company.” He could well take up David’s lament over the defection of his friend. “If it had been an enemy I could have borne it, but *thou*”—“A minister!” He always said it was inexcusable. It was a case of hasty judgment used to serve party ends; also one whom he had taught—“all he knew,” he said in scorn, clothed with a little brief authority, committed an outrageous trespass upon his property. Father’s blood was up, but better counsel prevailed, and a singular thing happened: The cider which he had had made for vinegar proved after some uncertainty to be very good. He had a hundred barrels of it, most of which was sold; the gentleman in question (or we might say the questionable gentleman) purchasing one. *His* turned out to

be a barrel of pomace and rotten apples, good for nothing, which the workmen had put to get out of the way in an *old* barrel, and by *mistake* it went with the rest, and *he* got it! It seems incredible, but Robert I. vouches for the story, and that he went about telling that was the kind of cider Morrison made; which of course did no one harm but himself. He left Salem long before we did, whether this had anything to do with it I never knew. These things are not told with rancorous feeling but as a warning; but O! "the dirty pool." For the other, Sarah had an explanation which her mother gave, and which satisfied them both, and when she told the minister, he owned he *might have been mistaken*. But O! "the dirty pool." They need woman, women.

When people can see—when will they? that it makes no difference in the fact of sin whether greater or smaller—though it does in a comparison of concrete examples—then they will see that sin is sin wherever found, great or small. The fallacy is in considering the comparison of sins the question of sin in the abstract.

"It is a sin to steal a pin,
It is a greater to steal a tater."

Because it is a greater, we are inclined to think the smaller none at all, or scarcely any, that occupying a doubtful* ground it has a dubious quality. But this ground or quality does not enter the department of ethics at all. The moment we admit a thing is a sin—the moment we strike moral ground there is no doubt. The doctrine of

*As to size.

expediency has no place, no right, belongs to another department altogether, as what I shall eat of wholesome food? corn or wheat? beef or chicken? But to eat things stolen or harmful, there are degrees of sin, but either is sin. And sins against the soul in their degree are greater than against the body. Policy becomes a sin when against the soul. All moral sins are against the soul, of course self-evidently against the soul, for it is the arbiter in the moral field.

These reflections have been suggested by what has gone before as well as by events since; both before and since the Civil War, and may serve to introduce matter in hand.

The case of the presentation of a flag to Capt. Dennis and his Company as they were starting to the Mexican War.

His niece, Amanda Gordon, afterwards Mrs. Alex. Martin, a young lady of striking appearance and fine manner, older sister of Sarah's friend, Jo, and next to "Patty"—(her father and mine always called her "Cleopatra")—made the presentation speech, and handed the Captain, their Uncle, the flag. She was one of the older school girls of Sarah's time; and it seemed a wonderful thing to Sarah, who witnessed the proceeding, that she could have the nerve to do it. To stand there in her conspicuous position—perhaps from a raised seat or platform, in a wagon adorned with ribbons and flowers—wonderful sight then, and speak so loud and clear, and be so self-possessed surrounded by the hundreds of assembled spectators. How could she remember her piece

and do it? It shook Sarah's nerves even to think of it. Such self-possession she could not imagine nor fathom. Sarah returned from the scene rather dazed with her impressions. It was the first time she had ever seen a lady—and a young one at that—perform so public a function; no one, however, thought the doing amiss. The band, the music, the uniforms, Capt. Dennis resplendent, but not making half so good a speech, to her mind, in reply as the brilliant Amanda's, all was a new experience to her childish eye and heart. But when she got home she found her mother in tears, bitter tears; agitated as she had scarcely ever seen her before; entirely broken down and not her usual self so extreme was the excitement of her grief. It came out that John I. had given money to help in some way, the going. That Friends, and Catherine in particular it seemed because brought in such direct collision with adverse opinion, thought all war wrong, the Mexican war—a war of conquest—wrong in particular. But she wept heart-brokenly as if some strong cord of faith, some compact—spoken or tacitly agreed upon—had been rudely severed. That what she had fondly trusted was simply a sweet illusion, and now violently dispelled—gone forever. These things come into the experience of some wives. When they feel that they drink a draught they never expected, and look in vain for sympathy and aid. Sarah did not know what to think. How could she? still enveloped in all that glamour, and her mother evidently hurt to the life, and her father heavy and displeased. All she further remembers was when the school girls were discussing

the occasion the next day, Amanda, in tones of awful dignity, "Sarah, tell your mother the money was used—." Sarah did not afterwards retain the remembrance of what for, but in a different manner; but she knew keenly enough that her mother had lost grace in the school, though she had no direct connection with the Seminary. This appeared in different ways. Children are extremely sensitive in such respects. Their moral convictions are weak if indeed formed; and moral disapproval is as sharp to them as the cut of a lash or sting of an icy blast. They suffer silently as much as they are capable of, when either themselves or their friends are objects of opprobrium. But in the latter case the effects are the more enduring. They fear to resent lest they may bring worse consequences. The question is generally beyond their capabilities. They dread ostracism, often pitiless, for themselves, but to have their friends made the subject of ridicule or stinging remark or coldness, it benumbs them, they wish things were not so. Amanda's speech and manner when she sent the message as well as when she made her speech, were indeed wonderful; Sarah knew she could never hope to attain to the like. Can it be right—the objection—when it has made everything so disagreeable? and which is right? the father saying nothing, mortified—or the mother shedding those tears? The child is cruelly drawn both ways, and with feelings terribly lacerated goes on perplexed and cowed.

In this connection or later, Sarah heard much of the word patriotism. *That* was what Capt. Dennis and his company and many others were going to fight the Mex-

icans for. Patriotism—love of country. For Sarah—dunce as she was—had begun the study of Latin at eight. She could not as is true see the connection—and she quite endeavored fruitlessly so to do—between love of country and going to war with Mexico. It must be the Mexicans were a cruel people, and would destroy or injure us if we did not them. But the Quaker training was unequivocal upon the subject of loving your enemies. Sarah was not—in her secret heart she was glad she was not a Quaker in this respect. It was asking too much. But she learned the same thing in unmistakable language in the verses she recited in Presbyterian Sunday School, particularly from the 5th chapter of Matthew, in the Sermon on the Mount. It was enough to damn a person, she knew the Presbyterians thought, not to be patriotic. Her mother was not patriotic and took no pains to hide it. She went further, she not only denounced war—the war with Mexico in particular, but scouted the word patriotism as used. Sarah felt that this last was very dreadful. She thought that it was very beautiful to love our country, but Friends then thought their country wrong. Not “My Country, right or wrong,” but “My Country! with all thy faults I love thee still!” Sarah could not understand, nor they always. The trouble was the word was misapplied. Both should have consulted the dictionary.

The husband had not intended to deceive, much less to break his word. He did not plan to wound his wife; did not know she would care so much. If she knew all she would believe as he did, or if not agreeing with him

entirely, as he had fondly made himself believe, she would partly go with him, at least excuse him, for in imagination he had carried her feelings with his own, while the fact has been he has allowed his feelings to run ahead of their mutual confidence, and it is not only a rude awakening to her, but a shock to himself to find they have two minds on any subject; that they are not entirely, or so entirely one as he thought they were. He is irritated in his self-love to find that he has been in fault, and his self-love is a very indulged offspring—very thin-skinned indeed and cannot endure—cannot thrive in this sudden inclemency of matrimonial weather. But he will acknowledge his fault, and show her his reasons and gain her over of course. She must see—as wives come to do eventually—where there is love and sense and a desire for harmony. This he finds a matter more difficult than anticipated, for *he* has sprung the issue. He knew Friends were for peace; that the Farmer's family were prominent Friends, and the mother especially, a stickler for their peculiar doctrines; that Westtown was the very Mecca of Quakerism, and that Catherine was the consistent one according to her bringing up. She had not sought him. She had not hurried herself from school. She had not hastened marriage. He had himself to thank that he had a real Quaker wife—not a sham one—or an outside semblance, but one with Quaker convictions on peace. He was for peace. What he had done was for peace; and to have everything smooth and harmonious and a triumphant send-off of patriotism—in which everyone agreed, except the Quakers—of whom nobody thought

or cared just then. But he did care for his wife and her connections and thought of her, but forgot she was a Quaker indeed. And now the mischief was to pay, not that he said so, or thought such language, but instead of harmony which he thought was so triumphant and with such a flourishing send-off of patriotism, he went to his home, to his dear, still young wife to find the imp discord rampant and enthroned. The pleasure melted out of his face; the warm glow receded from his heart; the beat of his pulse slackened; the generous words he had on his tongue died. Instead of smoothing, softening, subduing, he came face to face with hurt innocence, with outraged justice. *He* was a culprit before a judge who wept for him while she could not pardon; a wife whom he had injured in her heart's core. Perhaps an added drop in her cup of bitterness was that the Dennises were of Quaker stock. But they loved each other; better days dawned. She was in the habit of saying he was a better Quaker than herself; and it is pleasant to show them in loving harmony once more.

An Extract from E. Hicks Trueblood's Letter. "One incident we recollect is worth stating here:

It was some time in the early fifties that Prof. John I. Morrison was a candidate for some County Office—Treasurer perhaps—that he and his wife rode out one Sabbath afternoon to visit the family. Catherine, his wife, told him he must be sure and say nothing about going to the election or of Candidate. The Prof. answered his wife that he would not unless the subject was brought up by some one else. Some one else did bring

the subject up, and a very good-natured discussion was the result, but James voted for no one that fall. There were long years between 1840 and 1856 that he never went to the polls to cast a vote."

Did he lose his vote? Yes, if Wm. Lloyd Garrison did his.

All that territory needing to be acquired could have been acquired, should have been acquired by purchase. And so in case of all our subsequent wars. Vast treasure would have been saved, there would have been *no* loss of life and none of the terrible demoralization occasioned by war, and none of the terrible suffering of body and mind consequent upon a war. Once, very much later, during the time of our State Fair, a famous Mexican Band was to give an evening performance on the grounds. Horses and carriages and people were crowded thick awaiting the time for them to "strike up." Nerves on the strain dreaded the first blare and feared the effect until things would become quieted again. About eight o'clock when all was still in expectation except a nervous shake of harness or impatient stamp of hoof, they softly began. Unnatural tension at once relaxed, and ease and enjoyment set in. So in affairs of state.

As David says, "The ruler of men must be just"—and with many other beautiful comparisons—"and he shall be as the light of the morning, even a morning without clouds when the sun riseth, as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain."

From the American Advocate of Peace and Arbitration.

ELI JONES, THE QUAKER GENERAL.

[The humor, wisdom, and anti-war utterances of this famous speech, make it worthy of republication.—
ED.]

Mr. Jones, of China (of the Society of Friends), said, whatever his ambition might have been in times past, his aspirations had never embraced such an office as an object of desire. He could assure the House that his election as Major-General was an honor wholly unexpected.

It is true, that when the Governor announced to this House the existence of the vacancy, a member had in private remarked to him (Mr. J.) "I shall vote for you;" but he had replied declining the honor, and proposed to return the compliment. To his mind there was something ominous in this occurrence.

He regarded it as one of the wonderful developments of the times. Who of us, that assembled ten years ago in quiet and retired places to affix our signatures to pledges of abstinence from intoxicating drinks, would have believed that in 1855 we should be elected to the seats we now occupy, amidst the overwhelming rejoicing of the people pledged to the support of the Maine law.

Who, that at that time had visited the plantations of the South and seen the slave toiling under the lash of the task-master, would have believed that in 1855 the people of the larger portion of this great land would have roused up with a stern determination to subdue the encroachments of the slave power and pledged themselves never

to cease their labors till the wrongs of slavery should be ameliorated, nay more, that slavery itself should be abolished! Still more wonderful, who would have believed that the State of Maine, that not a few years since gloried in an Aroostook expedition*, and was noisy with military training and the din of arms, would in 1855 exhibit the spectacle of a peaceable member of the Society of Friends being elected to the post of Major-General of a Division of Militia, and that by the representatives of the people in legislative capacity.

But Mr. J. had endeavored to regulate his own conduct by the principle that legislation should not go very far in advance of public sentiment, and it seemed to him that this election might possibly be ahead of that sentiment. He would submit this suggestion in all candor. It was generally understood that he entertained peculiar views in respect to the policy of war.

If he was, in fact, an exponent of the views of the Legislature on that subject, he would cheerfully undertake to serve the State in the capacity indicated. With much pleasure would he stand before the Militia of the Second Division, and give such orders as he thought best. The first would be "Ground arms!" The second would be "Right about face! Beat your swords into ploughshares and your spears into pruning-hooks, and learn war no more!" and he would then dismiss every man to his

* A rumor had got afloat of an intended sudden invasion by the neighboring foreign foe, and in hot haste the Aroostook expedition marched forth and—marched back again, making laughter for others, and whipped—by themselves.

farm and to his merchandise, with an admonition to read daily at his fireside the New Testament, and ponder upon its tidings of 'Peace on earth and good will to men.' "

If, on the other hand, it should be determined that his election was a little in advance of the times, Mr. J., as a good citizen, was willing to bow to the majesty of the law, and as a member of the Legislature, to consult its dignity and decline the exalted position tendered him by the House.

And he would now decline. With pleasure he would tender to the House this trust, and the honor, and retire to private life.

[This speech was delivered amidst interruptions of uproarious applause.]

Notwithstanding this declaration, a message was sent to the Senate announcing Mr. Jones' election.

Sarah had an idea, a vision* that might come to pass, that by peaceable, honorable purchase in some way the United States would be the whole of North America; and that the Sister Republic would be the United States—the whole of South America, and that each would own their adjacent islands. She knew President Polk had offered a million dollars for Cuba—when she thought of Cuba, she always said to herself, "Mine!" Ah, nothing but a late temporary grave, though Cuba "Ours"—to be. She thought—they will join together those sister Republics and—why don't they now? cut that Isthmus, then

* Studying Geography.

maybe *I* will go to see the world! And still she was only a little girl, unformed, backward, not speaking these thoughts to anyone. "A boy's thoughts are long, long thoughts"—and a girl's—?

It is anticipating a little, but CATHERINE'S HOUSEHOLD would never be complete without mention of "*The Two Little Boys*;" Johnnie B., the second blue-eyed member of the family late in the '40s, and appropriately having Grandpa's name for his middle initial, and Frank early in the '50s. Their birth-place will, D. V., form the Frontispiece of Vol. IV.

I am not ready to say good-bye to my brothers and sisters! But this is about The End of Vol. III.

Two items of interest come to hand before the final closing of this volume:

A pleasant letter of reply from Mrs. May Wright Sewell, who "is always interested in what her friends are doing in literary directions;" and has sent a copy of her address (in German) delivered at the quinquennial of the International Council of Women in Berlin. I also read her careful and well-written essay in "Madame," upon piano-playing made easy; a convincing plea in favor of "The Cecilian," and am made to wonder as often before at her versatility and power, always equal apparently to any theme.

The other is Sarah E. Trueblood's book, "Cats by the Way," with drawings by the author. J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila.

It came as a surprise, though I knew she was at it. "All about cats—the kind of cats every one knows." "There are scores of little pictures scattered through the book which has a pussy-cat cover as well."

You know the Frontispiece of *Out of North Carolina*, Vol. I. of this series, "Going into Camp," is by this gifted Cousin; also "Catherine and Her Father Starting to Yearly Meeting," Vol. II. I have read the Pussy book which is beautifully printed and executed in every way, on shining heavy paper, and am happy to commend it to lovers of the feline domestic, whose affection and antics and grace have lightened many a life's cares, and delighted many a little heart. May it have a ready sale, while this Sarah plods on her often more somber and sometimes weary way, not looking now for much recognition or appreciation, but still not unthankful that she has a task, too, to do, which may be of service in the end.

(SOME FINAL NOTES AND CORRECTIONS.)

THE HAMILLS.

Why did Sarah neglect to mention that honored name? She remembers very clearly her first tooth "pulled" in their house, her mother with her of course, and Mrs. Hamill and all commending her bravery. There were several children. The Dr. was she thinks of dark complexion, a tall, kind man; was our family physician there. They also early moved from B. and have I think always lived in Chicago.

Why did not Sarah mention them to Isabella Jones while there, or to her Nixon Cousins when so near? We cannot do all we would. Sarah has written to them.

Batterton is another name which should have been mentioned. Two twin sisters were later Sarah's friends. So exactly alike they seemed to be, it was difficult to distinguish them. Very wonderful this seemed at first; but Sarah, still young, fell on thought, how much more wonderful that more people were not so!

(There was scarcely room for this where the name occurred.)

Of Priscilla Cadwallader, "9 mo. 19th," the narrator writes: "Her clear and cogent reasoning matter and manner, language and strength of utterance, I believe

exceeded the most sanguine expectations raised by the accounts they had received. Perhaps I should not say amiss if I set it down as the greatest display of oratory I ever heard flow from human lips." (This was in Pennsylvania at Butternuts, near Mission, Montgomery Co.)

THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

[TO HEAD CORRECTIONS.]

[Let everybody read this in full!]

* * * "For us a prayer!"

* * * * *

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

* * * * *

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room has hushed; in silence rose
The King and sought his gardens cool;
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

—*Selected.*

E—. B—. Sarah has heard there is a mistake about the relationship she spoke of in Vol. II, to Ruth Lloyd.

The printer made rather a grim joke when he made me say “Cervantes” instead of “*Servetus*” (Vol. II, first page of Chapter III). There was a saving “not” before the word, or it would have been grimmer.

It was not Ethel but Mary Grinnell who married an Indian—“a very handsome man.”

The name of Cousin John and Hannah White’s only daughter was not Fanny, but Lizzie.

P. 15, *but* should be *since* (four lines from bottom).

P. 74, *after* should come just before *Grandma* (8 lines from bottom).

P. 81, *time* should be *tum* (3d line from top).

P. 153, *times* should be *tunes* (near middle of page).

[Vol. III.]

Proof-reading is a very fascinating occupation, but if professional proof-readers despair of perfection, what shall S. *not* expect in the way of mistakes after her efforts?

Of “Aunt Milly,” mentioned in Book I, Prof. Trueblood, of Ann Arbor, writes, her name was *Milea*, and adds, “She was my Grandmother.”

Vol. IV is ready!—to go ahead with. It was with this to constitute a double volume, but that would have been too big. The one now brought to a conclusion—largely the evolution of a dunce, is commended to the attention of her friends. May God add his blessing!

Richmond, Ind., November, 1904.

ELECTION!

We've not voted *yet*—but—most opportunely—

THE OLD POLITICIAN (!)

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

.
 “Courage!” *Girls!* “Wait and see!
 Freedom’s ahead!”

.
 “She’s coming, she’s coming!” said he;
 “Freedom’s ahead!”



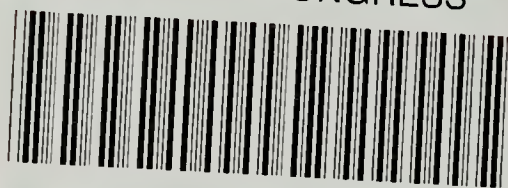




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